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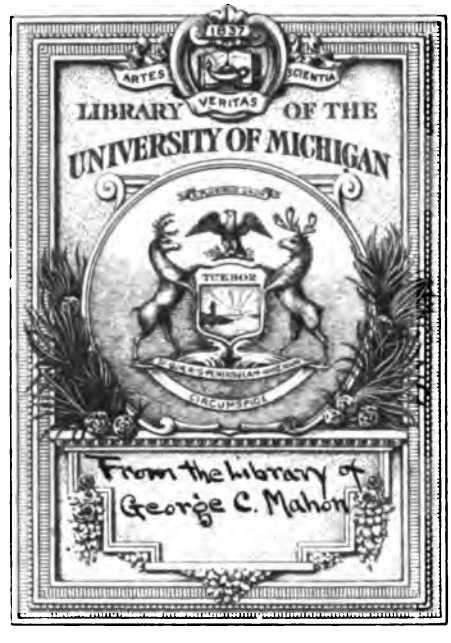
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TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR

1854.

VOL. II.

Feis Tighe Chonain

DUBLIN:
PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL,
FOR THE USE OF THE MEMBERS.
1855.

Feis Tighe Chonáin Chinn-Sléibhe;

OR

THE FESTIVITIES

AT THE HOUSE OF

CONAN OF CEANN-SLEIBHE,

IN THE

COUNTY OF CLARE.

EDITED BY

NICHOLAS O'KEARNEY, ESQ.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,

BY JOHN O'DALY, 9, ANGLESEY-STREET.

1855.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE NOT SOLD; BEING STRICTLY LIMITED TO MEMBERS.

PRINTED BY GOODWIN, SON, AND NETHERCOTT, 79, MARLBOROUGH-STREET, DUBLIN.

The Ossianic Society,

FOUNDED on St. Patrick's Day, 1853, for the Preservation and Publication of MSS. in the Irish Language, illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish History, &c., with Literal Translations and Notes.

OFFICERS ELECTED ON THE 17TH MARCH, 1855.

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Treasurer:

THADDEUS O'MAHONY, ESQ., A.B., 24, *Trinity College, Dublin.*

Honorary Secretary:

MR. JOHN O'DALY, 9, *Anglesey-street, Dublin.*

THE main object of the Society is to publish manuscripts, consisting of Poems, Tales, and Romances, illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish History; as well as other documents illustrative of the Ancient History of Ireland, in the Irish language and character, with literal translations, and notes explanatory of the text when practicable.

Subscriptions (5s per annum) are received by the Treasurer, 24, Trinity College, by any member of the Council, or by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. John O'Daly, 9, Anglesey-street, Dublin, with whom the publications of the Society lie for distribution among the members, and from whom prospectuses can be obtained.

GENERAL RULES.

1. That the Society shall be called the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, and that its object shall be the publication of Irish Manuscripts relating to the Fenian period of our history, and other historical documents, with literal translations and notes.

2. That the management of the Society shall be vested in a President, Vice-presidents, and Council, each of whom must necessarily be an Irish scholar. The President, Vice-presidents, and Council of the Society shall be elected annually by the members, at a General Meeting, to be held on the Seventeenth Day of March, the Anniversary of the Society, or on the following Monday, in case St. Patrick's Day shall fall on a Sunday. Notice of such meeting being given by public advertisement inviting all the members to attend.

3. That the President and Council shall have power to elect a Treasurer and Secretary from the Members of the Council.

4. The receipts and disbursements of the Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors, elected by the Council; and the Auditors' Report shall be published and distributed among the members.

5. In the absence of the President or Vice-President, the Members of Council present shall be at liberty to appoint a Chairman, who will not thereby lose his right to vote. Three members of the Council to form a quorum.

6. The funds of the Society shall be disbursed in payment of expenses incident to discharging the liabilities of the Society, especially in the publication department, and no avoidable expenses shall be incurred.

7. Every member shall be entitled to receive ONE COPY of the Society's Publications; and twenty extra copies of each work shall be printed for contingencies.

8. The funds of the Society shall be lodged in Bank, in the name of the President, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Society, or any three members the Council may deem proper to appoint.

9. The Council shall have power to elect additional members, and fill vacancies in its own body.

10. Members of Council residing at an inconvenient distance from Dublin shall be at liberty to vote by proxy at elections.

11. Membership shall be constituted by the annual payment of Five Shillings, which sum shall become due on the 1st of January in each year.

12. The OSSIANIC SOCIETY shall publish every year, one volume or more if their funds enable them.

13. No change shall be made in these Rules, except at a General Meeting; the proposer and seconder of any motion for such change, shall lodge a notice of their intention in writing, with the Secretary, twenty clear days before the day of General Meeting.

14. That all matters relating to the Religious and Political differences prevailing in this country, be strictly excluded from the meetings and publications of the Society.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT,

READ ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, MARCH 17, 1855.

THE Council of the Ossianic Society beg to submit to their members and the public this their second annual report, and feel much pleasure in announcing that the Society has progressed most favourably during the past year.

The Council commenced operations with the names of but 50 members on their books; they have since, however, enrolled 116; and the Society now has the honor of numbering 166 members.

The Council have already published the first volume of their Transactions, and the value and interest of this work can best be ascertained by a reference to the flattering review it has received in the *Athenæum* and other leading journals of the day. The book was ready for delivery in October last, and the impression is now nearly exhausted.

The Council have much satisfaction in informing the Society that the second volume of their Transactions—a very curious tract—is nearly prepared for press and will be in the hands of members within a few months.

The Council beg to call attention to the fact, that there are at present, mouldering and neglected, a great number of valuable Irish manuscripts, as well in the hands of individuals as in public libraries. Of these they are resolved to print as many as possible, more especially those relating to that misty period of Irish history from which the Society has adopted its name; and thus they hope in time to furnish a satisfactory and practical answer to the often-repeated question—"Is there anything to read in Irish?"

It is also reasonable to suppose that the future historian and antiquarian of Ireland (and it is to be hoped that our country will yet find one worthy of the name), will recognise the utility of such books; for though they are not as strictly historical as the Annals, Genealogical Poems, &c., which are the labours of other Societies, there is much truth in their supposed fiction, and they afford a valuable picture of the state of thought and manners of a remote period.

It has been already stated with what a small number of members the Council began their work; but confident of support from a large number of their countrymen in an undertaking which might truly be termed national, they determined to make the attempt, and the result proves that their confidence has not been misplaced. For the support which they have received they desire to return their sincere thanks.

The Council undertook the task, in many ways arduous and responsible, and that not least in a financial point of view. They determined, however, that their publications should not be accessible to the very affluent only, and therefore dispensed with entrance fees, and fixed the terms of membership at Five Shillings per annum! and they have reason to believe they adopted a prudent course. For this small sum each member shall annually receive at least one volume of the Society's Transactions, the size of which will, of course, depend upon the number of members; nor will the subscriptions be required until the book is ready for delivery.

The Council have pleasure in stating, that the liabilities incurred by the publication of the first volume for the past year are very nearly liquidated. They also beg to say, that no part of the Society's funds have been paid to editors, officers, &c., for their services, all expenses incurred being solely for printing, binding and postage; and when the outstanding subscriptions have been paid in, they will have a balance in hand.

Under the above circumstances nothing is required to stimulate the Council to renewed exertion but the support of their countrymen and, as they again repeat, they trust liberally to obtain it, now that they have put it within the reach of so many to further their design. Their design is to do for Ireland what the Scotch have done for Scotland, and the Welsh have done for Wales—to reveal and place beyond danger of perishing for ever some of the monuments of the ancient language of their country. This is a task that every nation has executed for itself, except barbarous and savage tribes. Ireland alone, alas! has followed the example of the latter, and there is fear that if she does not rise up and redeem the past years of apathy, with respect to her native literature, the work will be for ever taken out of her hands; for even as in the critical and etymological investigation of the Celtic languages the continental scholars already stand first, so the day may come when the Irish shall look to foreigners not only for the scientific anatomy of a word, but for light concerning the songs and legends, the wars and sports of their fathers.

That no man need fear violence to his private opinion will appear by a reference to the Fourteenth General Rule of the Society, which declares that nothing bearing upon the religious and political differences which prevail in this country shall be introduced into the Society's publications.

BOOKS PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

I. Cać Gabra; or, the Prose and Poetical Account of the Battle of Gabhra (Garristown), in the county of Dublin, fought A.D., 283, between Cairbre Liffeachair, king of Leinster, and the Fenian forces of Ireland, in which the latter were conquered, and their ranks finally broken up. Edited by NICHOLAS O'KEARNEY, ESQ.

II. Feis Tigi Chonain Chinn Sléibe; or, The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe, a romantic hill which is situated on the borders of the Lake of Inchiquin, in the county of Clare. Edited by N. O'KEARNEY, ESQ.

This document contains a colloquy between Fionn and Conan, in which much light is thrown on the Ancient Topography of Munster; and also on the Habits and Customs of the Fenian Chieftains.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

I. A VOLUME OF OSSIANIC POEMS. To be edited by the SECRETARY.

II. Tóruigeacc Diarmada Ui Duibne agus Gráinne, ingion Chormuic meic Airt; or, an Account of the Pursuit of Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grace, the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, Monarch of Ireland in the Third Century, who was married to Fionn Mac Chumhaill, from whom she eloped with Diarmuid. To them are ascribed the Leaba Caillighes (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland. To be edited by the PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

This Tract is copied from a manuscript made by a celebrated Scribe named Foran, who lived at Portlaw, in the county of Waterford, A.D. 1780. It carries the reader from cave to cave, where it is supposed the fugitives took shelter from the hot pursuit of the injured hero, Fionn, giving the legendary history of every cave which they frequented.

III. Agallamh na Seanóirighe; or, the Dialogue of the Sages: an Historical Work in Prose and Poetry, full of rare information on the achievements of the Fianna Eirionn; copied from a vellum manuscript of the Fourteenth Century, now deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. To be edited by JOHN WINDELE, ESQ.

IV. Cać Fhinn Trágha; or, an Account of the Battle fought at Ventry in the county of Kerry, in the Third Century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fenians. To be edited by the REV. JAMES GOODMAN, A.B.

This Battle lasted for 366 days; the copy at the disposal of the Society is the earliest known to exist, having been copied from a vellum manuscript of the fourteenth century, now deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

V. Cać Chnoca; or, the Battle of Castleknock, in the county of Dublin, fought A.D. 273, between Conn Ceadchatach, i.e., Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the Clanna Morna; by his victory in which, Conn obtained the Sovereignty of three Provinces in Ireland, viz. Connaught, Ulster, and Leinster. To be edited by THADDEUS O'MAHONY, ESQ.

This tract is copied from a manuscript made by John Murphy of Carrignavar, in the county of Cork, A.D. 1725, and from the fame of the writer as a caligraphist, no doubt is entertained of the accuracy of the text.

VI. Tain bo Chuailgne; or, the Great Cattle Spoil of Cuailgne (Couley), in the county of Louth, being a History of the Seven Years War between Ulster and Connaught; in the reign of Meadhbh, Queen of Connaught, and Conchobhar Mac Nessa, king of Ulster, on account of the famous bull called *Donn Chuailgne;* and which terminated, according to Roderic O'Flaherty, the Irish Chronologist, one year before the Christian era. Now editing by WILLIAM HACKETT, ESQ.

This very ancient and curious tract comprises two hundred closely-written folios, and contains many interesting details of Mythological Incidents, Pillar Stones, Ogham Inscriptions, Tulachs, War Chariots, Leanan Sighes, Mice and Cat Incantations. Together with an account of the Mysterious War Weapon used by Cuchullainn, called *Gath Bolg;* also Some Account of the early Christian Missionaries in Ireland, and the privileges enjoyed by the chief bard.

The copy at the disposal of the Society is acknowledged by competent judges to be the most accurate paper copy extant; and belongs to the Rev. Patrick Lamb, P.P., Newtownhamilton, who has very kindly made it available to the Society; and it is now far advanced in preparation.

VII. A TRACT ON THE TOPOGRAPHY OF IRELAND; from the Psalter Mac Richard Butler, otherwise called "*Saltar na Rann*," (which appears from the handwriting to be much more ancient than any other part of the volume), containing the Derivation of the Names, Local Traditions, and other remarkable circumstances, of the Hills, Mountains, Rivers, Caves, Carns, Rocks, Tulachs, and Monumental remains of Pagan Ireland, but more especially those connected with the deeds of Fionn Mac Chumhaill. To be edited by PROFESSOR CONNELLAN.

Psalter Mac Richard Butler was originally written for Edmond, son of Richard Butler commonly called "Mac Richard," but on his defeat by Thomas, the eighth Earl of Desmond, (who was beheaded in 1467), near the banks of the River Suir, where great numbers of the Butlers' followers were drowned and slain, the book fell into the hands of this Thomas, and was afterwards the property of Sir George Carew, Elizabeth's President of Munster; but finally came into the hands of Archbishop Laud, who bequeathed it to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, where it is now preserved, and the Society have permission to make transcripts of its contents.

VIII. A TRACT ON THE GREAT ACTIONS OF FINN MAC CHUMHAILL, copied from the Psalter of Mac Richard Butler. To be edited by the REV. ULICK J. BOURKE, of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

SOCIETIES IN CONNECTION AND PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

1. The Architectural and Archæological Society of Buckingham, its *Records*, Nos. 1 and 2., Rev. A. Newdigate, *Aylesbury*, Honorary Secretary.
2. The Architectural Society of the Archdeaconry of Northampton and the Counties of York and Lincoln; and the Architectural and Archæological Society of Bedfordshire and St. Albans, its *Reports* and *Papers* from 1848 to 1851. Rev. H. D. Nicholson, M.A. *St. Albans, Herts*, Honorary Secretary.
3. The Cambrian Institute, its *Journal*, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. R. Mason, Esq. *High-street, Tenby*, Treasurer.
4. The Cambridge Antiquarian Society, its *Publications*, Nos. 1, 2, & 3; *Reports*, Nos. 1, 2, 3, & 4. Chas. C. Babington, Esq. M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, *Cambridge*, Treasurer.
5. The Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, its *Proceedings* and *Papers*, Vols. V. VI. VII., Rev. A. Hume, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A., St. George's, Liverpool, Honorary Secretary.
6. The Kilkenny and South-East of Ireland Archæological Society, its *Transactions* for 1852, 1853, 1854, and 1855. Rev. James Graves, A.B., and John George Augustus Prim, Esq., *Kilkenny*, Honorary Secretaries.
7. The Suffolk Institute of Archæology, its *Proceedings*, Vol. 2. Nos. 1 and 2, 1854, 1855. Samuel Tymms, Esq. F.S.A. *Bury St. Edmunds*, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer.
8. The Society of Antiquaries of London, its *Proceedings*, Vols. 1 and 2, from April, 1843, to April, 1853. John Y. Akerman, Esq. F.S.A. *Somerset House, London*, Secretary.
9. The Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, its *Transactions*, 4 quarto vols. John Adamson, Esq. *The Castle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, Secretary.
10. The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, its *Proceedings*, Vol. 1, Parts 1, 2, and 3. John Stuart, Esq. *General Registry House, Edinburgh*, Secretary.
11. The Surrey Archæological Society. George Bish Webb, Esq. 6, *Southampton-street. Covent Garden, London*, Honorary Secretary.

Treasurer's Account for the Year ending 17th March, 1854.

Dr.	£.	s.	d.	Cr.	£.	s.	d.
To Amount of Subscriptions received for the year 1853	42	19	9	By Cost of Printing 250 Copies of Transactions for the year 1853	33	6	10½
				— Binding Do.	6	16	0
				— Printing and doing up into Books of 50 copies each, 1000 Receipts	0	12	0
				— 250 Circulars	0	4	6
				— Postages	0	16	0
				— Advertisements	0	7	0
				— Balance in Treasurer's hands	0	17	4½
	£42	19	9		£42	19	9

THADDEUS O'MAHONY,
Treasurer.

24, *Trinity College, Dublin,*
4th January, 1856.

N.B.—40 Copies of the Battle of Gabhra still on hands.

INTRODUCTION.

ISH manuscripts containing pieces of history mixed up with the fabulous are numerous, and most of them highly instructive as well as entertaining. Some there may be who consider those tales unworthy the notice of any one, much less of the historian, merely because fable may be the prominent portion of the subject; but this opinion, which has been growing for years, is a fallacious one. The early history of every country is more or less interwoven with fable, yet much of genuine history is, nevertheless, to be gleaned from it. If we revert to the early histories of Greece, Rome, Hindostan, Ceylon, Egypt, Arabia, Scotland, Britain, Man, and, in fact, those of any other country, we shall find that the same error is clearly visible in their pages, yet none of these nations have rejected those partly fabulous documents that form the materials of their history, but wisely analysing their contents, have separated the honey from the poison, and used it, as judgment warranted, in the compilation of their annals. If these matters have happened—and they have—what reason can any

person adduce for the total rejection of our Irish romances, why reject historical truths because they have been found connected with fable, any more than other historians have done? Apart from this consideration, our written romances are of incalculable value, because they throw a clear light upon the manners, customs, social intercourse, and the political as well as the religious bias of a people whose history is yet but imperfectly known, but who trod the same green sod that we do, spoke the same language, and who, whether Pagan or Christian, were those from whom we derived our existence, in a natural course. This in itself ought to be an inducement of sufficient interest to stimulate us to work in the wide field of Irish romance, for the sake of learning, and viewing as far as we can, the manners of those who have been here before us, as well as recording for imitation or for disuse the various practices prevalent amongst them.

Our Irish romances are, by no means, so trifling and meaningless as they are often represented. They contain a vast amount of local history, and afford us a dim glimpse of the exploded doctrines of our pagan ancestors, all of which have been almost forgotten through long disuse. They consist of three classes, namely, the historical, such as the Tain Bo Chuailgne (Cattle Spoil of Cooley), Cath Chnoca (Battle of Castleknock), Cath Chluana Tairbh (Battle of Clontarf), Agallamh na Seanoiridhe (Dialogue of the Sages), &c.; the Mythololological, such as Eachtra Mhuireadhaigh, Mac an Dian Deirg (the Adventures of Muireadhach the Son of Dian the Red), Laoi Thir na n-Og (the Lay of the Land of Youth), Suirghe Fhinn a g-Crioch Lochlann (the Courtship of Finn in the Land of Loghlin), &c.; and lastly, the purely fictitious, such as the Cearnach Cael Riabhach (the Grey Slender Kern), Mac na Michomhairle (The Ill-advised Son), &c.

Our mythology, at least so much of it as we can glean from our MSS., and learn from the still prevalent habits and

customs of our people, is beautiful in the extreme, and characteristic of a people of considerable refinement and civilization. It is worthy of remark that, so far as we are able to learn, the pagan Irish did not bend the knee to grotesque figures, but chose for their deities such imaginary beings as Beal, or the sun, that is the great being; Dagdae, probably the Tuatha Dedanan term for the same deity, which means the good god; Crom the deity of irrigation and agriculture; Mananan Mac Lir, the potent deity of the ocean; Aine, the moon, goddess of the water, as well as of wisdom; Aedh Oirfidh our Irish Orpheus, usually called Mac Manair, after his father's name; Iphinn, the benevolent, who presented our Oirfidh, or Orpheus, with his extraordinary golden lyre or harp; the stars, and wind, as well as the elements; but it must be remarked that nowhere can we discern a single trace of any warranty to support the opinion that they adored any other object than the sun, and afterwards the moon, though they seem to have attached considerable importance to each of those other divinities. But the prettiest relic that paganism has left us is the faëry mythology which peoples all our hills, mountains, forts, causeways, &c., and gives another race of creatures resembling human beings to our lakes, rivers, &c. These invisible beings are generally believed to take much interest either for good or evil in human affairs, and the belief in their power for evil formerly afforded lucrative employment to a class of persons who pretended to possess a knowledge of charms and other mystical remedies capable of counteracting their malicious plans, and who found it their interest to keep alive the deception.

There was another class of beings, unlike fairies, of diminutive stature, who also were believed to be much interested in human affairs; of these the most popular was the Luchryman *(recté, Leith-phrogan,* i.e., the artisan of the shoe or brogue), because he was always found, when discovered by the human

eye, busily engaged in mending or making a shoe. This tiny sprite always proved very cunning, when surprised by the human eye resting upon him, and used many wily inventions to induce the beholder to look one way or the other, when he became instantly invisible, and was never seen after. If he did not thus succeed in baffling the mortal, the latter had him completely in his power, and had nothing more to do than to capture the wealthy sprite; but he could be bound by no manacles except a plough-chain, or a clue of woollen thread manufactured by the industrious housewife. The Luchryman possessed a twofold source of wealth, one, a treasure hidden in the earth, which he bestowed on the husbandman; and the other, *sparan na sgillinge*, an inexhaustible purse, which always contained a piece of money; this purse he gave to the merchant or dealer only. The Luchryman was the type of industry: if the beholder, or he who made industry his principal object, turned his eye to the right or left from the motive of his pursuit, then, like the Luchryman, he was certain to be disappointed, and lose his golden prize. The nature too of the bonds, by which alone the sprite could be possibly bound, is emblematical of industry. So firm was the belief in the existence of the Luchryman, that if a farmer was known to better his condition by industry and economy, or a trader to grow wealthy by honest dealing, they were said to have captured a Luchryman, and robbed him of his treasure or inexhaustible purse. The Gean-cānach (love-talker) was another diminutive being of the same tribe, but, unlike the Luchryman, he personated love and idleness, and always appeared with a dudeen in his jaw in lonesome valleys, and it was his custom to make love to shepherdesses and milkmaids: it was considered very unlucky to meet him; and whoever was known to have ruined his fortune by devotion to the fair sex was said to have met a Geancanach. The dudeen, or ancient Irish tobacco pipe found in our raths, &c., is still popularly called a Geancanach's

pipe. The Clobhar-ceann was another being of the same class: he was a jolly, red-faced, drunken little fellow, and was ever found in the cellars of the debauchee, Bacchus-like, astride of the wine butt with brimful tankard in hand, drinking and singing away merrily. Any wine-cellar known to be haunted by this sprite, was doomed to bring its owner to speedy ruin.

This portion of our native mythology was truly emblematical and instructive, but nevertheless it was not the most classical and beautiful one. It is to be much regretted that the space to which an introduction should necessarily be confined, will not allow a further elucidation of our faëry mythology—a mythology rich in imagery, pleasing and refined. We did not confine our muses to a single Parnassus, for every mountain, rath, and hill of note, had its *Leannansighe*, or native muse, who was never niggardly of her favors to the local bard. We had our friendly *Bean-sighes*, who were always deeply affected by the approaching demise of a member of the family to which each had been so devotedly attached, and who, with plaintive cries, warned the family of the bereavement. We had also our "Siubhan Dubh na Boinne" (Black Joanna of the Boyne), who, on Hallow-eve, would favor the house, that was usually kept tidy and clean, with a visit in the shape of a large black fowl of strange appearance, and by her presence bestow good luck upon the family during the ensuing year. Even Mananan himself, who never permitted a noble or brave Irishman to go into a foreign country on a dangerous mission without accompanying him, assisting him effectually, and conducting him home in safety, did not abandon Ireland until the time of Saint Columbkille, who gave him no hope of regaining heaven, which bad tidings so deeply affected him, that he, with his followers, bade a final farewell to our country, and retired to his native Armenia, upon which occasion, Mac Moineanta of Scraby-hill in the county of Cavan, a less powerful chief of the invisible creation, assumed command in his place, to the lasting

grief of all the people with whom Mananan had been a general favorite.

That our faëry traditions are relics of paganism there can be but little doubt, since the customs observed on the eves of certain festivals, and on other occasions, afford ample proofs that they were not the emanations of any form of Christianity that now exists, or ever had an existence: the popular practices in connexion with them enable us to analyse them with ease. But there are other portions of the old mythology of the Irish dimly hinted at in our manuscripts, which ceased to have any influence on the people after the introduction of Christianity, and which cannot now be easily understood or explained without extraneous aid; this is the part that relates to the gods adored by our pagan ancestors, and the rites used in connexion with their worship. The document now for the first time presented to the public in an English dress has reference to these. It also reflects much light on the topography of a very classical and interesting locality; and it explains many quotations found in the works of our bards, which would otherwise remain as obscurities impeding the reader and student in their progress. The explanation of such obscure passages was unquestionably the object of the writer, whosoever he may have been.

Fionn the son of Cumhall seems to have been the great actor in all the scenes represented in the text under consideration, and therefore must have been a very important personage in more respects than one, in the olden time. In the Agallamh na Seanoiridhe (Dialogue of the Sages), Fionn, among other extraordinary qualifications which he possessed, is said to have been one of the most eminent Druids that ever flourished in Ireland. Fionn the Druid is generally supposed to have been the same personage as Fionn the son of Cumhall, the celebrated leader of the Fenian forces. But there is strong reason to doubt this, since, according to Mac Firbis and

others, there were many distinguished persons named Fionn both before and after the time of the son of Cumhall. It is most probable that Fionn the son of Cumhall has been invested with many of the achievements of his numerous namesakes, just as the exploits of many a local Hercules were placed to the credit of the great son of Alcmênê.—This is the only rational way of reconciling the Protean variety of the characters in which Fionn appears, with a belief in his existence as an historical personage; and it is also some explanation of what must appear rather marvellous anachronisms in the accounts of his life and exploits; unless, indeed, we are to suppose that the number of years allotted to him in this world slightly exceeded the span of more ordinary mortals, according to the authority of an ancient poem quoted in Vol. I. Trans. Ossianic Society, page 36, which states that he lived three hundred and ten years, all but one month. The general impression is, that the Fenians were so called after Fionn their leader, but this is certainly erroneous inasmuch as the Fenians of Britain, Lochlin, &c., could not have been so named from Fionn the son of Cumhall, since they had little or no connexion in a military sense with him, and since the Fenian order had been long established in Ireland before Fionn the son of Cumhall was born. Hence the Fenians were not so called after the name of this Fionn, their most renowned commander.

There are learned antiquarians who believe that the name "Fenian" was common to the Irish as a people, and that it was derived from that of Fenius Farsadh the first inventor of letters, who was the great ancestor of the aboriginal Irish. Dr. Charles O'Conor, in his *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres, &c. Vol. I. Pl.* xxxiv., treating on the subject says:—"Hibernos nempe veteres *Fenios* dictos fuisse, a quodam *Fenio Farsaidh*, qui primus literarum Oghmiarum inventor habetur," i.e., "that the old Irish were called *Fenians* after one *Fenius Farsaidh*, who is supposed to have been the first

inventor of the Ogham characters." Dr. John O'Brien, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne, adheres to a similar opinion with Dr. O'Conor. He states in his Irish Dictionary, that the name of the barony of Fermoy was *Fir Muighe Feine*, which he translates "Viri campi Pheoniorum," i.e. the *Men of the Plain of the Phœnicians.*" Mac Firbis, our great Irish Ollamh, was of the opinion that some of the persons named Fionn, who flourished in Ireland, were of the Firbolg race of Tara and Offaly: these he calls Attacots, and says that this was one of the three tribes from which the Kings of the Fenian forces were usually elected. He further states that the Firbolg tribes of Leinster and Connacht chiefly constituted the staff of the Irish Fenian army. This is very significant of the descent of this mysterious race of people, and goes far to prove that the Firbolgs were Phœnicians, or a branch of that ancient and enterprising people. If we can attach any amount of credit to the learned author of the Crymogæa, or Antiquities of Iceland, who states, on the authority of Procopius (page 6.), a native of Palestine, that the Chaldeans, who had been expelled by Josue, migrated to the coasts of Africa, and thence to the Chersonesus Cimbrica or Jutland, and the adjacent islands, we can plainly see they were the Lochlanachs of our ancient history—the first people, who, under the names of Fomorians and Firbolgs, made settlements on our coasts, and subsequently held the country under taxation for many centuries. It is evident that the Fomorians and Firbolgs were different divisions of the same family; Partholanus was a Fomorian leader, according to the old poem, beginning *Adhamh Athair &c.*, (Adam Father, &c.) which says that:—

"Ro ġab dóib ar an mag,
Partolan ir Fomarach."

He engaged them on the plain,
Partholanus and his Fomorians.

These Fomorians were Lochlanachs, or hordes from the Chersonesus Cimbrica, who had been conquered by Lughaidh the Long-handed in the Battle of Moytuir:

"Loclunduic co laidir,
Air feartaib Éirionn uile;
Go t-tánaic Lúgaid Lámfada,
Re tugad cath Muigi Tuired."
Sgiath na h-Eamhna.

The Lochlanachs held potent sway
Over all the men of Ireland,
Until Lughadh Lamhfhada came
And fought the Battle of Moytuir.

From the previous quotation it is quite clear that Partholanus and his people were Fomorians, who, if we adopt the accounts given in the Crymogæa from the accurate Procopius, were a branch of the tribes that originally held possession of the Promised Land, and who spread themselves, from the African coasts to the islands of the Chersonesus Cimbrica. It remains now to show that the Fomorians themselves were the people whom our writers called Lochlanachs, probably on account of the great number of estuaries and sea-lakes with which their country was indented, or because they were, from the time of their first settlement in their northern home, renowned mariners and pirates. In a curious historical piece, styled "Oidhe Chlainne Tuirinn" (The Fate of the Sons of Tuirinn) which tells of the slavery, under which Nuadh Airgiodlamh (Nuadh of the silver hand) and the Tuatha Dedanans had been enthralled by the Fomorians, we read:—

"Ir amla do bí an rig rin ocur cíorcáin mór-chrom ag Finne Fomorach air Thuaca de Danann re linn an rig rin, ocur cíor ar an lorgaid, ocur uingé d'ór ar an rróin o Thuacaib de Danann gaca bliadain air mullach Uirmicc o Thearmaicc riar, ocur do beandair rin amach gaca

bliaḋain; ocur an ḟear naċ (d)-tabraḋ rin amaċ an t-ṙróin a buaind ó na ċeann de. Là d'ár comoraḋ oirreaċtar le h-ard-ríġ Éireann air ċnocán Bhalair, frír a ráiḋtear Uisneaċ Míḋe anioġ, ocur ní cian do badar ann an tan do ċoncadar biaṁa gaċa beaġḟluaġ ir in máġ anoir gaċa n-díreaċ da n-ionnṙaiḋe, ocur aen ṁac-aoṁ a t-toraċ na dronn-buiḋne, ocur fa ċorṁuil re fuine gréine dealraḋ a áiġḋe ocur a éadain; ocur níor ḟéadaḋ a ġnúir d'ḟéaċain le mead a ṫaiṫneaṁa; ocur irè do bí and .i. Lúġaḋ Lámḟada lonn-béimneaċ, ocur an ṁaircraḋ ḟíḋe o ṫír Tarngaire .i. a ċoṁḋaltaḋa féin .i. clann Mhanannáin.—Ir gairid do badar ann, an tan ad ċoncadar an dream modarṫa míṙgiaṁaċ d'á n-ionnṙaiḋe .i. naoi naeṁair de ṁaoraib na b-Fomaraċ do ṫóġbáil cíosa ocur cána b-ḟear n-Éirionn.—Ocur ro éirġe Luġaiḋ, ag raḋ rin, ocur do noċt an Fearg-carṫaċ, ocur do léig fúṫa é, ocur do ġab aga n-oirleaċ ocur aga n-aṫċumaḋ, no gur ṁarb oċt naeṁair díob; ocur do léig re naeṁar fá ċáḋar ocur fá ċuimirc ríġ Éirionn díob. 'Do ṁuirḟinn rib,' bar Lúġaiḋ, 'aċt gurab ḟeárr liom rib do ḋol le rgéalaib do ċum na n-allṁuraċ 'naid mo ṫeaċta féin ar eagla go b-ḟuiġdir earonoir.' Ir ann rin do ġluaradar an naeṁar rin romra go cuan Cara Dara, ocur do ċuaġdar ina longaib, ocur do ġluaradar romra no go ranġadar Loċlann mar a rabadar finne Fomoraċ; ocur d'innreadar a rgéala ḋóib o ṫúr go deire.—Do ráiḋ Balar, 'an b-ḟeadaḃairiri cia h-é rúd'? 'Do ḟeadar,' ar Ceiṫlionn, 'mac ingine ḋuit-re ocur ḋam-ra rúd, ocur ata i b-fáirdine ḋúinne o do ṫiocfaḋ i n-Éirinn naċ biaḋ neart againne i n-Éirinn o rin amaċ go bráṫ.' "

This King was thus situated; the race of the Fomorians imposed a very heavy tribute upon the Tuatha Dedanans in his reign. A tax was levied upon the growing crops, and an *unga* (ingot) was exacted upon the nose of every one of the Tuatha Dedanans each year from Uisneach to Tara eastward: this tax was to be paid

every year, and whosoever was found unable to pay it, his nose was severed from his face. On a certain day the chief king of Ireland held a meeting on the hill of Balar, which is now called Uisneach of Meath; they had not been long assembled there, when they discovered a well appointed host of people approaching them along the plain from the east, and a young man whose countenance shone like the rising sun, marched at the head of this dense crowd of men. It was impossible to look him in the face, he was so lovely, and he was no other than Lughadh Lamhfhada, (long-handed) the sword exerciser, together with the fairy (enchanted) cavalcade consisting of the sons of Mananan, his foster-brothers from *Canaan*.—They had remained but a short time there, when they saw an ugly, ill-shaped party of people, namely, nine times nine men, who were the stewards of the Fomorians, coming to receive the rents and taxes of the people of Ireland.—And with these words Lughadh arose, and, having unsheathed the Feargcarthach, (the sword of Mananan) attacked them; and having cut and mangled them, killed eight times nine men of their number, but suffered the remaining nine to put themselves under the protection of the king of Ireland. "I would kill you," said Lughadh, "were it not that I prefer that you should carry the tidings to the foreigners, rather than send my own messengers, lest they might be dishonoured."—The nine men thereupon marched forward to Eas Dara where they embarked and sailed to the race of the Fomorians in Lochlan, to whom they related the whole matter from the beginning to the end—"can any person among you tell who that individual is?" enquired Balar. "I can tell," replied Ceithlinn, "he is a *son of your and my daughter*; and it has been foretold to us, that whenever he shall come into Ireland, we shall possess no more power in Ireland from that time out for ever."

From the above extract we can collect that the Fomorians were the Lochlanachs of our historians, that Lughadh the Long-handed was a Fomorian by maternal descent, and had been bred in the east, which circumstances go far to confirm the opinion of Procopius, namely, that the ancient inhabitants of the African coasts who, according to the author of the Crymogæa and other writers, subsequently settled on the Chersonesus Cimbrica and the adjacent islands, were a division

of the Canaanites who had been expelled from their country by the Israelites, under the command of Joshua. If then, the Fomorians were Lochlanachs, and the Lochlanachs Canaanites, Partholanus, who is shown to have been a Fomorian, must have sprung from the same eastern origin, as well as Neimidh (Nemedius) the ancestor of the Firbolgs, who descended from a brother of Partholanus, according to our historians. As Phœnicia and Judæa lay close together, those who emigrated from the one country, might well be said to have belonged to the other, by those who lived in a distant country. If the Carthaginians had been called *Pœni* after Phoenix, as some suppose, and the ancient Irish called Feni after Fenius Farsadh, according to Dr. O'Conor, there can be but little doubt that both were but one and the same person, and more, that our Fenians were Phœnicians, who settled in Ireland, and became mercenary soldiers, until they collected strength to their ranks, and became powerful in the course of many ages. If Dr. O'Conor be correct in his opinion, namely, that the Fenians were so called after Fenius Farsadh, which opinion was undoubtedly that of our best writers, and old annalists, we then may safely assume that Finnus, or Finius, was the first person of that name, and that his actions as well those of several others of the same name, have been attributed to Fionn the son of Cumhall.

It is not within the sphere of a mere introduction to dilate upon the important enquiry concerning the *clann* or original family of the Fenians. But since we find incontrovertible proofs of the existence of the Fenians in Lochlan, Britain, Scotland, and other countries, and that the Fenians of Ireland were distinguished from their kindred of the same name residing in other parts, by the epithet of Fenians or Fian of Eire, it is not unreasonable to come to the conclusion, that they were a branch of an original people, who, at some early period, separated, and settled in various countries. This

notion is not an unhistorical or original one. Our native historians assure us, "nemine contradicente," that a certain Fenius Farsa, at the period of the confusion of Babel, digested the various languages, and that he paid particular attention to the Gaelic, as he found it to be the most expressive and copious of any then in existence. Who was this Fenius—was he the Φοῖνιξ of the Greeks—the Phœnix of the Latins, who is said to have led colonies to the west? Scholars object to this theory that the Phœnicians never called themselves by that name, but Jehusaei, Gergaesi, Chenani, &c., but it does not follow that they were known to other nations by another name, any more than the English who have been, and are still called Sassanagh (Saxons) by the Irish-speaking portion of our people. So, the Phœnicians having been giants, a circumstance almost generally acknowledged, the word Feineagh or Fianach, signifies a giant, as well as the attributes usually conceded to persons of gigantic stature, and physical as well as mental powers. Bryant, moreover, states that Phœnicia was originally called Canaan, Cuas, and Cua; and as we cannot very easily separate or rather distinguish the ancient Phœnicians from the natives of Canaan, we may very naturally come to the conclusion that there had been but little distinction made between them by the foreigners whom they visited in course of their peregrinations. It is not, then, too much to suppose, in the absence of more tangible proof, that those enterprising foreigners, in consequence of their appearance and general habits, won for themselves the name of Feinne, Φοῖνικες, Phœnicians, amongst the various people of the countries to whom they migrated. Hence, it is not going too far to indulge in the supposition that our Fenians, since they were not confined to Ireland alone, were a branch of those enterprising foreigners who remained in this island and elsewhere, when casualties and changes at home necessarily cut off the communications of their friends.

But could any doubt have remained as to the oriental origin of our early colonists, we need only refer to numerous Irish manuscripts for corroboration of this fact. The author of the manuscript battle of Ventry, speaking of the exertions of Budh Dearg, the Tuatha Dedanan king, to assist the Fenians to repel the invaders from the coasts of the island, consents to send to Canaan for a body of Tuatha Dedanans for that purpose; but the commander of the invading forces did not believe in their existence, stating that the Tuatha Dedanans could not possibly live on the surface of the land, and therefore were not Irishmen.—The following extract from that old manuscript, (pp. 293, 294.) shows this :—

"Budh Dearg solicited by the Irish plenipotentiary to assist the Fenians against the invasion made by the king of the World under the allegation that the Fenians rendered his people, the Tuatha Dedanans, much service, consents, and sends heralds to *Tir Tarugaire* (Canaan) for the Tuatha Dedanans who were located there—The king of the World said that the Tuatha Dedanans could not possibly be a division of the people of Ireland, and if they were they must be *Siodhbhruighe* (fairies,) and could not possibly exist on the surface of Ireland."

It would be well worth the notice of our archæologists to enter on the study of the origin of our first colonists, but this subject would become a labyrinth indeed to such as have not made an intimate acquaintance with that of the origin also of other nations of antiquity. Our antiquaries are, no doubt, wise in declining to enter on this very abstruse enquiry, since they find so many of the Continental scholars who treated of those matters involve themselves in an endless maze of difficulties. But with a knowledge of our language there is no knowing how clear and satisfactory they might have made their enquiries, since our manuscripts are all very clear and explicit on the point. Had the learned Bryant been acquainted with the language and history of Ireland, his

work would certainly be one of the best ever written. But if the Fenians of Ireland were not named after Fionn Mac Cumhaill, as they undoubtedly were not, may they not have been a branch of Phœnicians, who had settled in the Chersonesus, Alba, Britain and Ireland?

We read in the old historical tale, Agallamh na Seanoiridhe (Dialogue of the Sages), which is now preparing for the Society, that Fionn son of Cumhall was a Philosopher, a Musician, a Bard, a Liagh, an Admiral, a Druid or Priest, a Statesman, a Commander, and a Prophet—we have a prophecy relative to the Danish and English invasion of our island, attributed to him; if he had lived three hundred and ten years, as we are told he did, and had been engaged in a severe course of study all that time, he could not possibly have been learned in all the arts and sciences required to render him eminent in all those arduous professions, since we know that the span of a long life was found only too short for men who had made any one of those branches their study, to enable them to master the science to which they applied themselves. Hence the fame of Fionn, son of Cumhall, did not really rest on his individual merits as a man, but was built on that of other persons of the same name who had been his predecessors.

The piece, which is now about to be given for the first time in English, is really curious, but is of that class which is supposed to be mythological, because few of the incidents contained in it can be explained as common historical events. It opens with a hunting excursion, but instead of enjoying the pleasures of the chase, Fionn himself, strangely enough, falls asleep on a carn on the mountain of Ceannsleibhe, near the Lake of Inchiquin. The Fenian chief was attended by only one Fenian named Diorraing; when he awoke he desired his attendant to go to the adjoining wood and cut some wattles with which to make a hut for their reception that night. Diorraing obeyed, but when he entered the wood he discovered

an elegant *bruighin*, or subterranean abode adjacent. Diorraing having returned with the news of his discovery, Fionn resolved to seek shelter in the *bruighin* that night. When they arrived at the door the porter enquired who they were, and was told they were two of the men belonging to Fionn Mac Cumhaill. "You are boding misfortune to yourselves," replied the porter, "because it was Fionn Mac Cumhaill himself that killed the father, mother, and four brothers of the owner of this place, as well as the father and mother of his wife: he who dwells here is named Conan Ceann-sleibhe, who is also named Conan of Ceannsumaire, and it was Fionn himself that brought him to Ireland, from Sumaire of the Red Sea, near the shore of Loch Lurg, when he was in quest of his sword called Mac an Loin." The porter then withdrew and presently was ordered to admit the guests.

The foregoing piece of information volunteered by the porter has but little meaning, unless we can connect it with some incident relating to the arrival of the early colonists of Ireland from the east, of which we are at present in ignorance. However, when they were admitted, Conan welcomed them, and bade them be seated, and then asked Fionn to favour him with the names by which he had been known in early life; the Fenian chief complied, and informed him that his first name had been Glasdiogan, his second, Giolla an Chuasain; but that he was known by that name because his clothing consisted only of the skins of the deer and other wild beasts. Conan, after having thanked him for the information, requested him under penalty of *geasa* (prohibition), to inform him on what account he leaped the chasm of Brige Bloighe once a year. Fionn stated that the day he separated from his foster-mother, Boghmuin, when she had been slain by the clan of Moirne, he lost his way, but at length found himself at Luachair Dheaghaidh in the south. Here he saw two assemblies, one of fair ladies, and the other composed of men: the assem-

blies were each on a carn, while a deep wide chasm in the mountain separated them. He went to the crowd of ladies, and enquired the cause of the meeting. He was speedily informed that Seadna, son of the king of Kerry-Luachra, had fallen in love with Danat, daughter of Daire, from Sith-Daire, but that the lady refused to marry him unless he engaged to leap this chasm once a year during his life time. Fionn having seen that the prince baulked at the leap, when he reached the margin of the precipice, enquired whether or not the princess would marry another if he would make the leap. Having been answered in the affirmative, he tucked up his deer skin garments and leaped the chasm, not only forward, but backwards as well. The princess bound him under *geasa*, (prohibition), to perform the leap once a year. We have so many localities in Ireland distinguished for leaps equally as extraordinary as that of Fionn, that we cannot easily separate the circumstances of those leaps from some obsolete Pagan rite. Leim na Con (Loophead), in the southern extremity of the county of Clare, and the various Leim an eich (steed's leaps), throughout the country, strongly warrant this opinion. There are footprints left by the steed generally on a rock to mark the extent of the leap, and these marks are believed to be of the remotest antiquity. If we cannot connect Fionn's leaps over the wide chasm with the labor of Hercules, when he separated the mountain by the strength of his arms, we can at least, in someway, connect the mysterious footprints with such as those on Adam's Peak in the island of Ceylon.

The history of Boghmuin, as told by tradition, which singularly enough localises it to several places in each province of Ireland, is really mythological. The tradition prevalent among the people on the north eastern coasts runs thus. When Fionn had reached his seventh year, Boghmuin, who, up to that time, was doubtful what name to give her foster-son, introduced him among the youth of the clan of Moirne while

engaged at the hurlet at Tara; the young Boisgnean soon worsted them all, so that the monarch earnestly enquired who that fair-haired *(Fionn)* youth was, who behaved so bravely. Upon which Boghmuin caught hold of him, raised him on her shoulders, and betook herself to flight, at the same time exclaiming aloud, "I thank the gods for having my foster-son named so auspiciously." Boghmuin was immediately pursued, but being nimble of foot she soon outstripped and baffled the pursuit of her enemies. When she considered herself safe she let Fionn walk, but he, terror-struck, flung her on his shoulders and continued his flight; when he reached the sea coast at Lurgan Green, he resolved to rest himself, but, to his mortification, he found that he had only the *lurgain* (shin-bones) of his foster-mother, which he still continued to hold in his hand; these he cast into the sea, and Lurgan Green has, from that circumstance, been called ever since, "Lurgain Ratha" in Irish. There are some antiquaries who think that the dispersion of the members of Boghmuin has reference to some mythological, or historical event which occurred long before the Irish settled in Ireland, and which had been preserved by tradition, if not to the dispersion of the members of Osiris, since the event recorded has been so generally localised.

The Fenian forces were remarkable for having a good and brave man, as well as a bad and evil-minded man among them. Fionn himself, as a matter of course, was the best man; and Dealra Dubh was the bad or evil-minded man, for he never spoke one word that did not savour of censure. Hence, whosoever met him while fasting in the morning, would be certain of meeting with nothing but ill luck during that day. This strongly reminds us of the popular belief that there are certain evil-minded persons, whom it is unlucky for any one to meet in the morning while fasting; these persons are supposed to have the *Balar*, or evil eye, and it is considered unlucky for a person, while fasting, to meet such.

The story of Roc reminds us, in some measure, of that of the cyclops of continental mythologists, but still the analogy between the two is not sufficiently close to warrant us in supposing that the former was composed in imitation of the latter. It is probably connected with some mystic rite now forgotten; since Roc made the circuit of nearly the whole of Ireland in his flight, and, like others of our celebrated nautical characters, made a superhuman leap at Beinn Eadair, now Howth.

There were many superhuman personages among the Fenians, but how such beings were tolerated in their ranks, it is hard to conceive, if the stringent regulations respecting the qualifications necessary to be possessed by recruits, were duly enforced. There was a man belonging to the Fenian ranks who, though so deaf as to be unable to hear the loudest sound, was, nevertheless, able to recite all the Fenian compositions that ever had been strung together in verse. This would not be extraordinary in the present day, but we are not told that there were schools for the deaf and dumb then instituted, or that instruction was conveyed through the medium of books to candidates for Fenian honors. The most curious of all the supernatural personages amongst the Fenians, was a man who became a female every alternate year. The story of this strange being much resembles that of Tiresius, who had been seven years a female.

> "Deque viro factus (mirabile), femina, septem
> Egerat Autumnos."
>
> *Ovid Met.* Lib. III.—Fab. V.

Fionn himself had a wife for seven years who was alive by day and dead by night; the case of the Fenian queen resembles that of the princess Seba, daughter of the king of Easroe, who, having been enchanted by her Fomorian stepfather, died and came to life again each alternate year; and of Faithleann Mongshuileach, who, like the children of Lir, was invited to bathe by her step-mother, and then enchanted: she was condemned to remain one year in the shape of a cat,

another in that of a swan, and the third in that of an otter, and so on in rotation, but she had the privilege of assuming her natural shape one day in each year. This seems so curious that it is considered worth while to give the following extract:—

"Do ġab ꞇuaċ deaṁaṙ iṅgean ṙíġ na Dṙeolainne do iṅġean na ceaḋ ṁná .i. Faiṫleann Mongꞇúileaċ, ocuꞇ do ꞇuġ ꞇí do ꞇnáṁ lei i ainṙ eaꞇ do ḃí n-gaṙ ċaṫṙaċ an ṙíġ .i. Eaꞇ Beoḃuinne ainm an eaꞇa ꞇin, ocuꞇ do ċuiṙ fá ġeaꞇaiḃ i, ocuꞇ aꞇṙaꞇ ꞇeo na gꞇaiḃḣ ꞇin .i. a ḃeiṫ bliaḋain ina cat, ocuꞇ bliaḋain ina h-eala, ocuꞇ bliaḋain ina dobaṙċoin neiṁe; ocuꞇ ḃí ꞇí la dainġṫe gaċa bliaḋain dioḃ ꞇin ina cruiṫ féin."

The king of Dreoluinn's daughter conceived a violent hatred against Faithleann Mongshuileach, daughter of the king's former wife; she brought her to bathe in Eas Beobhuinne, a cataract contiguous to the king's palace, upon which occasion she enchanted her. The following were the bonds under which she enchanted her, namely, to remain one year a cat, another a swan, and the third a venomous otter, but she assumed her own shape one day in each year.

There were certain conditions to be observed by this princess and her friends to ensure her release, and it appears rather singular that such enchantment should take place only upon the water, as in the case of the children of Lir; a circumstance of itself sufficient to warrant the supposition that these victims of stepmother's cruelty were not bound by a spell to assume unnatural forms, but were dedicated to the service of Lir, the Irish Neptune, and thereby disqualified for the assumption of rank and fortune in the world.

Cats were special objects of dread, if not of some kind of veneration, among the ancient Irish. We read of several persons both male and female, who had been metamorphosed into cats; our story-tellers used to spin out long yarns con-

cerning *droidheacht*, or druidical cats, among these tales was conspicuously celebrated that of:—

"Cat caol clan fíncc fan air flabha fead airgiod."

A slender black cat reclining on a chain of old silver.

This was a *droidheacht* or druidical cat endowed with human faculties, and possessing singular privileges. Cats are said to have been appointed to guard hidden treasures; and there are few who have not heard some old person tell about a strange meeting of cats, and a violent battle fought by them in his neighbourhood. It was the opinion of the old people that an evil spirit in the shape of a cat, assumed command over those animals in various districts, and that when those wicked beings pleased, they would compel all the cats belonging to their division to attack those of some other district. The same was said of rats; and rat-expellers, when commanding a colony of those troublesome and destructive animals to emigrate to some other place, used to address their "billet" to the infernal rat supposed to hold command over the rest. In a curious pamphlet on the power of bardic compositions to charm and expel rats, lately published, Mr. Eugene Curry states that a degraded priest, who was descended from an ancient family of hereditary bards, was enabled to expel a colony of rats by the force of satire! The opinion of Mr. Curry as to the supernatural powers of Irish satire[1] is not to be rejected: and we have on record a most wonderful account of the effects of a satire composed by Seanchan chief Ollamh of Erin, upon the Royal Cat of Ireland that inhabited a cave near Clonmacnoise. The story is thus recorded in an Introduction to the "Tain Bo Chuailgne":—Seanchan and his troop of subordinate Ollamhs having paid a visit to Guaire, king of Connacht, who was celebrated for great liberality; the cross old man becoming displeased with the treatment he received at court, refused to taste the rations

[1] For the history of Satire in Ireland, See O'Daly's *Tribes of Ireland*, edited by John O'Donovan LL.D., *Dublin*, 1851.

which had been dressed for his use. After having fasted some two or three days, his wife persuaded him to accept an egg which remained after she had finished her meal; but, by some neglect of the servant, the mice—we had then no rats in Ireland—devoured the egg. The old Ollamh was so exasperated that he vowed to satirize the mice, but upon reflection indemnified them, vowing to make the cats feel the venom of his satire, since they suffered the mice to live, and thereby to do him an injury. The Royal Cat was, therefore, condemned to suffer the effects of the bard's satire. This Royal Cat having felt the effect of the satire in his cave, told his wife and daughter that Seanchan had satirized him, but that he would proceed immediately to Guaire's palace, carry the old man away, and wreak ample vengeance upon him, by tearing his flesh in pieces. The Cat proceeded without delay to the court of the king of Connacht, and did not halt until he found the Ollamh, and having cast him upon his shoulder without opposition from the guards, carried him off. The cat while carrying away the satirist on his shoulder was passing near Clonmacnoise, when St. Ciaran happening to be in a neighbouring forge, and seeing the Royal Cat, snatched a red hot ploughshare from the fire, with which he killed the animal, and liberated the Ollamh.[1]

[1] It appears that the chief Ollamh of Ireland, named Seanchan, after having satirized the mice, and had the pleasure of seeing ten of the tiny pilferers fall dead at his feet, turned his venomous weapon against the cats, because they permitted the mice not only to live, but to enjoy such sway; and more especially against their monarch, since he was found remiss in compelling his feline subjects to discharge the onerous duties they owed the public. We may leave it to our readers to form an idea of the opinion which the Irish people then entertained of animals of the feline tribe, when we inform them, from the Introduction to the Tain Bo Chuailgne, that these animals were then supposed to be governed by a monarch, who, although apparently one of their own species, was, nevertheless, endowed with the use of human speech, and other faculties not belonging to the brute creation. The Royal Cat kept

There are some classes of spirits, such as the Puca, Beansighe, &c., said to be vulnerable, if shot at with a piece of silver; and a gun loaded with a piece of silver can have effect upon such witches as transform themselves into hares, for the purpose of robbing dairies, according to popular belief.

It is the general opinion of many old persons versed in native traditional lore, that, before the introduction of Christianity, all animals possessed the faculties of human reason and speech; and old story-tellers will gravely inform you that every beast could speak before the arrival of St. Patrick, but that the Saint having expelled the demons from the land by the sound of his bell, all the animals, that, before that time, had possessed the power of foretelling future events, such as the Black Steed of Binn-each-labhra, the Royal Cat at Cloghmagh-righ-cat (Clough), and others, became mute; and many of them fled to Egypt, and other foreign countries. These were evidently oracles in the days of paganism which had been reduced to silence at the coming of the Saviour of mankind, and fell into contempt on the introduction of the Christian faith. The Clocha Oir (Saxa Solis), not the Golden Stones of our mere matter-of-fact antiquarians, but pillar-stones dedicated to the sun, were famous oracles in pagan times. There were other pillar-stones, called Gallān, or Dallān, because they could not foresee future events: these were afterwards called Fir Brèige (fictitious men), and became objects of veneration, under the teaching of the Bocaghs, and their squaws, who profited considerably by the cheat. Though the oracles are generally said to have been silenced at the time when Christianity began to prevail, there is another reason assigned for the cessation of

his court in the cave of Cnobha: his name was Dorasan, son of Arasan; his wife's name was Riachall, and that of the princess royal, his daughter, Rinn-gear-fhiaclach! It is most probable that these notions had been derived from the east at a very early period. We cannot trace the origin of the cat cultus any farther at present.

the oracle of Clogh-magh-righ-cat, or Clough. It was stipulated by the being that gave responses from this stone that, if any one told an untruth, or gave a false description of any property which he was desirous of recovering, to the oracle, the consequences would be fatal to him. Every person who consulted the stone was wont to be very correct in his words on that account. At length a Brughach of Orgiall named O'Cathalain (Callan), having lost a mare which he supposed to have been in foal, had recourse to this oracle; he described the animal as being in foal, and instantly had the following angry and insulting response:—

"A ċaṁbaiḋ ṁaeil gan ḟiacail,
'S a ṫróin ḟiaca ḟalaiḡ;
Lean ríor ċum an Triuċa,
Do lair ċrúbaċ gan ṡeanaiḡ."

Thou of the bare and toothless gums,
Thou of the peevish drizly nose;
Pursue down to Triuch,
Thy hoofy mare which is without a foal.

No sooner had the response been given than the oracular stone split in twain, with a tremendous crash, and a large cat walked out upon the mound. O'Cathalain, provoked by the bitter invective, and unable to restrain his irritable temper, attacked the cat and killed it; but before the cat died he begged his murderer to grant one request; and O'Cathalain, notwithstanding the provocation he had received, was too honorable to refuse. "Well then," said the oracular cat, "repeat this *rann* (stanza) to your own cats when you go home":—

"Inis do ċrann ṡealaiḡ,
Is do Ghliodaiċ na luaiṡne;
Gur ṁarḃ O'Caṫalain,
Rig Chat Chruaċna."

Inform the Fire-raker,
And Gleadaigh of the ash-pit;
That O'Cathalain has killed,
The Royal Cat of Cruachain.

O'Cathalain, according to promise, repeated the stanza to his two cats when he returned home; but he had no sooner finished the last syllable than the two animals sprung at his throat and gnawed it, so that they killed him before he could obtain assistance. It is said that this occurrence took place long after the introduction of Christianity, for that the oracle had stipulated that it should continue to give responses as long as those who consulted it should adhere to the truth in stating their grievances: but it is probable that the whole tradition refers to the more distant period when paganism prevailed over the island.

This species of cat-lore was probably connected with the superstition of some oriental nations who held, and still hold, cats in veneration, and it is one of the many remaining traces of the oriental extraction of the aborigines of Ireland.

The Cloch Oir oracles were the most celebrated of all among the ancient Irish, as appears from a Latin interlinear note found in a very old MS. copy of the curious piece called "Ochtar Gaedhal" (Adventures of Eight Irishmen), which states that Conchobhar Mac Nessa, afterwards king of Ulster, was counselled, when a young man, by the oracle of Clogher, then one of the most celebrated in that district, to go to the Isle of Man, and cause Cuilleann, or Guillean, from whom Sliabh Guillin, and probably Cuailgne in the county of Louth, derived its name, to make a suit of armour for his use. This extract has been already printed in the "Transactions of the Kilkenny and South-East of Ireland Archæological Society." Vol 2, p. 34. It is as follows:—

"Gullinus quidem Πεσειδῶν fuit, nam ꞁꞁꞁ (Lir) Ibernicum aut Phoenicum nomen Neptuni, et idem quod mare; ideo Gullinus fuit alterum nomen pro ꞁꞁꞁ, deo maris, sicut Tiobal maris dea fuit.

Nam illa Concubaro Mac Nessa, postea regi Ultoniæ, apparuit sub specie mulieris pulcherrimæ, cum in Manniam *Jussu oraculi cui nomen* clochuir. i.e. *Saxum Solis, quod isto tempore celeberrimum fuit his partibus,* adebat ad Gullinum quendam, uti daret *buadha* druidica clypeo et armis ejus. Gullinus imaginem Cobal in clypeum finxit, et *buadha* multa invincibiliaque habuit, secundum auctores veteres Ibernicos."

Hence it is evident that *Cloch-oir* was not a golden stone, but the *stoné of the sun;* for ór or úr is a name of the sun, (vide O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary, sub voce úr,) and the oracle of Clochoir was the most famous then in existence, that is, in the time of Conchobhar Mac Nessa, who flourished in the first century of the Christian era.

Of the Black Steed of our "Binn-each-Labhra," we find but meagre traces in manuscript, though the topographical terms having reference to the oracular steed are pretty numerous in Ireland; e. g. Dun Binn Eich (Dunbin), which has given name to a parish situate two miles to the west of Dundalk, and is celebrated in folk-lore. There is a manuscript piece, intituled "Mac na Mi-chomhairle" (Son of the evil advice), which, though apparently a modern composition, reflects some light on this pagan superstition. It is said to have been composed by Carroll O'Daly, commonly called "Cearbhall Buidhe na n-Abhran" (Swarthy Carroll of the Songs) on account of his turn for rhyming; though many ascribe it to Parson Brady, commonly known by the name of Philip Ministeir; but it is certainly not written in the style of the latter. This beautiful and interesting fairy tale contains a good deal of the popular traditions, and is far older than any work on the same subject written in the English language. Treating of our faëry mythology it states:

"Dúin-binn-eich-labra, rir a raibtear Binneach-Luna anoir 1 c-coicce Ulad; agur ir uime bearrtar Binn-each-labra leir an m-binn rin .i. a t-trátcib na Sainna do tigeaḋ eac rleanṁain rliocaiḋ mór-uaṫbarać ar an m-binn

amaċ go nuiġe a làr, agaṡ do labraḋ do ġuċ baenḋa fria ċàċ, agaṡ do ḃèarraḋ fior forrfe, fírneólaċ do gaċ neaċ, d'a n-iarrfaḋ ṡgèala air, fa gaċ ní ḋ'a n-èirneóċaḋ ḋo go cionn bliaḋna uaḋ an t-Samain sin. Agus d'fàiġfiodaṡ prionṡaiḋ agus cioḋlacċaiḋ mórra aice ann sin, i. ag an m-binn; agaṡ do ġèillíodaṡ na puible do, go h-aimsir Phàtraic agaṡ na naoṁ ċlèire."

Dun-Binn-each-labhra, which is now called *Binneach-Luna*, in the province of Ulster: the reason the hill was called *Binn-each-labhra* (hill of the speaking steed) was this; namely, in the days of Samhain (All-hallows) a plump, sleek, terrible steed was wont to emerge as far as his middle from the hill, and speak in human voice to each person; he was accustomed to give intelligent and proper responses, to such as consulted him, concerning all that would befal them until Samhain of the ensuing year. The people used to offer valuable gifts and presents to him at the hill, and they adored him until the time of Patrick and the holy clergy.

Whether this steed superstition gave rise to the popular belief that there were horses in the olden time that were gifted with human faculties, and furnished ideas in connection with the numerous prints of horse-shoes found impressed upon rocks and stones throughout Ireland, it is difficult to decide; but that the horse was once an object of great religious veneration is pretty clear from the numerous stories told of enchanted horses in our lakes, and the frequent mention of Each Dubh (Black Steed) in the tales of our Seanchuidhes. The story of Con-edda, and his steed, or the Golden Apples of Loch Erne, is perhaps the prettiest found in any language. (See *Cambrian Journal* No. 6.)

The following extract from a manuscript Life of St. Kiaran of Saigher in Ossory, announced for publication by Mr. John O'Daly of Dublin, is very curious:—

"Agus do ċionṡaiġ Ciarán aiṫneaḃaḋ maṫ ḋíġneaḃaċ 'ran ionaḋ sin, óir do ḃí se air timċioll do ċoillṫiḃ mórra an tan sin: agus do ċionṡaiġ air d-túr fealla beaga do

ḋéanaṁ de obair dearóil, agus ann sin do ṡionnsaiṫ maintirsi agus cacair fa ḋeoiġ, maille le gráras Dé, dá'n b'ainm Saiġir Chiarán ag cáċ a c-coiṫċinne. Agus an tan táinseaḋ Ciarán air t-tús ann sin, do ṡuiġ air sgáiṫ cnainn, agus d'éirġiḋ o'n taeb oile do'n ċnann torc allta no-ċuiṫiġ, agus man do ċonairc Ciarán do ṫeiṫ, sé, agus d'iompoiġ arís man ṡearnḃṡóġantaiḋe ceannsa do Chiarán, air na ḋéanaṁ mín o Dia; agus do b'é an torc sin céad ḋeisciobal agus cead ṁanaċ do ḃí ag Ciarán 'san ionad sin, agus do ċuaiḋ sa'n c-cóill agus do ḃuain slata agus cuiġe ioir a ṡiaċlaiḃ man ċungnaṁ ċum an t-sealla. Ní raiḃ tráiṫ duine a ḃ-ṡoċair Chiarán, an tan sin; óir is ann a aenṡear o na ḋeiscioblaiḃ táinseaḋ sé ċum na ḋíṫneaḃaċa sin. Tangadar iar sin ain-ṁíolta éigciallda ċum Ciaran ar gaċ árd a raḃadar do'n ṡaraċ i. Sionnaċ, agus Broc, agus Mac-tíre, agus Eilit; agus do ḃádar ceann-sa do Chiarán, agus d'úṁladar dá ṫeagarg man ṁanaċaiḃ, agus do ġníḋir gaċ nió a ḋéanaḋ sin. Là de d-táinic an sionnaċ do ḃí an-ṁanaċ, cealgaċ, mailisreaċ, ċum bróg Chiarán, agus do ġoid iad, agus do ṡeaċain an ċóiṁ-ṫional, agus do ċuaiḋ roiṁe da uaṁaḋ féin, agus do ṡantaiġ sé na bróga d'ṫeaḋ ann sin. Air na ṡoillseaḋ sin do Chiarán do ċuir manaċ eile dá ṁuintir i. an broc, air ċeann an t-sionnaich dá ṫaḃairt gur an ionad céadna, agus táinseaḋ an broc go h-uaiṁ an t-sionnaiċ, agus do ṡuair ag ṫeaḋ na m-bróg é; oir d'uaiḋ sé a c-cluara agus a n-ialla; agus do ċoiṁ-eigniḋ an broc é um ṫeaċt leis ċum na mainistreaċ, agus tangadar uim tráṫnona go Ciarán, agus na bróga leo. Do raiḋ Ciarán sis an t-sionnaċ, 'a bráṫair! cread uim a n-ḋeárna tú an ġadaiġeaċt ud nać ar ḋé-ṁaireaċ do ṁanaċ a ḋéanaṁ; oir ata uirge neaṁ-ṁailireaċ againn ir an g-coiṫċinne, agus ata biaḋ mar an c-céadna; agus dá

c-cuṡaḋ do ṁaḋúiṙ oṙc ṡo mó ḟeáiṙṙde leaṫ ḟeoil do ċaiṫeaḋ, do ḋéanaḋ Dia ḋuiṫ do ċṙoiceannaiḃ na c-cṙann ro ad ṫimċioll í?' Agaṙ d'iaṙṙ an ṙionnaċ ann ṙin aiṙ Chiaṙán loṡa a ṗeacaḋ, agaṙ bṙeiṫeaṁnaṙ aiṫṙiṡe do ċeangal aiṙ. Agaṙ do ṙinneaḋ aṁla, agaṙ ṅior ṡṫ an ṙionnaċ biaḋ ṡo b-ḟuaiṙ ceaḃ o Chiaṙán, agaṙ do ḃí ṡé ḟíṙ-aenda o ṙin amaċ maṙ ċáċ."

And Ciaran came to the resolution of residing in that place as an eremite, for it was entirely surrounded with dense woods at that time: he commenced to construct temporary little cells, he next built a monastery, and afterwards a city, by God's aid, which was commonly called by the people Saiger of Ciaran. When Ciaran came first there he sat under the shelter of a tree, and a very furious wild boar started up from the other side of the same tree, and when it saw Ciaran it fled: however, it returned and became submissive to Ciaran, being tamed by God. That boar was the first disciple and monk that Ciaran had in that place. It was accustomed to go to the wood and gnaw twigs and straw to assist to construct the cell. There was no person then with Ciaran, for he left his disciples and came alone to that desert. Irrational animals came to Ciaran from all parts of the forest; a fox, a badger, a wolf, and a fawn. These became submissive to Ciaran, and hearkened to his doctrine as monks; they obeyed him in every respect. The self-willed, deceitful, malicious fox happened one day to find Ciaran's brogues, and stole them; he then abandoned the community, and hastened to his own cave, where his passions prompted him to eat the brogues. When the matter was made known to Ciaran, he dispatched the badger, another of his monks, to bring the fox back to his place. The badger went to the fox's cave, and found him devouring the brogues; for he had already gnawed the strings and latchets. The badger persuaded the fox to return to the monastery: they both came in the evening, and fetched the brogues to Ciaran. Ciaran said to the fox. 'Brother! why hast thou committed that theft, an act which nowise becomes a monk? we have wholesome water and food in the community, and if thy nature prompted thee to prefer meat, God would change the bark of yonder trees into flesh for thy use.' The fox then besought Ciaran to forgive him his sins and impose a penance upon him,

which was accordingly done. The fox did not taste food until he obtained permission from Ciaran, and he continued upright from that time forward.

This story may perhaps be thus explained :—

The ancient Irish had a system of phrenology of their own which is not even now totally forgotten. The operation was performed as follows. The operator, when wishing to learn the natural propensities of his subject, placed one hand on the lower part of his forehead, as if intending to screen the eyes from the glare of the sun, and the other hand in a similar position under the chin; he then looked into that portion of the face which remained between both hands, and attributed the character of whatever animal it most resembled to the individual under examination. We have seen the operation frequently performed, and known men to have been nicknamed accordingly: as Sionnach O'Murchaidh (Fox Murphy), Broc O'Coilgin (Badger Cox, or Cocks), &c. The Almighty could, no doubt, as in the case of St. Luke and other eminent saints, have made the most ferocious animals subservient to the use and convenience of his servants, but most probably St. Ciaran's monks had nothing more, in common with foxes or badgers, than the resemblance to those animals which some phrenologist of the old school discovered in their faces. There had been something akin to Anubis worship prevalent in pagan times: this might have led to the habit of naming those who had been addicted to this form of belief, after the name of the animal they worshipped. Much blame is attached to Giraldus Cambrensis for giving the story of a priest and a wolf. As the work of Giraldus is not at hand, the following extract from the pen of Father Stephen White, of Clonmel, may suffice :—

"Referens ridendam magis quàm credendam fabulam (quam omnimodis conaris suadere synceram esse historiam) de pio illo catholico homine, qui mente humanâ, sensu christiano, et religione sincerâ, etiam et dono prophetiae servatis illæsis, toto reliquo humano corpore, subitò in lupinum transformato, non nisi phan-

tasticè tamen, seu secundum exteriorem speciem, ut tu tandem ais, sacerdotem in sylvis obvium et sedentem sub frondosâ arbore ad ignem salutavit, ore lupino, humanâ voce, aiens! 'Securi estote, et noli timere; non enim trepidandum vobis est, ubi non est timor,' etc.: qui idem verus homo in lupum phantasticum mutatus, sacerdotem suasit, et persuasit, ut ad non procul inde in eâdem silvâ latitantem accederet phantasticam lupam, sed veram phantastici lupi uxorem, feminamque catholicam piam, in extremis positam, et petentem christianum viaticum, sive sacram eucharistiam, quam sciebat sacerdotem e collo in piscide servatam gestare. Quo trepidante et renuente 'Sanctum dare canibus,' nedum lupis, aut lupabus, ut dicitur, ecce coram sacerdote lupus quasi pede pro manu fungens, pellem totam a capite lupæ retrahens usque ad umbilicum replicat, et confestim expressa forma non lupae, sed mulieris vetulæ et nudæ cujusdam apparet; quam cùm sacerdos obnixè postulantem, et devotè eucharistiam suscipientem, sacramento pasceret, rursum accedens lupus pellem tantisper retractam, priori lupæ formæ coaptavit, et vera mulier denuò in lupam phantasticam conversa fuit. Quâ gratias agente, pro collato synaxi, rediit sacerdos ad suum ignem, comitatus lupo, qui totâ reliquâ nocte cum præsbitero ad ignem assidens, et ore lupino de rebus cœlestibus et futuris in mundo eventibus humanâ voce, magno cum pietatis sensu, colloquens, tandem actis Deo et sacerdoti gratiis, valedixit." (*Apologia pro Hiberniâ, pp.* 74, 75. *Dublin: John O'Daly,* 1847.)

Giraldus Cambrensis was a catholic priest, and accompanied King John to Ireland, A.D. 1214, as his tutor; he heard this and other strange stories from the people, and recorded them in his work on Ireland. The story may be true in a figurative sense; and may mean that an unfortunate man who had been addicted to the Anubis form of worship, unquestionably prevalent in Ireland in the latter ages of pagan sway, believed in the truths of Christianity, but was afraid to declare his conviction openly. He found a priest to whom he communicated his wish of becoming a convert, and the good missionary, though afraid of being betrayed, discharged his duties. Hence, the story of the man and his wife having been concealed in the skins of wolves.

The weird-wolf was supposed by the Germans to have been a wizard who metamorphosed himself into a wolf, and did much injury to the human race, according to the following extract :—

"Were-wulf (Sax) or *were-wolf* (*were* in the old Sax, was sometimes used for *man*) this name remains still known in the Teutonick, and is as much as *Man-wolf*; which is a certain *Sorcerer*, who having anointed his body with an ointment made by instinct of the Devil, and putting on a certain inchanted Girdle, does not onely to the view of others, seem as a *Wolf*, but to his own thinking, hath both the shape and nature of a *Wolf*, so long as he wears the said Girdle, and accordingly worries and kills humane creatures. Of these sundry have been taken in *Germany* and the Netherlands. One *Peter Stump*, for being a *Were-wolf*, and having killed thirteen children, two women, and one man, was at *Bedhur* not far from *Cullen*, in the year 1589, put to a very terrible death. *Verst.*" (Blount's *Glossographia*, Voce *Were-wulf*, p. 700. ed. 1670.)

Similar to the story of the German *Were-wulf*, is that recorded in the *Irish Nennius*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Todd, S.F., T.C.D., (pp. 204–205) for the Irish Archæological Society, respecting the Wolf-people of Ossory in the county of Kilkenny :—

"Sil in faelcon i n-Ossraigib aca. Airdi nigud acu, delbaig iac i connecta ib, acus dia marbtar iac acus feoil ina mbelaib, is amlaid bid na cuirp af a tiagaig; acus aicnid dia muinnterib nan fogluaisten na cuirp, air dia ngluaisten ni ticfad rum cuca rempen."

"The descendants of the wolf are in Ossory. They have a wonderful property. They transform themselves into wolves and go forth in the form of wolves, and if they happen to be killed with flesh in their mouths, it is in the same condition that the bodies out of which they have come are found; and they command their families not to remove their bodies, because if they were moved they never could come into them again."

If the circumstances already detailed savour of the religious rites of by-gone days, the entertainment given to Fionn and

some of his people at the house of Cuanda, affords a good and instructive *morale* conveyed in an entertaining story. The Dord Fian, which was a celebrated musical instrument of the Fenians, is said to have been invented by the three sons of Cearmad, son of Daghdae, who was a Tuatha De Danan deity. Fatha Conan was the next who improved it, when nine men were required to play upon it, and it was finally brought to perfection by Fionn himself, who employed fifty men to tune it. Frequent allusions to this instrument are found in Fenian poems. In the poem of "Cnoc an Air" (Hill of Slaughter), when the appearances in the sky forboded disaster, Fionn sounded the Dord Fian to call his forces together :—

"Do ḟeiṅd Fionn an Dóṙd Fhiann,
Ir d'ḟṙeagair iad ṅa ṅ-gair ;
Gaċ ḟear ṁa luaiṫe teaċt,
Eidir ṙlaiṫ, ir triaṫ, ir taiṅ."

Fionn sounded the Dord Fian,
And they (the Fenians) responded with their shouts ;
Every man came with utmost speed,
The prince, the chief, and the private.

In another Lay Oisin regrets the want of the music of the Dord Fian :—

"Ir tuiṙṙeaċ tlaṫ bim do ġnaṫ,
Ag ṙmuaine ar na triaṅ-ḟir ;
Gan éiṙdeaċt le guṫ gaḋar,
'S le Dóṙd ṙuaṁṅar na Féinne."

'Tis weary and weak I *do be* always,
While thinking on the valiant men ;
Without hearing the cries of hounds,
And the sleep-inviting Dord of the Fenians.

The Dord, or Dordan, according to the Lay called "The Vision of Oisin," had the power of awakening from sleep as well as that of causing it :—

"Dórdan na Féinne ag Magh-mínn,
Tainfior dam é, caoin an cleas;
Is é dúisiġ me as mo ṡuan,
An Dórdan binn, buain nem' ṡeas."

The Dordan of the Fenians at Magh-minn,
Affected me, sweet the delusion,
'Twas it that awoke me from my slumber,
That sweet-sounding Dordan interfered with my prescience."

The Dord from the above extracts appear to have been used as a bugle or musical instrument to summon the Fenians to assemble, as well as one to amuse them at the festive board. There may have been several instruments of different constructions named Dord and Dordan, but probably the Dord, or Dordan, most celebrated for the sweetness of its tone, was a musical instrument used upon solemn and religious occasions. It is not unreasonable to suppose this, since it was first made by the Tuatha De Danans, who are said to have been connected with Dagdae, and since we read in the Tain Bo Chuailgne (Cattle Spoil of Cooley), that the deity bull, Donn Cuailgne, was wont to be attended by fifty young men who sounded the Dord for his amusement every day. This is also confirmed by popular tradition which represents this instrument as a druidical one.

There were other instruments of music used by the old Irish, the most esteemed of which were the Cuislean Ciuil, or bag-pipes, Tiompan, or timbrel, and Cruit, or harp. The Cuislean Ciuil are mentioned in several old manuscripts, and in one of the Lays of Oisin thus:—

"An dá ġadar déag dí ac Fionn,
An tan léiccfe iatt fá naiṁ;
Binde iatt na cuisle ciuil,
'S a n-aġaiḋ o'n t-Suir amach."

The twelve hounds belonging to Fionn,
When unleashed in the chase,
(Their cries) were sweeter than Cuisle Ciuil,
While started from the Suir onwards."

The Cuislean Ciuil have been translated bag-pipes, it is nevertheless doubtful whether the bag and bellows were then used as at present; most likely the instrument bore a greater resemblance to the Highland than to the Irish pipes.

The Tiompan was a musical instrument of very ancient date, probably it had been early introduced from the east; there is a very good description of it given in one of the Lays of Cailte, son of Ronan, as follows:—

"Tiompán no ḟeindir na triur,
Uaṫ a riaṁ no ḟeinn Mac Cúmhaill;
Rir a c-coideoldair gaċ uair,
Sluaġ an domhain gan diombuaidh!

Tiompán do bí ag na mná,
Gona leiṫ-rinn airgiod bán;
Gona deilgnib d'ór buidhe,
Gona ceadaib fionn-druinne."

The timbrel upon which the three played,
It was upon it Mac Cumhaill always played;
By its (sound) they would ever drop into a sleep,
The hosts of the world, without irksomeness.

The timbrel which the women had,
Its rim was made of white silver;
The pins of yellow gold,
And the strings of bright brass.

The story of the relationship of Brau and Sceoluing to Fionn Mac Cumhaill undoubtedly savours of Anubis worship, and confirms us in the opinion already expressed that Fionn was a name given to great men as Pharaoh had been to the kings of Egypt. There were many men named Fionn, as we learn from a poem on the family of Fionn composed by Mac Ronan:—

"Fionn, Flann, ir Deirṁne d'n Droim,
Tri h-anmonna ṁic Cúmhaill;
Fionn ir Treanṁór o'n trái ċoir,
Rob' iad anmonna an ċéad Fhinn."

Fionn, Flann, and Deimhne from the Ridge,
Were the three names of the son of Cumhall;
Fionn and Treanmor from the eastern shore,
Were the names the first Fionn bore.

There were other persons named Fionn in the Fenian ranks; one was son of Breasal, according to a poem attributed to Garradh Glundubh of the tribe of Moirne:—

"Do bí Guaire ġiolla Fhinn,
Ag imeirt air fiḋċill;
Agus Fionn bán mac Bhreasail,
Go d-tárlaḋ dóiḃ imhearan."

Guaire, the servant of Fionn,
Was playing at chess;
With Fionn the fair, son of Breasal,
Until a dispute arose between them.

The circumstance of there being many persons named Fionn, as previously noticed, and the alleged affinity of Fionn Mac Cumhaill to his favourite hounds, would naturally lead to the supposition that the name Fionn was an honorary title, or some epithet bestowed to distinguish him as an Anubis worshipper. We read in the Tain Bo Chuailgne that the renowned Cuallan or Guallin had a remarkable watch-dog, which Cuchullainn slew, who on that account, was condemned to serve in the capacity of the defunct animal until he could procure a substitute. Hence he was called Cu Chuallain (the hound or dog of Cuallan), which can mean nothing more or less than that the young hero conformed to the worship of the dog deity.

The metamorphosis of Fionn into a withered old man, by virtue of the waters of the lake of Sliabh Gullin, is a curious piece of druidical history. The incidents are beautifully detailed in the poem of the chace which has been translated by Miss Brooke, and lately by the Rev. Dr. Drummond. Milucradh was daughter of Cuallan, after whom the mountain has

been named, and a druidess. She is generally known in the neighbouring districts by the name of Cailleach Biorar (Hag of the Water). She is said to be still in existence, and her house is pointed out under the Cairn on the mountain, from the door of which is always seen a beaten path to the edge of the lake. The old druidess is much feared by the surrounding peasantry; and several attempts have been made to drain her lake, but, according to popular tradition, she always interfered when the works were nearly completed, and, by some spell or other, prevented their completion. It is singular, too, that the people believe that the water of this lake still changes the hair, as in the days of Fionn Mac Cumhaill, into a silvery hue, many instances of which are recorded by the neighbouring peasantry. It may possess some natural properties like those of Loch Neagh, which would account for this. Lakes and estuaries were considered by the ancient Irish, to be inhabited by serpents and other monstrous animals, all of which were *droidheacht* or druidical; the same opinion still prevails among the people in many districts. It was the part of a truly brave hero to attack and kill these destructive creatures. In the MS. account of the battle of Clontarf, we are informed that Murchadh, the heroic son of Brian Boroimhe, destroyed all the serpents and monsters he found throughout the kingdom; and surely Fionn Mac Cumhaill could not have been less heroic in this respect.

The following extract, detailing the number of serpents and monsters slain by Fionn Mac Cumhaill is from the Lay of the Chace of Sliabh Truim, in Mr. O'Daly's collection of Irish Manuscripts, and is given to the reader accompanied with a literal translation as being a curiosity.

"Mar do ċaṫamair an t-feilg,
Na caṫa úd fa ḋearg ṡnuaġ;
Do ṫriallamair Fianna Fhinn,
O ṡliaḃ Truim go Loċa Cuan.

Fuaraman Piarc ar an loc,
Nior ṡocar dúinn a beic ann;
Agur ṡéacainn dúinn 'nar c-teacc,
Fa ṁó 'na cnoc a ceann!

A cuarargbail re ṁolad,
Go m-bead na gloṁur gan dún;
Do coillṡe ge'r ṁór a ṡraoc,
Céad laoc a lag a da ṡúl.

Fa ṁó nac gac crann a g-coill,
A ṡiacla do caill gac gráin;
Fa ṁó 'na coṁlad cacraig,
Cluara an acraic 'nar n-dail.

Siad na octar gan earba,
A earball searṁac re dromm;
Bud raiṁne an cuid ba caoile,
Na dair dilionn de an coill.

Mar do conarc uac an sluag,
D'ear ir ba mór a ṡraoc;
Biad ar mac Mórṁe gan onn,
'Na cóṁrac con agar laoc.

Fionn. Ní de ṡiarcaib Éireann cú,
A crú nac maic cail na com;
Ca h-áit ar a d-tángair do'n gleann?
A dúbairc Fionn feardá fiall.

Piarc. Tainic mise a noir o'n n-Gréig,
Am' réim go rainic Loc Cuan;
D'iarraid coṁrac air an b- Féinn,
'S do gabail cré na sluag.

Cuirim fonlainn air gach tuait,
Tuiteadar fluaigte le m' ġleó;
Uaiḃ muna ḃ-faġaḋ mo ḋíol,
Ní ḟuigfead aḋḃar ríl beó.

Tugaiḋ ḋaṁ coṁrac co luaṫ,
A ṁóir ḟluaġ 'tá ag Fionn;
Go ḃ-feaċam oruiḃ a noir,
Mo neart tar éir teaċt tar tonn.

F. Air ġráḋ h-inneaḋ innir ḋúinn,
Gé móir do ġuil ir do ġráin;
Scéala do aṫar ir do ainim,
Sul ċaiṫeam ar n-airm ad ḋáil.

P. Aṫrać cinnte ata 'ran Ghréig,
Inneóṡad gan ḃréig ainm ġnáṫ;
Crom na Cairge fa h-árd bláṫ,
Ar fairge ṫoir ag cloċ atá.

Péirt ir maiṫ goil 'rar olc gnaoi,
Fa h-í rin a bean gan loċt;
Ir teanc caṫair t-roir nár ḃrir,
Ir rugaḋ mire ḋo mar ṁac.

D'ḟágḃar tuirre ar gać tír,
Ard na c-Caṫ go fior m'ainm;
A Fhinn, ir maiṫ tárg ir buaḋ,
Ní car liom do ḟluaġ na n-airm.

Ag rin an rgéal d'ḟiafrair ḋíom,
A Fhinn, ir maiṫ colg ir glaic;
Taḃair ḋaṁ ionġail go dian,
Gí liomṁar do Fhiann ir do neart?

F. Raiḋ Fionn, ge'r ċruaiḋ an ċéim,
Rir an b-Fheinn dol iona ċroiḋ;
Dá ċorg do cuaġdar na fluaġ,
Ir fuaradar uaċ mór bhroiḋ.

Tainic an ṗiart for ar c-caṫaiḃ,
Ir mór d'ár maṫaiḃ do ṫuit léi;
Fá mór ar n-dġċ le ċorgar,
Níor ṫualaing rinn cornaṁ léi.

Teilgṫear an t-reilg go cuiṁne,
Ar an ṗéirt go tuilme, borb;
Do ċrorṫeam inte mór ċeaṫa,
Tinnte, colg, agus fleaġa.

Do bámar uaiṫe tuirreaċ, tinn,
Níor ċuimreaċ dúinn a fraraiann;
Do ḟoilgeaḋ, (gíḋ ar lór d'éigion),
Laeċ eidir éide ir arm!

Do ḟoilg rí Fionn ina meoḋan,
Léig riaḋ Fianna Éireann gár;
Bhámar tréimre gan ċabair,
'S an ṗiart ag tabairt ar n-árr!

Dorar air gaċ taeb d'á ċorp,
Do rinne Fionn nár b'olc méin;
Gur léig 'amaċ gan furreaċ,
Gaċ neaċ a ḟoilgeaḋ de'n Fhéinn.

Fionn fial o'n c-cóṁrac do rinn,
D'ḟóir ann air an t-fluaġ;
Gur ḟuargail le tréan a láiṁe,
Sinn le réim a ġaiṫ go m-buaḋ.

Do ċóṁrac an Fhiann ṡe ċéile,
Mór an tréine dul dá c-corz;
Do ċoṁlainn, ze'n ċruaiḋ an ċéim,
Níor ḟan zur ṡzar a h-anam ṡe corp.

An ċuiṫ de ṗiarṫaiḃ ṡe Fionn,
Ní ċuirfiḟor a ṡuim zo bráṫ;
A n-dearnaḋ d'áżaiḋ 'r d'éaċt,
A n-airneáṁ noċ an ḟéad cáċ.

Do ṁarḃ piarṫ Loċa Cuilinn,
Thuiṫ ṡe Mac Cúṁaill zo raiṫ;
Ir illṗiarṫ Bhinne h-Éadair,
A ċorz níor ḟéadaḋ a c-caṫ.

Piarṫ oile Loċa Cuilinn,
Thuiṫ ṡe Mac Cúṁaill an óir;
Do ṁarḃ piarṫ Loċa Neaċṫaċ,
Ir aṫraċ Zhlinne an Smóil.

Thuiṫ piarṫ Éirne, zé'n żorm, leir,
Ir piarṫ borb Loċa Riaṫaċ;
Do ṁarb ze'n ṫréan ċroiḋe,
Piarṫ azar Cat an Áṫ-cliaṫ.

Do ṁarḃ ré Fuaṫ Loċa Léin,
Mór an ḟéiḋm dul d'a ċloiḋe;
Do ṁarḃ ré Fuaṫ a n-Drom Cléiḃ,
Fuaṫ azar Piarṫ Loċa Ríż.

Do ṁarḃ Fionn bá ṁór croiḋe,
Fuaṫ Zhlinne Ríż na nóḃ;
Zaċ piarṫ le neart a lann ṁinn;
A n-zleanntaiḃ Éirionn zur báṫ.

Fuaċ agus Piarr Ghlinne h-Áirma,
Do ṁarb Fionn gé'r ċalma iad;
Gur ḃíbir Fionn o raċaiḃ,
Gaċ piarr fá raċaḋ a ṫriall.

Piarr ar Sionuinn fá ḟolair,
Do ċorg ri ronar na b-fear;
Do ċloiḋ ne táiṫe an doṁain,
Piarr Loċa Raṁar na t-trear.

Do ṁarb, fá ṁór a tolaḋ,
Fuaċ Shléibe Gollleinn gé'r borb;
Ir ḋá ṗéirt Ghlinne h-Inneaḋ,
Do ċuireadar rin ne a ċolg.

Do ṁarb piarr Loċa Meilge,
Lór a ṫréine do láiṁ Fhinn;
Ir illṗiarr Loċa Carra,
Ir fór Aṫraċ Loċa Truim.

Do ḃí piarr ar Loċ Mearca,
Mór a tréiṫ for fearaiḃ Fáil;
Mharb í ne a ċolg buaḋach,
Ge'r borb an t-ualaċ do ċáċ.

Ar Loċ Laoġaire go cinte,
Piarr do ġní teine do ḃí;
D'airṁḋeoin a b-fuair de ḟála,
Do ḋíṫċeann ne a arm í.

Fuaċ Droḃaoir, lór a ṫréine,
Agar Aimid ṡléibe an Chláir;
Do ṁarb Fionn le Mac an Loin,
Ge'r borb a n-goil ir a n-gleó.

Fuaċ Loċa Luṅgaiṅ, ʒé ḃiaṅ,
Le Fionn na ḃ-Fiann do ċuiṫ ṡí;
Ní ḥ-iṅṅirṫeaṅ ʒo bṅáċ buaṅ,
Ʒáċ aṅ ċuiṅ ḃ'áṅ aiṅ ṡluaġaiḃ.

Do ċuiṫ piaṡṫ aṅ Bhaṅṅa ḃiṅṅ,
Le láṁ Fhiṅṅ na c-coṁlaṅṅ c-cṅuaḋ;
Dob' iomḋa áṅ n-ḋíġ o na ṫ-ṫṅeaṡ,
Ʒuṅ cloiḋe iaḃ ṅe Fionn féiṅ."

TRANSLATION.

When we had disposed of the produce of the chace,
We, the battalions of the ruddy countenances,
The Fenians of Fionn, marched onward
From Sliabh Truim[1] to Loch Cuan.[2]

We found a Piast[3] in the lake;—
Little we profited by being there;—
We cast a glance as we approached,
And saw its head was larger than a hill!

It resembled a great mound,
Its jaws were yawning wide;
There might lie concealed, though great its fury,
A hundred champions in its eye-pits.

Longer than any tree in the forest,
Were its most formidable tusks;
Wider than the gates of a city,
Were the ears of the serpent that approached us,

Taller in height than eight men,
Was its tail which was erect above its back;
Thicker was the most slender part of its tail,
Than the forest oak which was sunk by the flood!

[1] *Sliabh Truim*, a mountain in Ulster which now bears the absurd name "Bessy Bell."

[2] *Loch Cuan*, the Lough of Strangford in the County of Down.

[3] The word *Piast*, signifies a serpent, snake, or monster. It has been thought best however, in the present instance, to leave it untranslated.

When it saw before it the hosts,
It prepared itself—and great was its fury;
The lot fell upon Mac Moirne, without mistake,
To engage in the combat with his heroes and hounds.

Fionn. Thou art not one of the Piasts of Eire,
Thou despicable thing without shape or form;
Whence hast thou come to the glen?
Asked Fionn the liberal and brave.

Piast. I have just come hither from Greece
In my course, till I reached Loch Cuan,
To demand battle from the Fenians,
And to annihilate their hosts.

I have subdued every land,
Hosts have fallen by my prowess;
Unless from you I do obtain my wish (in conflict),
I will not leave a remnant of you alive.

Give me battle speedily,
You great hosts who are with Fionn;
Till I try upon you now
My strength after crossing the wave.

F. By thy love for hospitality relate to us,
Though great thy feats and thy hideousness;
The history of thy father and mother,
Before we cast our weapons against thee.

P. An everliving monster that is in Greece,—
I shall tell you without deceit his usual name;
Crom of the Rock,[1] of great fame,
Who dwells at a rock on the eastern sea.

A Piast of great valour but of hideous aspect,
Is his wife without fault;
Few are the cities in the east she did not break—
And I was born to him as son.

[1] *Crom of the Rock.* Quere, can the name have any reference to *Crom*, the reputed Irish deity?

I entailed woe upon every country,
Ard-na-g-Cath is truly my name;
O Fionn, whose repute and prowess is great,
I care not for thy hosts or their arms.

There is the story thou didst demand from me,
O Fionn, renowned for sword and arms;
Come, answer me in conflict speedily,
Though numerous thy hosts and thy strength.

Fionn commanded, though hard the emergency,
The Fenians to meet him in conflict;
To repulse him the hosts advanced,
And they met from him a great captivity.

The Piast attacked our battalions,
And many of our chieftains by it fell;
Great was our loss in the conflict,
We could not with it contend.

Let the memory of the chace remain on record,
Said the Piast vigorous and stout;
We cast upon it great showers
Of fire, of darts, and of spears.

By it we were left weak and sick,
We gained no éclat in the contention;
It swallowed (though the exertion was great)
Heroes in mail and arms!

It swallowed Fionn[1] into its bowels,
The Fenians of Eire raised a shout;
We were for a while without help,
And the Piast making havoc among us.

An opening on each side of its body
Was made by Fionn, whose mind was not ill;
By which he let out without delay
Every one of the Fenians it had swallowed.

[1] Like Jonas, Fionn had been swallowed by the monstrous serpent, but took a more summary method of procuring his release by cutting a passage through its sides. This may probably have reference to the pagan tradition of the history of Jonas.

Fionn the liberal, from the fight he made,
Saved the hosts at that time;
He liberated us by the might of his hand,
(And) by the powers of his victorious dart.

The Fenians all engaged in the fight,
It required great bravery to conquer it;
They fought, though hard the contest,
Until the vital spark its body left.

Of all the Piasts that fell by Fionn,
The number never can be told;
The exploits and achievements he performed,
There is no person who can recount.

He killed the Piast of Loch Cuillinn,
It fell by Mac Cumhaill with success;
And the great Piast of Binn-eadair,
That was never overcome in battle.

The other Piast of Loch Cuillinn,
Fell by Mac Cumhaill of the gold;
He slew the Piast of Loch Neagh,
And the monster of Glen-an-smoil.

The Piast of Loch Erne, though a blue one, fell by his hand,
And the furious Piast of Loch Riathach;[1]
He slew—though brave their hearts—
A Piast and Cat at Ath-cliath.[2]

He slew the spectre[3] of Loch Lein,[4]
Great was the prowess to undertake the attack;

[1] *Loch Riathach*—Loch Rea in the county of Galway on the banks of which is situated a town of the same name. It is rather curious that the *piast* or serpent is still supposed by the neighbouring peasantry to infest that lake. Mr. Thomas Fox, a native of that place, would swear that he saw the monster more than once.

[2] *Ath-Cliath*—(Ford of the Hurdles), the Irish name for Dublin.

[3] *Spectre*, is the most appropriate term we can find in English for *Fuath*, though it may not quite adequately convey the meaning of the word. *Fuath* appears to have been a sort of demon incarnate such as *puca*. bugbear &c., that consequently was vulnerable.

[4] *Loch Lein*—the Irish name for the Lakes of Killarney.

He slew the spectre of Drumcliabh,[1]
The spectre and Piast of Loch Ree.[2]

Fionn of the noble heart slew,
The spectre of Glen Righe[3] of the highways;
And every Piast by the valor of his keen blade,
In the glens of Eire he annihilated.

The spectre and Piast of Glen-h-Arma (Glenarm),
Though powerful, Fionn slew;
Fionn expelled from the Raths,
Every Piast he went to meet.

And a Piast on the Shannon, a cause of joy,
That disturbed the happiness of men;
He slew by frequenting the deep (lake),
The Piast of Loch Ramar of the conflicts.

He killed—great the destruction—
The monster of Sliabh Guillin,[4] though fierce;
And the two Piasts of Glen Inny,[5]
Also fell by his sword.

There was a Piast in Loch Meilge,[6]
A match in bravery for the hand of Fionn;
And the huge Piast of Loch Carra,[7]
Together with the monster of Loch Truim.

[1] *Drumcliabh*, Drumcliff—the name of a district in the barony of Carbury, county of Sligo. vide note, *Book of Rights*, p. 130.

[2] *Loch Ree*, or *Loch Ribh*, a fine lake formed by the river Shannon between Athlone and Lanesborough.

[3] *Glen-righe* is the name of the valley of the Newry.

[4] *Sliabh Gullin* is a mountain in the county of Armagh which terminates the Cuailgnean range: this mountain is greatly celebrated in traditional lore as well as in Irish manuscripts for its mythic and druidical associations.

[5] *Glenn Inny* or *Eithne*—the valley of the river Inny in the barony of Fore, county of Westmeath.

[6] *Loch Meilge* or *Melvin*, an estuary formed by the river Drobhaois in the lower part of the county of Leitrim, contiguous to the county of Sligo.

[7] *Loch Carra*, *Gara*, or *Tauchet*, situate in the barony of Cŭolavin, county of Sligo.

There was a Piast in Loch Masg,[1]
Who kept in terror the men of *Fail* (Ireland);
He slew it with his victorious sword,
Though the task was great for any individual.

In Loch Laeghaire[2] there always was a Piast
That was wont to light fires;
Despite all the treacherous means it used,
With his arms he beheaded it.

The monster of Drobhaois, proved in brave acts,
And the *idiot*[3] of the mountain of Clare;
Fionn slew with Mac-an-Luinn,
Though their conflict and battles were dreadful.

The monster of Loch Lurgan,[4] though active,
By Fionn of the Fenians it fell;
It shall not be recorded till the day of doom,
The destruction he dealt upon hosts.

The Piast of the murmuring Bann fell,
By the hand of Fionn of the hard conflicts;
Numerous the losses we sustained by their strength,
Until they were destroyed by Fionn.

The legends which are still extant of the numerous monsters supposed to infest our lakes and rivers, are the most numerous of any in Irish folk lore; and it would require a large work to do anything like justice to this subject. However, since the county of Clare has been a classical locality in Fenian story, we select one legend from "*Notes and Queries*" in

[1] *Loch Masg*, or *Masg*—a fine lake lying between the counties of Galway and Mayo.

[2] *Loch Laeghaire*, now called Loch Mary; is situated in the parish of Ardstraw, barony of Strabane, and county of Tyrone. Vide *Miscellany* of the Celtic Society, p. 162, note *d*.

[3] *Idiot*, is the literal translation of the word ᐊᒥᒧᑊ, but the being represented by the name must not have been a mere idiot, but a *geilt* or some wild monster bearing some likeness to the human form.

[4] *Loch Lurgan*, an old name for the bay of Galway.

connexion with that romantic district, as it bears in some degree upon our text.

"About half a mile from the Lake of Inchiquin (some legends of which have already appeared), is situated the small lake of Tiarmecbran; high limestone cliffs nearly surround it, one of which is crowned with the picturesque ruins of an old castle, while the cliff immediately opposite has been occupied by the eyrie of a falcon for many years: no stream appears to flow into or out of the lake. A solitary coot may generally be seen floating motionless on the dark sullen water, and a hawk hangs poised in the mid air over it, or slowly circles round, uttering a harsh scream from time to time; altogether, a more *eerie* spot could not be easily found. The lake is popularly believed to be unfathomable, and though supposed to contain fish of fabulous size, it would not be easy to tempt the most zealous disciple of Izaak Walton among the peasantry to cast a line upon the sullen waters. The following legend accounts for the awe with which the lake is regarded Once upon a time, Fuenmicoull (Fingal) went out, with his attendant chieftains, to hunt upon the heath covered sides of Mount Callan, famous as being the burial place of Conan, whose monument with its Ogham inscription is still extant; a noble hart, snow white, whose hoofs and horns shone like gold, was soon started, and eagerly did the chieftains urge their hounds in pursuit. Hour after hour passed on, and still the deer with unabated vigour, while one by one the hunter and hound dropped exhausted from the chace,—till none were left but Fuenvicoull and his matchless hound, the snow white Bran; and now, as the sun was fast declining, the wonderous hart reached the cliff over the lake where the ruins of the old castle now stand. A moment's pause, and it plunged into the lake followed almost instantaneously by the gallant hound; the moment the deer touched the water, it vanished, while in its stead appeared a beautiful lady, seated on the rippling waves, and as the noble dog rose to the surface from its plunge, she laid her hand on his head, and submerged him for ever! and then disappeared. Some relate in addition that she inflicted a curse on Fuenvicoull (Fionn Mac Cumhall). In memory of the event, the cliff, from which the dog sprung, is called Cregg y Bran, while the lake and castle are called by the name Tiernach Bran, the Lordship of Bran; corrupted in conversation to Ziermacbran. It is a curious fact that the 'machinery' of this legend is so peculiarly

that of the metrical romance (see Partenopax of Blois &c.). Somewhat different versions of it are given in "Miss Brooke's Translations of Irish Poetry," and in the spirited translations by Dr. Drummond, but as in Clare alone have the lake and cliff obtained names from the event, we may claim the legend as peculiar to that county."

It is a curious fact indeed, as the recorder of the above legend justly remarks, that the machinery of this legend is found elsewhere: but this is true also of the greater number of our principal legends, of which various local versions are to be found all over the country, a circumstance which strongly warrants the opinion that such legends must have had their origin in some remarkable events far anterior to the earliest date to which historical record extends. But the classical Clare can by no means appropriate the story of the metamorphosis of Fionn, for the scene is too accurately described in the Lay of the Hunt of Sliabh Gullin in Ulster, to suffer any doubt to remain as to the place from whence this legend was originally derived. The cairn and its cave, said to have been the house of the daughter of Guille, are still there; and the popular opinion, yet prevailing, is that the druidess, known as the Cailleach Biorar, (Hag of the Water) still resides there. This cairn on Sliabh Guillin is described thus in Binns *Tour in Ireland*, p. 204:—

"The cairn which renders it so celebrated, instead of being a mere rude heap of stones . . . contained a circular chamber, with which a passage under long flat stones communicated, but of what length this passage has originally been, it is now difficult to ascertain, as it is filled up with earth and stones, which obstruct any further progress to what is supposed to be a large apartment. The entrance, now filled up with rubbish, appears to have been covered with a roof of large stones, capable of supporting a great weight. The cairn of stones which has covered the chamber is nearly 40 feet in diameter at the base. A little lower down the hill and in front of this cairn is a flat stone supported by massy uprights."

This is what is now popularly called the Cailleach Biorar's

house, with which reminiscences of many an awful catastrophe are connected. At some distance from the mountain itself stands a mountain of some size, called Cros-shliabh-which tradition says consists of the materials delved by the Fenians in seeking the house of the enchantress, as detailed in the Lay of the Chace of Sliabh Gullin. There are so many mountains in Ireland apparently called after the celebrated Cualan, Cuillean, Guilean, &c., various names of the same being, that it is not to be wondered at, that Mount Callan, probably one of those so called, should have a localised tradition of Gullin's daughter, the Cailleach Biorar, or Naiad of the Lake Dagruadh, of Sliabh Gullin, and who would be called in English, the Water Witch.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to present here another Fenian poem called "Seilg na Feinne os cionn Locha Deirg" (The Hunt of the Fenians above (around) Loch Derg), in which the contest with a dreadful monster that infested the lake—a kind of Irish Minotaurus, is detailed. The poem is in the possession of the Honorary Secretary of our Society, and runs thus:—

"A Phàtraic mór mic Calpruinn,
An c-cuala tú Fianna Fhinn;
Ag éirge or cionn Loca Deirg,
Nar aen ir càc a c-com-feilg?

Piart bí air Loc an t-sléibe,
Le'r cuireaḃ ar na Féinne;
Dá ḟiṫché céaḋ, no ní ḃur mó,
Do ṫug bàr in aen ló!

Óglác maiṫ do bí ag Fionn,
Inrígim ḋuit, a Thailgionn;
Ablaċ an óir, mac ríg Gréag,
Do ṫugaḋ glóir o gaċ péirt.

An t-cuzaiḃ an ní do'n ṗiarc,
Do raiḃ Aḃlaċ riṁ an ḃ-Fhiann;
Caezatt laoċ, no ní ḃur mó,
Do ċur ċúiġċe zaċ aen ló!

Innir ḃí zo ḃ-fażaiḃ rin,
A Aḃlaiċ an ċroċa ġil;
Ir fearr rin 'na aen laeċ lonn,
Do ċuireiṁ leir a c-coṁlann.

An ṗiarc an oiḃċe rin gan ḃiaḋ,
Codla níor ċionṡoiṁ an Fhian;
Ar d-teaċt na maidne go moċ,
Chuir anfaḋ mór ar an Loċ.

Do ḃíoḋg an ṗiarc air an tráiġ,
Léigeadar an Fhiann tréan ġáir;
Iomḋa fear ag bríreaḋ a ċroinn,
De'n laeċraḋ ina timċioll.

Sul do ċánaic meaḋon do'n ló,
Buḋ lia ár marḃ 'na ár m-beo;
Buḋ raṁail le fluaġ eile,
Uirearḃa ár n-glan laeċraḋ!

Do floigeaḋ léi mac ríġ Gréag,
Ir Oirin, ce mór an béad;
Do floigeaḋ léi iad go beaċt,
Fear ir céad a n-aenḟeaċt.

Níor floigeaḋ Mac Cúṁaill léi,
Ge beag an ṁéid do ḃí de'n Fhéinn;
Ir ní raiḃ díoḃ gan dul ċairt,
Acht beagán ṁe h-uċt iṁteaċt.

Do ſlogſeaḋ ḋó Daelgaſ ſ Goll,
'S Fionn mac Roſa na c-coṁlann;
Jr Conan maol, ſgéal na'n ṁaiṫ,
Déadġeal ſór, ſ Treabaṁóir cróiṫ.

An ſin tug Fionn an ſíṫ ſriaf,
Jr gabaf an ġiaſt an alt;
Agur tug coſ go dian de,
Gur ċuiſ a ċliab a n-ainde.

Mar ċonaic Daire mac Fhinn,
An ríġ Féinne cionn a c-cinn;
Tug léim a m-béal na péiſte,
Do b'é ſin an ríṫ neaṁ-ṡéiġte.

Ar n-dul do Dhaire 'na ċliaḃ,
'S an do ċuiṁne ar a ſgian;
Do ſin ſlíġeaḋ do ſéin amaċ—
B'é ſin an coſgar ionġṁach!

Do ċuiſ ſé airde do'n b'Fhéinn,
Do Oiſin 'ſ do ṁac ríġ Gréag;
Gníoṁ ba ḃeóḋa ina ſin,
Annaṁ duine do ċuala.

An da ċéad ċáṗaic amaċ,
Bhadar gan ſolt, gan éadaċ;—
Maiṫ do ċeannaiḋ na Fianna,
A b-ſuaiſnid a ſuaṁ in Éireann.

Tuſar Choṗaiṗ, mar ṗáir ċóiſ,
A m-bruinn an ḃeaṫaiġ an-ṁóiſ;
Mar naċ raiḃ gruaiġ air a ċeann,
Nior ḟan leaḋb air a ċloiġceann.

Fionn Loċa Deirg fá h-ainm,
Do'n Loċ air d-tús, a ċléirich;
Aċt d'ḟan Loċ Dearg air ne beó,
O ár na Féinne a n-aen ló.

Trí là, ir mí, ir bliadain,
Do bí Loċ Dearg fá diamair;
O là marbċa Féinne Fhinn,
A deirim riot, a Thailginn.

Mé ag cantlaiḋ dialg na b-Fhiann,
A Phàtraic, ḋealraṁ mar ġrian;
An rgéal rin ad innrim ḋib,
Jomḋa duine do ċualaiḋ.

TRANSLATION.

O Patrick the Great, son of Calphuirn,
Hast thou heard the story about the Fenians of Fionn;
When they met beside Loch Dearg,
All ready to join in the chace?

There was a Piast in the lake of the mountain,
That dealt destruction upon the Fenians;
To twenty hundred, if not more,
Did it deal death in a single day!

A worthy man belonged to Fionn,—
I have to inform thee, O Tailgin—
Abhlach of the gold, son of the king of Greece,
Who was wont to gain victory over every Piast.

"Will you give ought to the Piast?"
Asked Abhlach of the Fenians,
Fifty heroes and more each day,
We sent to him[1] (responded they.)

Inform him he shall have all those,
From Ablach of the fair form;
For it is better do so than that one brave hero,
Should fall by him in conflict.

[1] This piast or monster, appears to have been of the masculine kind; there were also female monsters.

The Piast remained that night without food,
The Fenians did not dare to sleep;
On the breaking of the early dawn of morning,
He raised a great storm on the waters of the lake.

The Piast sprang upon the shore,
The Fenians raised a mighty shout;
Many a man broke his spear,
Of those heroes who mustered around.

Before the noon-tide came,
Our dead were more than our living;
It would form another host,
The number of genuine heroes we lost.

He swallowed the son of the king of Greece,
And Oisin,—though great the consequence—
He swallowed, without intermisison,
One man and a hundred in succession.

Mac Cumhaill was not swallowed by him,
Though few were they of the Fenians who remained;
Few were they who could escape,
And they were about taking to flight.

He swallowed Daelgas and Goll,
And Fionn son of Ros in the conflict;
With Conan Mael—a tale of sorrow—
Deidgeal too, and the brave Treanmor.

Fionn, thereupon, made a sudden rush,
And caught the Piast by the neck;
He, with a vigorous exertion,
Turned his bosom upwards.

When Daire, son of Fionn,
Saw the Fenian King thus engaged;
He leaped into the jaws of the monster;
That same was the rash act!

When Daire entered his bowels,
'Twas then he thought of his dagger;
And made a passage out for himself—
That was a wondrous execution!

He liberated out of his entrails the Fenians,
Oisin and the son of the king of Greece;
A more vigorous act than that,
Few men ever heard.

The two hundred who crept out,
Were bereft of hair and clothing;
All the benefits conferred on the Fenians in Eire,
Were very well earned by them.

The visit of Conan, which was not just,
Into the entrails of the monstrous serpent;
Since he had no hair on his head,
A strip of skin did not remain on his skull.

Fionn of Loch Dearg was the name,
Of the lake in the beginning, O Cleric;
But the name of Loch Dearg has rested on it,
Since the great slaughter of the Fenians in one day.

Three days, a month, and a year,
Loch Dearg remained under a curse;
From the day the Fenians of Fionn,
Were slain, I assure thee, O Tailgin.

As sure as I weep after the Fenians,
O Patrick, who shinest like the sun;
The story that I now relate to thee,
Has been heard by many a man.

Thus we can clearly see that aquatic monsters were not confined to the mythology of the Greeks and Romans alone: the stories told by the peasantry of the existence of such monsters in all our lakes, estuaries, and rivers, which are still believed to infest many places, leave little doubt that some sort of a serpent Cultus once prevailed in this island. These monsters are said to have been druidical creatures called into existence by the cabalistic arts of our ancient druids.

Now since we find that the Fenians constructed a chariot, or rather a litter, to carry their chief to the residence of the druidess, it may not be out of place to say something upon that subject.

The Irish chariot, like the *Esseda* of the Britons, appears to have been used in war. The Irish name is carbat, which seems to import a mode of conveyance by land as the bàtt was that used by water. In the Tain Bo Chuailgne we are informed that chariots were used by Cuchullainn so early as our common era, and probably were used long before that period, and in a MS. account of the great battle fought on the plains of Muirtheimne, or county of Louth, various descriptions of the war chariot of Cuchullainn occur. The following extracts are selected in elucidation. But first it is necessary to show what the British chariots were, according to Cæsar's account of them, and the mode in which they were used :—

"Genus hoc est ex essedis pugnæ; primo per omnes partes perequitant, et tela conjiciunt, atque ipso terrore equorum, et strepitu rotarum, ordines plerumque perturbant, et, quum se inter equitum turmas insinuaverint, ex essedis desiliunt, et pedibus prœliantur. Aurigæ interim, paullatim ex prœlio excedunt, atque ita currus collocant, ut, si illi a multitudine hostium premantur, expeditum ad suos receptum habeant. Ita mobilitatem equitum, stabilitatem peditum in prœliis præstant, ac tantum usu quotidiano et exercitatione efficiunt, uti, in declivi ac præcipiti loco, incitatos equos sustinere, et per temonem percurrere, et in Jugo insistere, et inde se in currus citissimè recipere, consuêrint." *De Bello Gall.* Lib. 4, Cap. xxxiii.

The manner in which they fight from their chariots is this: in the first place they drive round to all quarters, and cast their javelins, and by the unusual terror caused by the horses, and the loud noise of the wheels, they used generally cast the ranks into disorder. And having succeeded in working themselves in between the cavalry, they jump out of their chariots and fight on foot. Their charioteers in the mean time, retire a short distance from the place of engagement, and there so station themselves with the chariot, that, in case they are overpowered by the forces of the enemy, they may afford a safe retreat to their friends. So, in battle, they act with the swiftness of cavalry, and the steadiness of infantry; and by constant experience and practice become so expert, that they are able even on a declining or sloping ground to stop their horses in full gallop, and quickly and expertly manage and turn them, run along the pole,

and stand on the beam of the yoke, and from thence spring nimbly again into the chariot.

The war chariots of the Irish, unquestionably, resembled in some manner those of the ancient Britons. Sammes in his *Britannica Antiqua* (*p.* 120, *Lond. MDCLXXVI)*, treating of the war chariots of the Britons, says :—

"As for the names of the chariots they fought in, they are clearly *Phænician*, as *Benna*, *Carrus* or *Carrum*, *Covines*, *Essedum*, *Rheda*, and so it is but reasonable to think, primitively were introduced by them ; the Grecians added and altered them according to the custome of their country, for one sort they called *Petoritum*, from its four wheels, and of the ordinary *Rheda* they made their *Epireda*, I suppose with two stories in it to carry the more men."

If then, according to this veracious author, the names of the chariots of the ancient Britons were derived from the Phenician language, it is more than probable that the chariot itself, as well as its name, had been introduced by the Phenicians, who unquestionably formed early settlements in Britain and Ireland—The war chariots of the Irish were armed like those of the Britons. Sammes (p. 120) describing the war chariots of the latter says :—

"The *Waggons* and *Chariots* they thus fought in, were exceedingly well harnessed and armed, for at both ends of the *axletrees* they fastened hooks and scythes, so that driving furiously into the enemies battle, they made whole lanes of slaughtered men, the scythes cutting them in the middle who did not give speedy way, and such as escaped were caught up with the hooks, which were placed for that purpose, so that hanging upon them they were miserable spectacles."

But perhaps no better description of the Irish war chariot can be given than that found in the Tain Bo Chuailgne (p. 121 MS.), where Cuchulainn is described as marching forward against the Conacian forces :—

"Do lıng ır an g-cabhac faoṅḋa cona ceirṅe lanṅuiḋe, cona ꝼaobṅa canaiḋe, cona bocana, cona bionċṅandaiḃ, cona cainḃṅe niaḋ, cona gleas unꝼaiċe, cona cainṅiḋe

gaeiṫe, do ḃiḋiṡ ain ḟearṡuiḃ, ocuṡ iallа, ocuṡ ṡiṫiṡiḃ, ocuṡ ḟoloṁna don ċarbat ṡin."

He (Cuchullainn) sprang into his noble chariot yoked to his horses with its iron harness, with its keen edged weapons, with its bosses, with its torturing spikes, with its heroic weapons, with its elegant trappings, with its hooking nails attached to its axles, and to the thongs of its harness, the warlike weapons and ornaments of that chariot.

There were other chariots, no doubt, used for pleasure and comfort, as well as for war. When Cuchullainn came to Dun Mac Neachtain, near the Boyne, he ordered his charioteer to prepare the place in his chariot where he might retire to rest. These may have been of a similar construction to those of the Britons called "Covini" as Sammes states. "These sort of chariots were called *Covini*, and in the British tongue at this day, *Cowain*, signifies to *carry in a waggon*" (p. 120).

Perhaps it resembled the Essedum in some respects, as described by Sammes. "The *Essedum*[1] called by the *Phœnicians*, *Hassedan*, by the *Greeks* Σαπίν, was another sort of a chariot which, I believe carried no scythes or hooks, in which were only armed men" (p. 120).

And again (Vide Tain Bo Chuailgne MS. p. 72).

"Jr aṁla an ṡin a ḋuḃaiṡt Oilioll ṡe Ḟeargaṡ, 'Ir maċtnaḋ ocuṡ ir ionganaḋ mór liomsa, a Ḟheargais,' ar sé, 'a luaṡ ṡó gonuiġa an ceaċṡan do ḃí ṡoṁuinn.' 'Baḋ cóṡa ḋuit,' ar Ḟeargaṡ, 'ionganaṁ do ḋéanaṁ um an tí do ċeaṡg an ġabal bun baṡṡ d'aon ḃéiḋm no de ṡin ocuṡ an tí ṡó beiṫ, ocuṡ ṡó ḟuac, ocuṡ ṡó ḟoilṡge; ocuṡ tuc ṡoċ a n-uṡċain di o h-iaṡċaṡ a ċarbait d'inne aon láiṁe co n-deaċaiġe taiṡ a dá d-tṡian a d-talṁain co naċ b-ḟuil aċ aon tṡian uaṡ talṁain di, ocuṡ naċ toċuilt do ṡinne ṡoimṡe, aċ tṡe ġlaṡ leagcuiḃ cloċ ṡó n-ionṡnuiġe í, ocuṡ ir gear d'ḟearaiḃ Éirionn teaċt taṡ an áċ ṡo, go d-tuga neoċ

[1] Vide Cæsar's *Commentaries, Lib. IV.*

ḋíḃ a ṅíor í lé h-ṡnṁe aon láiṁe aṁuil ṗó ċuiṗṗíoṁ ṡíor í.' 'Is ḋáṗ muinteiṗṗe ḋuiṫṡi, a Ṡheaṗṡaiṗ,' ol Ṁeaḋḃ; 'ocuṗ taḃaiṗ an ġaḃail ḋúinn do láṗ an áṫ.' 'Tuġaiḋe caṗḃaṫ ċuġam,' aṗ Ṡeaṗṡaṗ. Tuġaḋ caṗḃaṫ cuiġe. Iaṗ ṡin tuġ Ṡeaṗṡuṗ ṗeiḋm ṡíoṗláiḋiṗ ṗoṗ ṡan n-ġaḃail go n-ḃeaṗṁa mionḃṗuain ocuṗ mionċomaiṗṫ do'n ċaṗḃaṫ un. 'Tuġaiḋe caṗḃaṫ n-oile ċuġam?' aṗ Ṡeaṗṡaṗ. Tuġaḋ caṗḃaṫ eile ċuiġe, ġuṗ ḃṗiṡ ṗó an g-céadna é eiḋiṗ ċṗeiṫ ocuṗ ċuinġ, ocuṗ ċláṗ, ocuṗ ṗoṫ. Cia ḃ-ṗuil ann aċ aṗṁ a ṗoiḃeadaṗ ṗeaċt g-caṗḃaiṫ ḋeaġ do ċaṗḃaiṫ Chonnoċta, do ṡinne Ṡeaṗṡaṗ mionḃṗuan ḋíoḃ aile ocuṗ ní tuġ an ġaḃail aṗ a n-áṫ. 'Leaiġ aṗ a Ṡheaṗṡuṗ?' aṗ Ṁeaḋḃ, 'na ḃṗiṡ caṗḃaiṫ áṗ muinteiṗ ní ḃuṗ mó, ocuṗ muna beaċa aiṗ na ṡluaġaiḃṡi do ṡiṡṡíomaoiṗ Ulaḋ ġuṗ an tṗáṫṫo, ocuṗ do ḃeiṫ ṡomaḋ bṗaiġḋe ocuṗ bóṫáinte linn.' Do éaṫṫamaiṗ a ní naiṗ n-ḋeinidṡi ṡin .i. d'ḟaṗtoġa ocuṗ ḋṁḟuiṗṗeaċ an t-ṡluaiġ cona ṡoiġċeiṫ Ulaḋ aṗ a g-ceaṗ, ocuṗ go d-tiubṗaiḋ caṫ ḋúinn um an taṗḃ ocuṗ aġ coṗnaṁ a d-tána ṗṡinn. 'Tuġaiḋe mo ċaṗḃaṫ ṗéin ċuġam?' aṗ Ṡeaṗṡuṗ. Tuġaḋ iaṗṗaṁ a ċaṗḃaṫ go Ṡeaṗṡaṗ an ṡin, ocuṗ teaġaḋ ṡomoṗṗa an, tuġ ṗuiṗṗiṁ ṡíṗṁeaṗtṁaṗ ṡiamláiḋiṗ aṗ an n-ġaḃail, ṅíor ḃleiṫ ocuṗ ṅíor ṁionuiġe ṡoṫ no ṡonna na ṡeaṗtaṗ (? ṡeaṗṗaḋ) do'n ċaṗḃaṫ, aċ ġé'ṗ ḃú calma cuṗaṫa do-ḟuṗlaiġce ṡíor an ġaḃal, ḃí do neaṗtṁaṗṗe an ṡiġṁíḋe, .i. an tóṗṁ eaṗaṗġuṗne, ocuṗ an bṗoiṫleaċ bṗoḋḃa, ocuṗ an ceann coṗḋaġa, ocuṗ an eiṡṗiḃuġa moṗ ṡluaiġe, ocuṗ an ċainḋeall aġḋanta, ocuṗ an taṫaṗaċ moṗċaṫa, go d-tuġ a ṅíor d'ḟainne aonláiṁe an ġaḃail go ṗanac aṡḋinne a ġualanna ocuṗ tuġ a láiṁ Oiḷḷll í. Ag a ḥaṫḃe, ṗeuċaṗ Oiḷḷoll uṗṁa, ocuṗ a ḋúbaṗṗt, 'Is móide mo ċeiṗṫ ocuṗ m'uaṁain ṡiaṗ an b-ṗeaṗ ṡo ḟaiṫ an ġaḃaiṫ ṡo cona aon buille ocuṗ ṗó ḃeain a buy ḃaṗṗ.' Ocuṗ ṡo ġaḃ Ṡeaṗṡuṗ ṗéin aġ aṫṁolaḋ Chonġulainn, go n-ḋúbaṗṗt an laoi.

"Atá ruṅṅ an ṅ-gabal ṅ-gluair,
Go raiḃ Cuċulainn cruaiḋ;
Gur ḟágbaḋ foir uile fria neoċ,
Ceiṫre ceannaiḃ cóṁṫeaċ.

Ir dearḃ ní ċon tugfa uaiḋ,
Re h-aonḟear curata cruaiḋ;
Cia ron ḟágbaḋ air cean ceas,
Nár fil cru mic a leaṫ ċnear.

Mairg racas an fluaġúda,
Sorr air ċeann Donn Chuailgne;
Biaġaid curaiḋiḃ aga rinn,
Fo nim cloiḋim Chuċullainn.

Nar ba nargha an tarḃ triéan,
Um a m-braiḋ coṁrac arim ṅ-geur;
Ar toéraḋ cloigne gaċ cinn,
Ghul gaċ aicme ṅ-Éirinn."

It was thus that Oilioll addressed Feargus: "It is a matter of great surprise and wonder to me, O Feargus," said he, "how quickly the four who went before us have been wounded." "You should feel much more surprised at him who lopped off the forked billet at top and end with one stroke, than at that;" replied Feargus; "at the man who cut, fashioned, strangely formed, and cast it from the hinder part of his chariot with the power of one hand, so that two thirds of it sunk into the earth, and only one third of it remains above the earth, and who did not dig the ground to place it so, but drove it through rocks of green stone! The men of Eire are bound under a *geas* (religious penalty), as they pass by this *ath* (ford), that one of them shall pull it up with the power of one arm, the same as that by which it has been so placed." "You, O Feargus, belong to our people," said Meidhbh, "therefore fetch us the forked billet from the middle of the ford?" Fetch me a chariot?" said Feargus. A chariot was accordingly provided for him. Feargus then made a very powerful exertion to extricate the forked billet, so that he cracked and broke the chariot into small pieces on the occasion. "Bring me another chariot?" demanded Feargus; another chariot

was brought, but he broke it in a similar manner, together with the body, harness, beam and wheels. It so happened that seventeen chariots belonging to the men of Connacht were on the spot; and Feargus broke them all into small pieces, yet he was unable to extricate the forked billet out of its place in the ford. "Give over, O Feargus," cried Meidhbh, "and break no more of the chariots belonging to our people; and if you did not belong to our host we would have overran Ulster before this time, and we would capture many prisoners and take large preys of cattle—I well know how that could be accomplished, namely, by concentrating and stopping the forces until Ulster recovered from its dread, when they would offer us battle for their bull, and defend their kine." "Bring me my own chariot," cried Feargus. His own chariot was accordingly brought. He made a very powerful and mighty exertion to extricate the forked billet, yet neither a crack or a break was inflicted on the wheels, or the body, or the shafts of the chariot; and, though the forked billet had been strongly, deeply, and fast placed in its position, yet so superior was the strength of the royal champion, the sledge of tumult, the inimical agitator, the unsparing hewer of the heads of numerous hosts, the flaming lamp, and the gigantic victor of great battles, that he extricated with one hand the forked billet, and having raised it parallel with his shoulder, gave it into the hands of Oilioll. Oilioll thereupon examined it, and said, "great are my doubts, and wonder how one man could place this forked billet in its position with one cast, as well as how he could lop it off at top and bottom by one stroke." Feargus began to praise Cuchullainn and composed this Lay:—

"There is the neat forked billet,
Made by Cuchulainn the strong;
Though alone, he is superior to all,
To the four renowned heads (chieftains).

It is true no victory shall be won from him,
By a single man, howsoever warlike, and brave;
Though he is now made subject to fear,
No youth ever drew blood from his side.

Woe to those who join the foray eastwards,
To capture Donn Cuailgne;
Heroes shall taste the sharp point
Of the venomous sword of Cuchullainn.

The great bull shall not be had cheap,
For whom a battle with sharp weapons shall be fought;
On account of the mangling of each warrior's head,
Every tribe in Eire shall weep."

Like the Boadicea of the Britons, Meidhbh, the heroic Amazon of Connacht, used to ride in her war chariot accompanied by a respectable retinue, as we learn from the Tain Bo Chuailgne :—

"Ir amla a dimigrib Meidb ocus a carbat fuigte 'na h-aenar, ocus da carbat roimpe, ocus da carbat ina diaig, ocus da carbat ceacta a da taeb, ocus a carbat fein eatorra."

The mode in which Meidhbh used to march was thus :—She went alone in her own chariot, having two chariots before her, two chariots behind her, and two chariots on each side of her.

The war chariots of the ancient Britons appear to have been drawn by two, four, five, or six horses; but we find that Cuchullainn's chariot was always drawn by two horses, namely, the Dubhfhaelind and Liathmacha only. It is, however, very probable that more than two horses were sometimes yoked, since we find in Tain Bo Chuailgne, that when Meidhbh wished to induce one of her chieftains to engage Cuchullainn in single combat, she promised him, among other rewards, a chariot of peculiar construction to which many horses could be yoked; "ocus carbat ceithe feacht c-comhall" (a chariot of four times seven yokes). A chariot of this description must have been that used by royal and otherwise highly privileged persons only.

The next account we have of chariots in authentic documents is that found in the Liber Hymnorum of the Ancient Church of Ireland, edited by the learned and indefatigable Irish Archæologist, the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, for the Irish Archæological and Celtic Societies, in which the fol-

lowing notice of chariots in the time of St. Patrick occurs. This extract is taken from the Speckled Book.

"Jn tan tra boí Sechnall oc denam ind immuin-ri, ir and do rala oenach do dénam h-i uarrad Sechnaill, co n-dechur o Sechnall dia tainmetc ⁊ ní derrnad fair. Luid Sechnall for a air iarsin ⁊ tuarcaib a lama co Dia como fluic in talum .x. coirptiu, iii. dib, cum suis equitibus, et cæteri in fugam exierunt."

Now, at the time when Sechnall was composing this hymn, it happened that a fair was about to be held at Sechnall's place, and Sechnall went to prohibit it, and it was not done so for him. Sechnall then returned back, and raised his hands to God, and the earth swallowed up *thirteen chariots* of them, cum suis equitibus, et cæteri in fugam exierunt.

And again (p. 29) it is stated that Patrick drove his chariot over Sechnall, but that God raised the ground around him that he should not be injured.

"Do rac tra Patraic in carpat tairis, ⁊ tuarcaib Dia in talmuin immi hinc ⁊ inde co na eicoig do."

Patrick, however, drove the *chariot* over him, but God raised the ground around him *hinc et inde*, that he should not be injured.

The car of the Irish seems to have been a sort of vehicle without wheels (roca), though wheels were attached to the ancient chariots, as we find by the extracts already quoted. The car fleamnain, or sliding car, of our country was a disgrace to civilisation; there are still to be seen several specimens of this very uncouth and clumsy machine in remote country districts; it had no wheels. The custom formerly prevalent of yoking cattle to ploughs and cars, called fartocar, by fastening their tails to the instrument, was certainly very inhuman: but it was once so general that an act of parliament was found necessary for the suppression of this brutal mode of treatment, which could not otherwise be put down. The Irish car or carbac must have also been used for travelling purposes,

and have served sometimes for a lodging-place at night, like the ἄμαξα of the Scythian nomades; since we find in the Tain Bo Chuailgne (page 87), that Cuchullainn, when he came to Dun Mac Neachtain Sceine, near the river Boyne, caused his charioteer to prepare a place of repose for him in his chariot:—

"Lotar romra go muige an dún; tarblingeor an mac beag ar an carbat for fan faiṫce; ir ainla do bí faiṫce an duin rin ⁊ cóirce farṫa ⁊ ió iarrainn ina timċioll .i. ió naḋaċar, ⁊ fgriobaḋ ir an ió rin da raḋ cia be tiacfa don faiṫce do ma gairgiaċaċ a geat do gan teaċt uaṫa ʒ comrac d'irriraḋ air luċt an dúin. Leagar an mac beag an t'ogam, ⁊ tug a da lairṁ fa'n c-coirṫe co na h'iaḋ gur ċuir ir an lynn i . . . . . cuirir an giolla forgainna an ċarbait faoi, ⁊ tuiteat an mac beag ina ċollaʒ for fan bfaiṫe."

They proceeded onward toward the Dun. The Mac Beag (Cuchullainn) alighted from his chariot on the green. This green was then thus arranged, namely, there was a pillar-stone placed upon it; it had an iron hoop around it, that is, the hoop of chivalry; and it was inscribed on the hoop that it was a *geas* incumbent on any person who had a pretence to knighthood, that he should not depart from the green without demanding single combat from the inmates of the Dun. Mac Beag read the *Ogham* inscription, and then grasped his arms around the pillar-stone together with its hoop, and cast it from his arms. . . . . The charioteer arranged the *pallet* of the *chariot*, and the Mac Beag laid himself down to repose on the green.

It is uncertain whether the chariot here described was one of a different construction from the war chariot; but whether or not, we generally read of the chariot as being used for the purposes of war, like that of the ancient Britons.

The Essedum of the Britons appears to have been used solely for martial purposes; and the carbat of the ancient Irish was also used in battle, as we find in the MS. of the great onslaught on Maigh Muirtheimne, that Cuchullainn,

accompanied only by his charioteer, Rian Gabhra, was wont to sally through the ranks of his opponents, and always succeeded in making a great havoc among their troops. It is probable that the Irish war chariots were armed like those of the Britons.

It has been previously observed that our Faëry mythology is the most interesting of any in Europe: we have already spoken briefly of the belief in the Leithprogan, the Geancanach, and the Clouricean, and pointed out the beautiful and useful *morale*. This superstition was, no doubt, derived from the east, where it was very prevalent in the olden time, and where it still retains much of its hold on the popular mind.

Although the narrow limits, within which we are forced to confine our notice of this subject, prevent us from doing more than glancing at it, yet even a very superficial account of some of the supernatural beings of our Faëry land, may be better than total silence; since they are alluded in the text of the present work. Two of the most remarkable are the Leannan Sighe and the Badhbh (pron. Bawv).

The Leannan Sighe, was a familiar spirit that was wont to attend and befriend the ancient Irish champions, especially in cases of emergency when human aid was totally inadequate to afford relief. The Leannan Sighe was the Irish Genius; and this mysterious being used to appear to the person whom it favored, in the shape of one of the opposite sex. But warriors were often aided by beings who assumed the appearance of the male sex. This we learn from the old document so frequently quoted. When Cuchullainn engaged Ferdia his friend, who was instigated by the queen of Connacht to try his fortune in single combat with the Ultonian chief at Ardee, two of those beings assisted Cuchulainn.

"'Dar liom a Chuchullainn', ol fé, 'no cuir an cathleaḃ ata t-aḋaḃ tu, amuil cuireas bean a mac. Ro meail tú, amuil meileas muilionn braiṫ no ṫruaiḋ. Rō ṫreaḋa tu, amuil ṫreaḋas ṫoṫaiḃ omna. Ro cuiḃneaḃ an fear tu,

ṁuil ċuiḃneaṡ ḟéiċle ḟíoḋ. Do ċaiṫ ṫoṁc tu, aṁuil ṫeaḡaiḋ ṡeaḃac ro ṁin-ealta; conaċ b-ḟuil do ḋlúiḡe no do ḋual ne ḡoile nó ne ḡaiṡḡe go bruinne an bráṫa agus an beaṫa; a ḟionnaiṫṫe ḟioḃṫarṁa," ol Laoiḡ. (Táin Bó Chuailgne, MS. p. 138.)

"Methinks, Cuchullainn," said he (Ferdia) "that the warriors who are with you put you forward just as a mother would her son, otherwise I would grind you down as mill grinds malt,—I would press you down as the wheel crushes—Fear (dia) would bind you as close as the bark binds the tree—I would put you to flight as the hawk does the smaller birds, so that you would have no claim or pretension to deeds of warfare or heroism for ever after; thou murky diminutive fairy!" exclaimed Laoi.

These words of Ferdia, when he found that Cuchullainn was more than his match in the struggle, implied that he well knew that he was more than Cuchullain's match if the latter had not been aided by some supernatural power. Laoi, the charioteer of Cuchullainn, retorts, and accuses Ferdia himself of being assisted by fairies.

And again (p. 139, same MS.), we find Ferdia speaking much more plainly on the same subject.

"Agus no ḡaiḃ Ferdia iar rin ḟor a baile brat ḃéimionna, agus ḟor a ċuil-ḃéimionna mórṁa ḟair. Ro ṁuaiṁiḋ Cuchullainn a ḟíṫ-ċáirde cúṁaċtaċa do ċoiḡeaċt dá ċorna, agus a ḋeirḡiobal da ḋíḋean an tan ba h-airc do ir an g-coṁlann. Ir ann rin do riaċt Doilb agus Joindoilb d'ḟuirtaċt agus d'ḟóirṁiṫinn a g-cairad i. Cúċullainn. Ir ann rin ṁoċaḋ Ferdia tionnṡaitin an triar a n-aoinḟeaċt ag tuarḡain ḟair, agus do rad dá uide agus dá aire é; agus ir ar roidir an tan do ḃádar ag Sgáṫaċ, agus ag Uaṫaḋ; aduḃairt Ferdia 'ní cudroma ár g-coṁalcas no ár g-compáncus a Chúċullainn,' ol se. 'Cia rin?' ol Cúċullainn. 'Dá ċairaid ríoṫairṁi gat h-aṫa, agus níor ṫairbeanair a riaṁ ḋaṁra iad,' ol Ferdia. 'Ní b-ḟuil

uṗuṡa ḋe ṡiṅ,' ol Cúċullainn, 'oiṗ ḃá ḃ-taiṡbeanṫaṗ an Feaḋ Fia a ṅ-éiṅġeaċt do ṅeaċ do ṁacaiḃ Míleaḋ, naċ biaḋ ġaḃaḋ ṗe diaṁainṗ no ṗe dṗaoiġeaċt aġ ṅeaċ do Thuaṫa De Danann agus tuṡa ann; ata an conaṅċneis[1] agat d'iom-aṗca cleas ṅ-goile agus gaiṡge toṗamṡa, agus ṅíoṗ ṫaiṡ-beanas ḋaṁṡa a iaḋaḋ nó a ḟoṡgla;' gur ab annṡin nó ṫaiṡbeanṡat a ṅ-uile ġliocas ḃá ċéile, conaċ ṗaiḃ diaṁainṗ ċáiċ ḋíoḃ aġ aṗaile aċ ṁúna an ġae bulga aġ Cúċullainn."

Ferdia, thereupon, commenced to inflict his continuous heavy blows upon him (Cuchullainn). Cuchullainn wished his potent fairy friends to come to his assistance, to shield their pupil from the imminent danger of the conflict. It was then that Doilb and Indoilb hastened to aid and assist their friend Cuchullainn. Ferdia, at that moment, felt the three conjointly renewing the attack upon him, and he exerted his ingenuity to aid and defend himself. "It is evident that, when we were with Sgatha and Uatha," said Ferdia, "we used no such unfairness in either our friendship or companionship." "What do you allude to?" asked Cuchullainn. "To two fairy friends of yours who are protecting you, and you never showed them to me," responded Ferdia. "That is a thing that cannot easily be done, because, if the Feadh Fia was only once seen by any individual of the descendants of Milesius, an individual of the Tuatha Dedanans could by no means exercise any of his cabalistic or druidical arts while you were present; you, too, have the *Conancneis* aiding you in your dexterity in the use of arms, and in your valour against me, and you have never shown me the art of opening or closing it," said Cuchulainn. They thereupon, disclosed to one another all their mystic arts of attack, so that one had no advantage over the other, except that Cuchullainn had the Gath Bolg.

It was a Leannan Sighe that rescued Eoghan Mor (Eugene the Great), King of Munster from his opponents, and deluded them into the belief that the rocks and upright stones on the field of battle were the forces of Munster, so that they commenced to hew the stones instead of their opponents. Her name

[1] Conaṅcneis. Some cabalistic instrument like the gaċ bulg.

was Eadaoin of Inse Cregaire, as we find in an old MS. account of the battle of Moylena :—

"Do bí leannan lánċoṁaċtaċ aġ Eóġan a b-ꝼoġal do'n ait ſin dob' ꝼoġlamċa i c-ceanḋaiḃ na n-ḋruaḋ: b'iſin Eadaoin Inte Creaġaiṙe, aġuſ tánac ſi ꝼéin acuſ ḋroṅġ-ḃuiḋean de ċuṙṙaiḋiḃ 'ſ an oiḋċe aġ taḃaiṙt tṙeiṙe a láṁa ṙiſ. Aġuſ an tṙáṫ do ꝼuaiṙ ſí Eóġan roṙṁe, 'ſan ṁór éiġin ſin, teiḋ-ſí da ꝼuṙtaċt ġuſ an áit ina ṙaiḃ ſé ꝼéin acuſ Ġoll aġ caṫuġaḋ na t-tṙean úṙlaiḋe, ġo t-tánac de ḋuiḃe na h-aeiḋċe, ġo ṙuġ ſí ꝼéin acuſ a ṁuinciṙ i. Eóġan acuſ an ṁaiṙ de ċlannaiḃ Deiṙġṫine leó ġan ꝼior do Ġholl mac Moirne. An n'imṫeaċt d'Eóġan uaṫa ġan ꝼior a ḋíola, tainic a leiṫid ſin do ḃuaiṙean an a ṙoſcaiḃ acuſ aiṙ a n'inṫin tṙe ionaṙaiċ buile, ꝼeiṙġe, acaſ ḋioġaltaiſ; ġuṙ meaṙtṙaḋ uile an ċaṙaiċ no an ballán coṁḋainġean cloiċe do bí a c-coṁ-ꝼoġaſ dóiḃ, aṁuil ġuṙ b'é Eóġan í, acaſ ġo n-deaṙnaſ claeḋċloḋ no dealḃaiſtṙiuġaḋ aiṙ tṙe ḋṙaoiḋeaċt. An ſin tuġaiḋ uili aġaiḋ a n-éinꝼeaċt uiṙṫi d'a leadṙa aġuſ d'a ġ-coṁṫuaṙġan, aġuſ a ſé a h-ainm anuġ an Chloċ Bheaṙṙ-ṫa, ó'n n-ġeaṙa aġuſ ó'n m-beaṙa tuġadaṙ uiṙṫi le baiḃ-ḃuala na ġ-cloiḋeaṁ aġuſ na ġ-cṙuaḋ-ꝼaoḃaṙ."

Eoghan Mor (Eugene the Great) had a most potent Leannan Sighe near that place, who was most learned in the arts of the druids ;—she was Eadaoin of Inse Cregaire. She, in person, and a large host of champions, came during the night to give the valour of their hands to him (Eoghan). When she found Eoghan before her in that imminent danger, she went to aid him, on the spot where he and Goll were engaged in combat, she came with the shades of night, and rescued him and all the Clann Deirgthine from their danger, unknown to Goll Mac Moirne. When Eoghan thus effected his escape, without knowing where he went, their eyes were so bedimmed and their intellect benumbed, through their madness and angry wrath, that they mangled the firm rock and pillar-stone that were close by, being under the impression that these were Eoghan. They did so, because, by a spell of druidism, they so appeared to them.

They all, thereupon, attacked the stone, mangling it with their swords, so that the name of the stone to this day is *Cloch Beartha* (the mangled stone), in consequence of the mangling and hewing they gave it with their swords and hard-tempered sharp weapons.

Here we find that a Leannan Sighe rescued Eugene from death, but it is also clear that fairy influence itself was supposed to be in some degree under the control of fate, or of some other power, since she and her host were unable to turn the fortune of the day against the valiant Goll and his men. Eadaoin was not forgetful of her favorite, though he had married the daughter of the king of Spain, when he landed in Ireland accompanied by the Spanish forces given him by his father-in-law, she welcomed him, and gave him good council, which resulted in his success, as will appear from the following :—

"Ní h-aiṫriṡeaṁ a n-imṫeaċt ná a muiṁ-eaċtra ṡuṁ ḡabadaṁ cuaṁ agus calḃoṁ an Inis Ṡriaṁḃoṁtaċ Cealgaire a n-deiṡceaṁ an oileaiṁ. Táinic Eadaoin na ċoinne agus ḟeaṁaṁ ḟáilte roiṁe, ḟoċtaṁ Eóḡan ṡéala ḋí, a duḃairt siri ná raiḃ do ṡéalaiḃ aici aċt go raiḃ uṁoṁ ceaṅair Muṁan, agus a ċuidriṁ go h-airṁiḡte di, ag Luḡaiḋ Allaṫaċ, agus ag Aoṅgus Óg do ċlanṅaiḃ Deaḡa, no do earṁnaiḃ Múṁan ; agus ḟós, go raiḃ raiṅṅ di ag Conaire mac Moḡa Láṁa, agus ag Mac Niaḋ ṁeic Luḡaiḋ, agus ṅár buiḡeaċ do Chonn na da ṁeaċtaiḃ iad, agus ḟós, go raiḃ Mac Niaḋ agus Conaire an oiḋċe sin agus iomad d'uairliḃ Múṁan a b-ḟoḡus do a g-Carṁuic Bhuiḋe, ar taḃairt móṁ ċuairt deiṡceaṁ Múṁan, an aon teaċ n-ḋla, agus, ar sí, ar naoi m-bliaḡna agus an míosa so d'ḟáḡḃair Éire, agus atáid do naiṁde an ċoṁḟaid sin ag caiṫioṁ do ċríċe eatorra, agus éiriḡ anois dá n-ionḟaiḡe agus cuir buaiṁioṁ ar a b-ḟeirḃ agus ar a b-póitṁeaċt."

There were no tidings of their achievements or voyage until they arrived at the harbour and port of Inis Grianportach of Cealgaire

on the south of the island. Eadaoin hastened to meet and welcome him. Eoghan asked her the news of the day. She said that she had no other news to communicate, except that the chieftaincy of Munster, and a very particular portion of it, belonged to Lughadh Allatach, and Aengus Og, descended from the Clanna Deaghadh, or the Errnaans of Munster; and also that a share of it was in the possession of Conaire, son of Mogha Lamha, and Mac Niadh, the son of Lughaidh, who were not thankful to Conn, nor pleased with his laws. She also informed him that Mac Niadh and Conaire, in course of their great visitation of the south of Munster, were in the banquetting hall at Carric-buidhe; "and," added she, "it is nine years this month since you left Ireland; and your enemies are, during that period, wasting the produce of the country amongst them. Arise, now, and throw confusion on their councils and machinations." Eoghan took her advice and succeeded.

There are very many curious stories told of the fairies: there is no one locality in Ireland that is not full of fairy tales connected with its mountains, lakes, raths, hills, wells, and even bushes. The great prevalence of this belief, even at the present day, is very astonishing, and would be much more so were it not that we have ample evidence to prove that it was once universally held by the people of Ireland. In the face of Christianity, it is strange how it was able to maintain its hold on the popular mind. The fairies were believed to feel much interested in human affairs: some of them were represented as being of a benevolent, and some of a malevolent nature. In consequence of the power possessed by the malevolent portion of the fairy hordes over domestic animals as well as man, charmers were called into requisition, and derived a handsome revenue from the public for their services in counteracting by their charms the baneful influence of these invisible creatures. Fairies were generally believed to be in the habit of carrying away many persons, and of substituting for them some phantasm which appeared to the eye of the worldling a reality: but children, and particularly nurses, were not free from the baneful influence of those kidnapping spirits.

There are innumerable strange stories told of the spiriting of children and nurses; but the most strange of all is the spiriting away the fairy-inspired bard by his muse, or Leannan Sighe. Our bards, not content with fulfilling their mission amongst their earthly brethern, should fly into the enchanting realms of song itself, there to enjoy the fascinating company of their muse, where age, death, or trouble should never interfere with their pleasures. Now, speaking of a particular species of spiriting away to happy realms, namely, that of the bards by their favorite muses.

It may be said that in modern times, at least, our bards were supposed to have had the gift of inspiration from the Leannan Sighe. The address to his muse was ever the first composition of the inspired ; and the Leannan Sighe always compelled the person, with whom it entered into a compact, to the promise of everlasting union. The muse, when her favorite entered into a compact with her, extracted a promise that he, or she, as the case might have been, would accompany the fascinating creature during eternity ; and the semi-celestial being seldom allowed the mortal to reside long—at least, not during the natural span of life—on earth. We have very many traditions about the lamented premature decease of our greatest bards of modern days ; and it was always a duty incumbent on some one of the surviving bards to compose the Dirge, or Marbhnaidh for the deceased brother. Hence we have so many dirges on our bards, and so faithful an obituary. Perhaps the best exemplification of what we have already asserted will be found in the following beautiful address to the Irish Muse or Leannan Sighe, by the facetious and patriotic Art M'Cooey, the bard, who, by the bye, was said to have been almost snatched away by his Leannan Sighe, or Muse, from the arms of his wife.

Úir Chille Creagain.

An Bard.

Ag úir Chille Creagain ṡeaḃ ċodail ṁe naoṁ ṡaoi bṫoṁ,
'S le h-éiṁiġiḋ na ṁaidne ċanaic aṁoiṁ ṡa ṁo ḋéiṁ le póg;
Dhí ġruaiḋ ġníṁ-ḋaite 'ċi, 'ṡ laiṁoiṁ 'na ċiaḃ ṁar óṁ,
B'e aoiḃneas an doṁain beiṫ ag aṁarc ain an ṁíoġain óg!

An t-Síoṫóg.

A ṡiall-ṡiṁ ċaṁṫaṁnaiġ na caiṫeas ṫura a n-ġairiaiġ bṫóiṁ,
Acht éiṁiġiḋ go tapaiḋ 'ṡ tainn ṁoṁṫa ṡiar 'ṡa ṁóḋ;
Go tiṁ ḋeas an Ġheallaiḋ naċ b-fuaiṁ Ġaill ann ceaḃ ṁéiṁ go fóill,
Ġheaḃaṁ aoiḃneas ain h-ailaoiḋ doḃ' ṁealla le ṡiaṁṫa ceoil.

An Bard.

A ṁíoġain ṁíliṁ an tu héiley fó 'n tréaġdaṁ ṡlóiġ,
Nó 'n do naoi ṁna beata Phairnaṁṫur ṫu bí ḋéanta 'g-clóḋ;
Go dé 'n tiṁ ṡa g-cruiṁne an h-oileas ṫu a ṁeuit gan ceó,
Le'n ṁian leat ṁo ṡaṁuiṁe beiṫ cogairnaiḋ leat ṡiaṁ ṡa ṁóḋ?

An t-Síoṫóg.

Na ṡiaṁaiḋ ḋíom ceiṫt, óṁ ní ċodluiṁ ain an taoḃta ḋó'n ṁ-bóiṁn,
Acht is naoi beag leiṁḃ ṁe a h-oileas le taoiḃ Ġhnaiṁne óig;
A ṁ-bruiġiṁ ceaṁt na n-ollaṁ bíṁ go follus ag dúrgaḋ an ċeoil,
Díṁ tráṫṁona ag Teaṁair 'ṡ ain naoiṁ le taoiḃ Thiṁ-Cóġain!

An Bard.

Ní ḋúlcain do ċuiṁeaḋ ain a g-cruiṁnean na Ríoġ do'n óṁ,
Acht gur claḋaṁṫa ḃíoṁ ṡgairṁuiṁ om' ċaṁa ta ṡa tiṁ go fóill;
An céil' úd a ṁeallas leṁ' ġeallaiḋ tra ḃí sí óg,
D'a b-tréigfiṁn anoir i ṁar b-fiorać ḋam go ṁ-biaḋ si ṁ-bróṁ!

An t-Síoṫóg.

'S é faoiṁ naċ cairaiḋ ḋúit a ṁaiṁeann do b' ġaoiṫaiḋ beó,
Tainn gan éideaṁ gan eairṁaṁ aċd airṁaoideaċ baoṫ gan bóġ;
Nać ṁ'ḟeairr duit real tamuill le h-aiṁdiṁ na n-blaoṫ-ḟoiṫ óiṁ,
Nó'n tiṁ a beiṫ fonoṁad fó gać naḃan a n-déiṁ cú ċeól.

An Bard.

'S é ṁo ġéuṁ-ġoiṁ teiṁṁṁ gur ċeartaḃ uaiṁṁ gaoiḋṁ Thiṁ-Cóġain,
'S go b-fuil óiġṁe an Fheaġa gan ṡeaġar faoi liaġ d'ain g-cóṁ;
Géasa gian daṁe Néill Fhinaraiġ naċ b-tréigeaḋ ceól,
Is ċuiṁṡeaḋ éideaṁ fo Nolluiṁ air na h-Ollaṁ ḃiaḋ a ġéile ḋóiḃ.

An t-Síoṫóg.

O ṡreaġdaṁ na tréaḃa ṡin an Aċṁuiṁ, 'ṡ fonaoiṁ ṡa ḋhóiṁn,
Síoṫ Mhleaḋ na b-fiaṫ béaṁaḋ fairgaḋ do gać druiġ gan ġleó;
Nać ṁ'ḟeairr duit 'ṡ na ṡiorraiḋ azar ṁire leḃ' ċaoiḃ gać ṁóiṁ,
Na raiġḋe ċiann *Bhilly* beiṫ collaṁ faoiḃ' ċnoḋe go beó?

county of Limerick, A.D., 1760, for the purpose of expelling a Leannan Sighe from Sheela Tavish, one of his parishioners. It would appear from its tenor that this being was looked upon by some people as an incubus or a carnally inclined spirit, like those believed to have been in existence by some learned theologians of only a few centuries back. We have seen many persons who pretended to be favored with the inspirations of a Leannan Sighe, but most of these were of that class of people vulgarly called Bacachs, who derived a good revenue from the use of the knowledge they were supposed to have acquired from their familiar invisibles, who always pretended to possess the power of foretelling events; but when we give the following incantation, probably composed in derision, by a priest, it may be inferred that the belief in a sort of incubus, or malicious spirit was general. No one can doubt that the wicked belief in such beings was pretty general when we find that in the year 1324, Alice Kyteler was indicted for sorcery, because she had formed a compact with a demon named Artis Filius; and that through the powerful influence of her friends Richard de Ledrede, a Franciscan friar of London, who obtained the see of Ossory from Pope John XXII., Anno 1318, and before whom this Alice Kyteler and her accomplices had been accused of heresy, in consequence of their compact with the evil one, was imprisoned and otherwise persecuted.[1] It is very likely that the Danish invasion revived these wicked practices among the Irish, and that whatever dormant sparks of druidical abominations lay smouldering in the damp ashes of time, were then rekindled, and that all the latent abominations of the pagan Irish and Norsemen were again cherished and cultivated. The venerable clergyman spoke, no doubt, satirically. Here are his verses:—

[1] Vide *Transactions of the Camden Society, for* 1842.

AN T-ATHAIR CONN O'DOMHNAILL, CCT.

AG DÍBIRT A LEÑAN SÍGE .I. AN SCALCAIRE, Ó SHÍGLE TABAOIR.

Crios Chríosd orr a Shígle, ób' ġearran nuaḋ,
Crios fírinneaċ IOSA ad ċoimead buan ;
An an ríġbarra ro ḟíneas leb' ġeal-ċnaṁa ruas,
Ad ċoimḋeaċt 'ran oíċe 's ad ċufail ċruaiḋ !

Ní b-fuil ríġ-barra ó'n n-bílinn go geal-craiġ ċuaiḋ,
Maoil-ċnoic na mín-lís le cruinneaṁuil ruaġ ;
Na h-aoirfead le laoċib na ream-nad ruaġ,
Muna g-cuirid ó Shíġle an ṡrreafan buairc !

Sgríbfead go h-Aoidil go geal-craiġ ċuaiḋ,
Ríġ-bean na Druiġne 's Ioman ruaiġ ;
Dioġalcur ir díd-ḟeirg, ir cufail ċruaiḋ,
Do ṫabairt do'n c-ríġ-barra ro Shíġle 'na ċoingṁail uainn ?

Saoilim gur ríġ-barra gan ċoimead cuan,
Do díbriḋ ó ríġe-ċnoic an Ioman Ruaḋ ;
No fíon-ṡrreas o Aoife na ream-nad i b-Tuaḋṁuṁain,
Do ṡgaoileaḋ le druaġeaċt-ċlis na n-Danann n-buairc !

Sgaoilion le ríġe-ċnoic an ṡrreafan uainn,
No le rím-ḟreabaiḋ líoġa na ṡruċan luaṡ ;
D'a ċuirḃriġeċ go cíocraċ le Seannaiḋ ḟluaiġ,
Tre luġe leatsa, a Shíġle, gan ċead d'ḟaġail uainn ?

FATHER CONN O'DONNELL

composed this song in order to expel a LEANNAN SIGHE, or INCUBUS from Sheela Tavish.

The Cross of Christ be upon you, Sheela, against your new incubus,
Let the true Cross of JESUS protect you for ever ;
From this fairy that lies close to your snow-white bosom,
Who accompanies you at night and gives you hard cuffs.

There is not a fairy that existed since the deluge,[1] even those of the white northern strand,
And of the broad-topped smooth *lioses*[2] where their hosts assemble,

[1] The Irish say that fairies were a class of fallen angels who had not been so guilty as demons, and therefore were permitted to wander on earth like the Peris. They expect to be re-admitted into heaven ; but for this hope they would long ago have destroyed the earth.

[2] *Lioses.* Forts, &c. These are supposed to be fairy palaces.

That I will not satirize by the lays of the old sayings of the sages,[1]
If they will not banish this dull midge from Sheela.

I will write to Aoibheall[2] of the fair northern strand,
The Queen of the *Bruighin*,[3] and the familiar (spirit) of hosts;
To inflict vengeance with wrath and hard cuffs,
Upon this fairy that haunts Sheela, and send him away from us.

I suspect he is a fairy that has no place of rest,
And was expelled from the fairy hill of Loran Ruadh;
Or is a genuine imp sent from Aoife[4] of the north,
That was loosed by the expert spells of the surly Tuatha Dedanans.

Let us expel to the fairy hills this sullen midge from us,
Or to the bright waters of the Lee of the rapid currents;
There to be strongly fettered by the Shenad hosts,
Because he slept with you, Sheela, without our leave.

The Danes had their Elves, creatures of a diminutive stature, who wore low crowned hats; the Danes represented the female Elves as beings of young and attractive faces, but hollow behind. The Nisses of the Danes were accustomed to assist in the duties of domestic service, and nearly represented the Brownies of the Scotch and Ulster Presbyterians, and the Diarmuid Ua Scudal of the Irish. The Scandinavian Dwergar, and German Twerga have no counterpart in Irish mythology; the fairies of Ireland are represented as beings resembling human creatures both in stature and appearance. Our mythology, which singularly agrees with that of the orientals, states that the counterpart of every individual is found among the fairy ranks. It may be suspected that the

[1] The powers, supposed to have been possessed by the bards, of injuring even spirits by the venom of their satire.

[2] *Aoibheall*. The name of a fairy princess.

[3] *Bruighean*, means a mansion or palace, but the word means also a fairy residence, as here.

[4] *Aoife*, another fairy queen of wonderful celebrity.

word fairy, which is certainly not Celtic, may have been derived from the Spanish name *Fada* and the French *Fee;* though some have been inclined to derive it from the Persian *Peri,* but had it been so, the attributes of the *Peri* would have been given to other creatures in the mythology of these nations. The Irish have traditional records of the fairy chieftains of their respective provinces: The name of Mananan Mac Lir, God of the ocean, or the Neptune of the Irish, will not be easily forgotten. He is supposed to have remained in Ireland until the time of St Columbkill, who gave him some unexpected tidings respecting his future happiness; he left Ireland in disgust, and retired to his favorite country Armenia. The palace of Mananan is said to have been on the brink of a lake at Enniskeen, in the county of Monaghan. The Chief of Ulster who succeeded Mananan was Mac Moineanta, who had taken up his residence at Scrabey in the county of Cavan, Crop is said to be the present chief of the Connacht fairies; Donn Firinn of the Munster invisibles. The belief of the Irish in these pagan superstitions may be learned from the following Irish song, which will tend to illustrate the belief in the power of fairies to injure and carry off human beings. The history of its composition has been kindly furnished by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. O'Daly, in whose large collection the original was found. It is very popular in the neighbourhood of Youghal, county of Cork; Mount Uniacke being its scene, which lies about five miles south-west of that town. It is said to have been produced under the following circumstances.

One of the ancestors of the respectable family of Uniacke, of Mount Uniacke, named Philip, was distinguished for his hospitality and love of Irish literature; his house was open to all the itinerant bards of Munster. The composer, William Cotter, surnamed the Red, from the colour of his hair, lived near Castlelyons, and flourished A.D. 1737, that being

the year in which he composed the song; he frequently visited Uniacke's house, and always shared the bounty of its generous and hospitable owner. Mr. Uniacke fell sick, and Cotter having neglected to enquire about his health for some time, thought it then too late; because he supposed Mr. Uniacke would not recover, but he did recover, and it then became the task of the bard to account for his absence and apparent ingratitude. Hence, he says that he was one night surrounded by the Munster fairies, who were evidently in deep sorrow, and who told him that his friend Mr. Uniacke was in the greatest possible danger—having been carried away by the Munster fairies, and proposed that he and they should pursue the enemy and rescue their friend. All which was done as the poet records. The event answered his expectation; for he not only freed himself from the charge of ingratitude, but was looked upon by Mr. Uniacke as his deliverer and best friend.

The peasantry assert that periodical contests have been always carried on between the provincial fairies, and when the crops suffer from blight, high winds, and the like, they attribute it to the fact, that the fairies of the province where such calamities happen, have been overcome by their opponents. They also say that such injury to the corn, fruit, &c., does not extend to the whole island, but is confined to that province only, and that the victorious party carry with them what is valuable, when returning to their own home. This legend appears to have escaped the researches of the late T. C. Croker, at least I have not seen it in any of his works.[1]

[1] The Irish held the belief that the Red Wind of the Hills, as they called the blasting wind, against the influence of which they had a potent charm, was caused by the rapid evolution of fairies through the air, while engaged in their battles. There was another species of blast which was supposed to destroy fruit and cereal crops as well as having power to injure man and beast; this was caused by the ashes of the

UILLIAM RUADH MHEIC COITIR CCT.

Iar d-téarnaiṁ d'a ċarraiḋ agus d'a ċóiṁḋíoghraiḟ .i. Piliḃ Duinneaṁuiḋ, ó'n b-fiaḃraḋ do ḃí air a n-Éóċaill A.D. 1737.

A raoiṁ ir me real air maoileannaiḋ glara, ag ciorra mo ċarn ċraoḋaiḋ,
A ṁaoine air leaga faoṫe gaċ fleaċta, ḟíor-ċuiṁ mé a d-teartca ruaiṁ;
Do líonadar ṡgata fíḟe-ḃan leiṁ' air, go ciocraċ a ṫraṫa a g-craoḃ-ḟoiḃ,
Ir d'ionnteadar ḋam, gur claoiḋ' duine ḋam ċarraiḋ, taoiḋ líoṁ coir fearaiḋ cuaiṁ!

Tainiḋ man luirne air lan-buile ċugann, Aine le h-ionad ṡgéalta ba ċruaġ,
D'ḟagḃar do ċumann claċ-laġ, ar iri, a b-tainairte an ċluṫċe ċruaiḋ;
Acrorr an uic ata nosr a nocta gearr ṡgeine gluine géire ar a cruaill,
A gnarġar le Piliḃ, fairte gaċ file, nó'n car leat é a Ghiolla Ruaḋ?

Do ṡaoileamair bainna Chlíoḋna ċum raṫa, ir Aoiḋile Chraige léṫe,
Sarġeada 'na n-glaic ir craoiteaċ le n'air, do ḃí ag gaċ neaċ do'n t-ruaġ
Sgíondairi amaċ le díoltar ċum caṫa, air bruiṁniṫ amearg na laoċra;
Ir rinn uile air eaċaiḋ caola na bratean, claoiḋte na air earḃaḋ luair.

Do ġléaramair fuirinn laoċra le Piliḃ, tréan-ḟeir gan trime a g-coṁlann,
Ag éiliom gaċ ruile ir méṫċneat d'ar ṡgiub, baor aicme Choinnaċt uainn;
D'a ḟéaċairc ar ċeiṫre d'éigre iad na rinne, o Éḋirr an Innir Fóḋla,
Do léigion man ṁíġe Éirionn, 'na 'n rioċt o Éireaṁoin glic do ġluair.

Aine 'gur mire ṫainiḋ ċum Piliḃ, triaṫ riorṁ an fuirinn aeriḋa ro luaiṁ,
Ir tarla 'nar g-coinne naṁaiḋ gaċ n-duine, Acrorr an buille buain;
Dob' abalta cruime ar n-gnaṫ-bhlíḋe clirde, ag tnaṫa 'ras mille an éaga gan truaġ,
Le nar laṁaiḋ gur ènt an bar ⁊ cuilearg arraiḋ na rceine cruaḋa.

dead deposited in foreign countries returning on the breeze of summer to settle in the ancestral place of burial, and whatever object came in contact with this dust in the course of its transit, sustained more or less injury. The dust raised by a species of whirlwind is still popularly believed to be caused by fairies, especially when they are at war among themselves, or when they design to do some mischief. If any person will have the courage to cast a small portion of the earth found under the right foot into the passing body of dust, then the fairies must relinquish all claims to any human being they may be carrying away at that time.

Thug Aine cum Philib ceard eac ba ċirrde lan-ruiġ, gan cuirle lêim agur luair,
Ir d'anbaig rin cuille, anrôaċt ir mirniġ, banaċt ir neirt nan ruaġ;
Ár lairṁ ôear le mum go b-canlamain uile, ann cnaig mullaiċ Binne h-Cadain[1] na ruaġ,
An la rin gan gsun do nangamain Donne ban Cholum Cille ċuaiḋ.

Do ċangamain vle an cnaiċ ḟn ran g-coinne, an laċain an ċlwṫċe ċnôḋanta ċruaiḋ,
An Dunneanbaċ[2] 'r a ċrup, do b'ḟeann an ra cnoin, ag cnaċaḋ na bronnge ċuaiḋ;
Da lairin ba ċirrte, an cal-ḟul ra c-ḟorma, cainne le cinneḋ Côgain na ruag;
Ir an la ḟn gun rgnioṫa rgainte gan rpiona, an naṁaiḋ man ṡileḋ cuain!

A b-ṡion-ḋeinne an ċaċa, do ṡuiġeamain ag baile, 'r do bamain go flagaċ ṡéarcaċ, gan ġnuaim,
Do ḋíogamain carg, 'r mile gan ceab, le díognair do'n ḟean do buaḋaicc;
Focram an neirt 'r an n-ioca ann an aicme, an bnóin úd nan ṡléġt an ḟéile,
Ir gaċ ṡion-ḟlaṫ do rgairp, ann an n-bnóin úd do leaga, raoilim naċ ceanc a luaḋ.

Da ġluaireadan an ruaġ rioe, go rúbaċ ṡíċeaċ rultṁan reólta,
Do buaḋag linn clwṫċe ann ċruaḋ bnóin Ċonnaċt, d'ḟuadaiġeaċ gonnc tan falta;
Dob' ḟuarlaoiḋeaċ an g-cuainn cíṁċioll, 'r ninor ceadag linn go h-Coċaill,
Cuan aoibinn na g-cuaċ líonta, 'r Dún díonṁan an Duinneanbaicc.

Dailleaḋ man ċonna ard-ṁara ċuganinn, ban-craic ir cuille beórraċ gan ġnuaim,
Ní airṁim ann ḟn a b-cainig do'n ṗunch dob' aille 'ran g-cnunne ṁóin;
Raṫċe ⁊ cville, do bamḟ 'r Philib, ag cnaċaḋ an ġloinne ir ceól ne an g-cluair,
Slan ⁊ ṡíċe gun ḟagbamain aige, 'r do ċaimig an fuirnonn uaig.

WILLIAM COTTER THE RED, CECINIT.

On the recovery of his friend and patron, Philip Uniacke, from fever which he had in Youghal, A.D., 1737.

Last night as I tarried awhile on the side of the green hills and smoothed my curling hair,
I mused on the downfall of the sages of the Irish race, musings which left me without sleep;
A band of fairy women flocked around me, and began to tear their copious tresses,
They informed me that one of my friends was laid low, and vanquished near a seaport fort.

[1] *Binn-Hedair.* The Hill of Howth.
[2] Duinneanb, the Irish name for Uniacke.

Aine, who told me many a tale of woe, alighted before me like a flash of lightning,
"I left," said she, "thy friend behind me, afflicted in a hard contest
By Atrops the wicked, who is out to-night with a sharp sword unsheathed,
And has wounded Philip, who gave welcome to every bard—is it not grief to thee, O, Gilla Ruadh!"

We set all the troops of Cliodhna in pursuit, together with those of Aoibheall of Carrick-lea;
Every one in the host had an arrow in his hand and a javelin by his side.
I started out on the hills amongst the heroes prepared for vengeful battle;
We were all mounted on slender steeds that could not weary or fail in speed.

We arrayed a host of heroes, whose blood never cooled in battle, to pursue Philip,
And take revenge for the worthy prize which the slavish crew of Connacht had snatched from us;
Also to try whether they had a better right to possess a sage than we had, who descended from Heber in Innis Fodhla?
They who remained without offspring in Eire of the kings, from the days of Heremon the brave.

Aine and I overtook Philip, long before the aerial hosts in the flight,
We were opposed by Atrops of the great stroke, the enemy of the human race;
But our blows being the quicker and heavier, we laid the foe prostrate without pity,
So that, by our hands, Death, and many more fell in the conflict of the well-tempered steel.

Aine gave Philip a noble steed, swift, and not to be wearied by leaping or speed,
This renovated the courage, valour and activity of our hosts:
By the right hand side of the sea we went, until we reached Binn-Eadair of the conflicts,
And from thence we proceeded to Derry of Columbkille in the north.

On that day we all assembled to engage in the valorous hard-fought conflict,
Uniacke and his troop were most famous in the fight, thinning the ranks of the northern foe;
Stout and courageously fought the Dalcassians, who came with the tribe of Eoghan of the routs,
And that day the enemy were left dead and mangled; and retreated like the ebbing tide.

The battle over, we halted at home, where we feasted in plenty amid pleasure,
We quaffed a thousand and one casks with regards to the man who was victor;
We poured out our strength in wreaking vengeance on the race unaccustomed to hospitality,
And every true man, who was engaged in routing the fallen foe, I think I should not name.

Our fairy hosts marched forth in glee, in peace, in might, so wisely;
They who aided us to win the fight—to carry away the crops of the people of Connacht, on account of the quarrel;
Our visit was destructive, and we did not delay till we came to Youghal,—
To the port of full goblets, the comfortable mansion of Uniacke.

There was poured for us, like waves of a stormy sea, white sack and other liquors without grudge,
I will not mention the quantity of punch the most palatable of all in the wide world;
Three months and more we stayed with Philip draining glasses, with music to our ears,
One and twenty farewells were bade him when the company were parting.

It would be too burthensome to the reader to give all the extracts relative to the Leannan Sighe which we collected for this notice; suffice it, that at the battle of Clontarf, Aoibheall is recorded in the MS. to have promised Dubhlaing O'Hartagan, her favorite, the span of two hundred years of pleasant life in her company, if he would refrain from joining his friend

Murchadh in the battle. O'Hartagan refused the offer through motives of honor, though his Leannan Sighe foretold to him, the evil consequences of engaging the Danes on that day. The following extract taken from a MS. account of that battle, made by John Murphy of Raithineach, in the county of Cork, A.D. 1720, will show the belief in the existence of the Leannan Sighe, professed at that period:

"Ar ì rin uair agus airmirr tapla Dublainn O'h-Artain (.i. ríoguidhe do bí do ċapaid ag Murċaḋ), ar an máġ ór cionn an ċaṫa, agus é fá ḋíoṁḋa o ríġ Éirionn le cian d'aimsir roiṁe rin. Tapla a leannán lánċoṁaċtaċ ina ḟoċair ann, .i. Aoibhill Chraige Léiṫe, agus do ċuir an Feiḋ Fia ór a ċionn mur nár ḟaoṁ anṁúin aici, agus nó ionfaiġ tuġa an t-sluaġ Loċlannaċ in áit a raibh Murċaḋ ag cur an áir, agus ba h-aḋbal a ċoṁlann ar roċtuin ar ġualuinn Mhurċaiḋ do. Ar ann rin a dúbairt Murċaḋ ag ṡéaċain ina éiṁċioll ar gaċ leit 'dar liom,' ar sé, 'ad ċluinim ḟuaim agus ḟoċram builleaḋa Dhublainn ì Artagain, agus ní ḟaicim é féin.' 'Ar cúis dáṁra' (ar Dúblainn, ag teilgionn an bhrait de), 'naċ biaḋ an díon fan ar mo ċorpra go bráṫ do bainfeaḋ a ráḋairc díot; agus tréig do ċoṁlann gur d-tharda, agus ionfuiġeam an máġ ar a b-fuil Aoibhill ór cionn an ċaṫa, agus do ġeabam rgéala iomḋa uaiṫi.' Is ann rin, nó ionfuiġeadar in áit a raibh Aoibhill, agus do beannaiġeadar di, fríeagrar Aoibhill fán g-cumaḋ g-céadna, agus a ṡeaḋ a dúbairt. 'Ca tainḃe ḋuit a Mhurċaḋ,' ar sí, 'teaċt ċum an ċaṫa so anios; ór do ġeabair féin agus do ṁac Toirḋealbaċ, agus Brian Boroiṁe, agus Conuing mac Donċuain, agus Taḋg O'Ceallaiġ, agus móran eile bár anios; agus do beidir rgéala agam ne a n-indrin ḋuit da maḋ am ḋaṁ é:' agus a dúbairt an laoi, agus d'ḟreagair Murċaḋ ì:—

Aoiḃ. 'Gé maiṫ do ṁiṡneaċ a ġráḋ,
Re n-dul do ċáċ ran g-caṫ;
H-aġaiḋ ġeal man ṁaoṫ-ṡróll ḋearg,
Do ċlaoċlaḋ a ḋeilḃ 'ra ḋaiṫ.

Aun. 'D'inneóṡuinn duit noiṁ ġleic,
Sgéal beag agus é ṡíon;
Ní h-é eagla mo ċuirp féin,
Fá dearna dom' ġné dul díom.

'D'á d-tuitimne, tuitfiḋ Gaill,
Agus biaid Gaoiḋil ag noinn an g-claċ;
Ní ċánṡuiġeann go d-ti' an ḃráṫ,
A d-tuitfeaḋ lem' láiṁ ran g-caṫ.

Aoiḃ. 'Maire, a Dhúblaing, feaċain an caṫ,
Gur an ṁaidin a mánaċ;
Do ġeaḃann ḋá ċéad bliaġain do ré,
Acht feaċuin caṫ aon lae.

Duḃ. 'Ní ṫiuḃanra Muṙċaḋ mór,
An airgiod ná air ór;
Agus ní ṫréigiom mo bláḋ,
An an éag naċ feaċantan.

'Or 'r éanna ċlanna Luirc,
Thug Muṙċaḋ tan ċeann mo ċoirp;
Do ḃéanra an corp féiṁiḋe feanng,
Tan ċeann ṁic airdríġ Éireann.

Aoiḃ. 'Tuitfiḋ Muṙċaḋ, tuitfiḋ Brian,
Tuitfid uili an aon rian;
Ba ḋearg ḃiar an máġ amánaċ
Ód' t-fuilri go mórḋálaċ.' "

This was the precise period of time when Dubhlaing O'Hartagan, a fairy, who was the friend of Murchadh, happened to be standing on the plain close to the battle field: he had been a long time expelled in disgrace by the king of Ireland. Aoibheall of Carrick-lea, his most potent Leannan Sighe, stood before him, and enveloped him with the *Feadh Fia*, because he would not consent to remain with her. He rushed into the throng of the hosts of Lochlan, where Murchadh was engaged in conflict; and wonderful was the havoc which he made when he came to the side of Murchadh. Murchadh having looked around him on every side, said, "Methinks I hear the sound and echo of the blows of Dubhlaing O'Hartagan, but I cannot see himself." "It is my duty," exclaimed Dubhlaing (casting off the garment), "that such a covering shall never envelop my body since it prevents you from seeing me: give over the conflict for awhile, and let us go to the plain over the battle field where Aoibheall is, and we shall obtain much information from her." They, thereupon proceeded to the place where Aoibheall was, and saluted her. Aoibheall returned the salutation, and said, "What benefit is it to you, O Murchadh, to engage in the battle this day, since you yourself, your son Toirdealbhach, Brian Boroimhe, Conuing son of Donchuan, Tadhg O'Kelly, and many others shall be slain today. I have other news to communicate, were it the proper time." She then repeated the following Lay, and Murchadh responded:—

Aoibheall. Though great is thy courage, my love,
When the forces march to the battle;
Thy bright face that glows with the hue of soft red satin,
Its form and colour shall change.

Murchadh. I could tell even before the struggle,
A short tale, and a true;
The fear for my own person
Shall never cause the change of my countenance.

If we fall, the strangers shall also fall;
And the Gael shall share their fortresses—
They shall not be numbered till the day of doom,
The warriors that shall fall by my hand in battle.

Aoibheall. Yet still, O Dubhlaing, avoid the battle,
Until the morning of the morrow;
Thou shalt enjoy two hundred years in life,
Only avoid the battle but for one day.

Dubhlaing. I would not forsake Murchadh the Great,
Either for silver or for gold;
Neither will I sacrifice my honour,
To fly that death that cannot be avoided.

The gold and steeds of Clanna Luirc,
Murchadh would give as ransom for my body;
I will sacrifice that slender gentle body,
For sake of the son of Eire's chief king.

Aoibheall. Murchadh shall fall, Brian shall fall,
All shall fall in the same career;
'Tis gory the field shall be to-morrow,
With thy haughty blood!

Like the Leannan Sighe in our text, the fairy Leannans were always believed to be jealous beings; and there are numerous instances of their jealousy and vengeance recorded. Many of them are said to have entertained a passion for favorites of the human race. Aoibheall of Carrick-lea is said to have fallen in love with a young chieftain of Munster, and to have assumed the shape and appearance of a cowherd's daughter, named Sheela Ni Maranan, the better to accomplish her desire. She served some years in the capacity of cinder-wench, kitchen-maid, cook, and at length rose by her assiduity and good conduct to the important station of lady's-maid, in which position she obtained the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the object of her love. Many strange stories are told of the love of these creatures for mortals, and of the talents bestowed by them upon their favorites. The Leannan Sighe was also the inspiring muse of the Irish poet: and I appeal to all who are acquainted with our vernacular literature, whether they have ever heard more tender

words, or impassioned language than such as are found in the addresses of the Irish bards to the Leannan Sighe.

There has always been, as we have already observed, a class of people in Ireland, whose interest it was to keep alive among the people the belief in the power of the fairies. These were the Bacachs, who in many respects resembled the gypsies of other countries. They had meetings from time to time, at which new members were admitted into the fraternity, and initiated into their mysteries. They conferred degrees by driving a brass nail into the fleasg or wand of the graduate, by which he became qualified to follow the profession, and exercise its mystic arts.

The belief in the fairies, and in the power of the charms of the Bacachs to avert their evil influences, was by no means confined in past times to the lower classes of society, as appears from the following anecdote given by the learned Ware, of Dr. Lealy, Bishop of Raphoe :—

"John Lesly, Bishop of Raphoe, A.D. 1633, relates of A notable Deliverance then happened in his Family of a Youth sent to him for help, who was Infested with Evil Spirits, (commonly called Fairies) and often carried away in the air over tops of houses, who was recovered and brought home by God's merciful return to the prayers put up for him, the whole Story was so full of strange passages before so many witnesses, some whereof are yet living, that King *C* I. commanded (my Father, says the his son) the bishop to send him the whole account in writing, which he did; but it was lost when papers of greatest Concernment and privatest correspondence could not escape. The Boy was at length Recovered, so as to be no more molested; and bound apprentice to a haberdasher, and, I believe, still alive." Ware's *Bishops*, p. 56, ed. 1705.

A similar story is told of the Earl of Orrery's butler, who is said to have been persecuted in his lordship's ball room

by these imaginary beings. There were among the company some high dignitaries of the established church, and among the guests the celebrated Valentine Greatrakes, who had obtained great notoriety in consequence of the miraculous cures which he was said to be able to perform by the imposition of his hand; but all their united efforts could not save the victim from the persecution of his invisible enemies.

It would be a very interesting work to compare the many strange rites, ceremonies, and superstitions which prevailed amongst our peasantry but a few years since, and which are still preserved, more or less, in some districts of the country, with those which are found amongst various oriental nations, and amongst the Red Indians of America. There are abundant materials for carrying out such an investigation, but the necessarily confined limits of an Introduction would not permit us to do anything like justice to the subject: and therefore we will only remark, *en passant*, that the superstitious doctrines and observances, which prevail, or have prevailed till very recently, in Ireland, bear a most wonderful resemblance to those which exist in Eastern nations: a resemblance which it seems hard to account for, and which is regarded by some of our antiquarians as a collateral evidence, of no little weight, in favour of the theory of the Eastern extraction of the aborigines of Ireland.

But though our space forbids us to enter any further into this question here, still we cannot refrain from making a few observations respecting some of those supernatural beings, with whose supposed power and influence the superstitious practices of many of our own people are connected. Of these beings, the Bean Sighe (Anglicè Banshee), is one of the most remarkable. The present theory respecting her, is, that she was once a mortal, but that having been carried away by the fairies, she continues to dwell with them, and still retains such an interest in the descendants of her human kindred, that she

never fails to announce, by her mournful wail, the approach of any great misfortune, but especially of death, when it is impending over any member of the family. In some parts of Ireland the Bean Sighe is called Byve, and Babān, both which names seem to be corruptions of Bảổb (pron. bawv) by which appellation this being was known in ancient times. This word is probably derived from bảổ (death), of which the Badhbh was so often the unwelcome messenger, and this is the more likely, because the Irish word for a raven is also bảổb, and its croaking is generally regarded as an omen of death. Many strange stories are told about the croaking of the raven, and many a strange incantation is chaunted to guard against the evil which it is believed to portend. The Bean Sighe and the Badhbh would appear to be different names for the same being: the former, by which she is now known, being perhaps an euphemism for the latter, analogous to that of Εὐμενίδες for Ἐρινύες among the Greeks of old.

The belief in the Taire or "Fetch" prevails not only in Ireland, but also amongst our Celtic brethren of Scotland, and has been so frequently brought before the public in the many strange stories told in confirmation of it, that we need not here dwell on what is already familiar to nearly all our readers.

That a somewhat similar belief is held in other countries also, appears from the curious story which we here give as extracted from a London periodical:—

"A GERMAN LEGEND.

"The following extraordinary letter appears in the German papers:

'The Queen Theresa of Bavaria died of cholera, at Munich, on October 26, 1854, as already known. I hasten to communicate to your readers the following highly interesting and affecting details, of which I can guarantee the exact veracity.

'On the 6th of October, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, two princes of the Bavarian royal family, equal in birth and

relationship, were seated at tea in a room of the Aschaffenburgh Palace. A folding door divides this room from another apartment, and a smaller papered door separates it from the ante-chamber usually occupied by the domestics in waiting. Of a sudden the latter door opened, and a lady covered with a black veil entered and made a low curtsey before the two illustrious personages. One of the princes, no little astounded, asked the lady if she were invited to tea, and pointing to the folding-door leading into the tea-room—where the Queen and ladies were assembled—gave her to understand that she should enter. No reply, and the lady vanished through the small papered door. Both the illustrious personages were extremely agitated by this wonderful apparition and its mysterious disappearance. One of them immediately hastened to the ante-chamber, to enquire of the servants about the mysterious figure. No one had seen it come or go except Asyat, Queen Theresa's body hussar, who had met it in the passage. No other trace could be discovered. Both illustrious persons narrated what had occurred, and it soon came to Queen Theresa's ears, and she was so overwhelmed thereby that she became greatly indisposed, and wept during the whole night. The journey to Munich was fixed for the following day. All the luggage and half the servants were on the road. To remain longer at Aschaffenburgh was scarcely possible. Queen Theresa was filled with the most sorrowful forebodings. She asked several times if it were not possible to remain here. It would be too painful for her to quit Aschaffenburgh this time. The mysterious and ominous black lady glided constantly before her imagination. Somewhat calmed, at length, by judicious observations, she at last sorrowfully commenced the journey, which it was not possible to postpone. But still, at Munich, where she was at first slightly indisposed, but recovered, her mind was pre-occupied with the apparition of the black lady, of whom she spoke to many persons with trembling apprehension. She was sought to be consoled by saying that the sentries on duty had seen the lady enter the palace. But all was in vain. The idea that the apparition of the figure had a sinister foreboding for her life never quitted her mind. Twenty days after the mysterious evening, Queen Theresa lay a corpse in Wittelbacher Palace. I took the above narrative *verbatim* from the statement of the best informed persons, before I had the slightest suspicion of the queen's death. The two illustrious persons narrated the circumstances of the apparition minutely to several persons, so

that the whole town heard of it next morning; and on the same evening the whole *personnel* of the palace and the soldiers on duty were strictly examined, and requested to state all they knew of the matter—a proof that the occurrence cannot be set down among ordinary tales."

But to return to the Badhbh. It may be well to give some extracts from ancient MSS., to shew what was the light in which she was regarded by our Pagan ancestors, and in what way she was supposed to interfere, and to influence, the course of human affairs. It is related that when Meidhbh, the great queen of Connacht, set out on her expedition against the Ultonians, she met with a Badhbh, who predicted to her, that her expedition would be attended with great bloodshed; as found in the MS. account of the Tain Bo Chuailgne, pp. 58, 59.

"Tánac Meadhb ar cúla do ríoghraidh co faca ní no b'ionghnáth léi, éadhon, aon bean for feartaibh an ćarbaid ina farraidh. Is amhla do bí an ingín sin ocus fićće corćuirne ocus cloidhemhain fionnbruinne ina láimh dheis cona reaćt naisle do dhearg óir, ocus bratt ballaćbreac-uaithne uimpe, ocus bealg comhduighe is an m-bratt ór a bruinne gnúis-choicrea caoimh-oineaċ léi, dhéadha núadha neamhanda aice; dar leat ba fraith d'fhionn neamhuine nola na ceann; a fiacla ba ćormhúil frisa nuadh fhartaing; a beul ba binn tre frisa teudha m-beann ćrot ag sinim binn-fhógra a gotha ocus ag cain iorlabra; geisle tré fhneaćta naon-oidhćе, taidhle a cneis reaċ a heidheagh go reaćtar a troighte readha fíth-ghéala le ingne corra, le folt fionnbhuidhe fordhordha furra, teora trillsi a fult fo na ceann, trillsi n'oile tar a hais siar go m-beineagh a colpa ina diaigh. Féaćas Meadhb farra. 'Cia do ghnis an sin, a ingíon,' ar Meadhb, 'ag taindealbhadh do leasa ocus do líoćura atá, ocus ag tionól ćeithe noll-ćúige n-Éireann leathra go crích n-Uladh ar ćeann Tain Bo Chuailgne.' 'Cia um a n-dearnaoisi sin

ḃaṁra?' ar Meaḋḃ, 'ꝼil a mór áḋḃar ḋam,' ar an inḡíon, eaḋon, 'beanċoṁall do da ṁuinntir ri,' ar ri. 'Cia do mo ṁuintiri ċu?' ar Meaḋḃ. 'Feiċlinn banꝼáiḋ ꝼíoċ Ráṫ Ċruaċain meri,' ar rí. 'Maiṫ, a Ꝼheiċlinn banꝼáiḋ,' ar Meaḋḃ. 'Cionnur do ċí tú ár ꝼluaiḡ-ni?' 'Ad ċíu ꝼorḋearg ꝼorra, ad ċíu ruaḋ,' ar rí. 'Ata Conċubar ina ċear a n-Ġaṁuinn,' ar Meaḋḃ, 'ocur ṡáncadar m'eaċlaċa meirr uaḋa, ocur ní b-ꝼuil ní uaṁnaiḡimri ria Ulltaiḡe; aċt abair ꝼiriunne a Ꝼheiċlinn banꝼáiḋ?' ar Meaḋḃ, 'Ad ċíu ꝼorḋearg, ad ċíu ruaḋ,' ar rí. Adúbairt Meaḋḃ, 'ata coṁrgraiḋ Ġaṁain Maċa ṁac Conċubair a n-Jnnir Coṁrgraiḋ ina ċear, ocur ṡáncatar m'eaċlaċa ċugamra; ocur ní b-ꝼuil ní eaglaimri ria Ulltaiḡe. Aċt abair ꝼior ꝼriom, a Ꝼheiċlinn banꝼáiḋ, go b-ꝼaice ar fluaiḡ-ne?' 'Ad ċíu ꝼorḋearg, ad ċíu ruaḋ,' ar rí. 'Ata Cealtar ṁic Uiḡṫeaċair a n-Dún ina ċear,' ar Meaḋḃ, 'ocur ní b-ꝼuil ní eaglamaoid ria Ulltaiḡe; aċt abair ꝼiriunne a Ꝼheiċlinn banꝼáiḋ?' 'Ad ċíu ꝼorḋearg, ad ċíu ruaḋ,' ar rí, 'ní ba liomra an ní dia do leatra rin,' ar Meaḋḃ: 'oir ó biaid ꝼir Ġiriond a n'aonḃaile, biaid deaḃṫa ocur iorgla ocur ꝼcainneoriṫa eatorra um coṁroċtain torać no deire áṫ no abanna; nó um ċeadḡoin muiḡṫe, no ḋaḡa, no ꝼiadaiḡe, no ꝼiaḋaṁla."

While Meadhbh remained behind them, she beheld a sight that filled her with astonishment, namely, a female form standing by the shaft of the chariot before her. The young woman appeared with twenty brightly polished daggers and swords, together with seven braids for the dead, of bright gold, in her right hand; a speckled garment of green ground, fastened by a bodkin at the breast under her fair, ruddy countenance, enveloped her form; her teeth were so new and bright that they appeared like pearls artistically set in her gums; like the ripe berry of the mountain ash were her lips; sweeter was her voice than the notes of the gentle harp strings when touched by the most skilful finger, and emitting the most enchanting

melody; whiter than the snow of one night was her skin; and beautiful to behold were her garments which reached to her bright well-moulded bright-nailed feet; copious tresses of her tendrilled glossy golden hair hung before, while others dangled behind and reached the calf of her leg. Meadhbh looked at her with astonishment. "What art thou doing here, young woman?" enquired Meidhbh "I am a foreboding of thy success and dismay, and collecting the men of the four great provinces of Eire to join thee against Ulster on thy expedition of the Tain-Bo-Cuailgne," replied she. "Why art thou doing this for me?" asked Meidhbh. "Because it concerns me much, since I am the hand-maid of thy people," replied the young woman. "Who of my people art thou?" said Meidhbh. "I am Feithlinn, the prophetess of the Fairy Rath of Cruachan," said she. "'Tis well, Oh Feithlinn the prophetess!" said Meidhbh; "but what dost thou foresee concerning our hosts?" "I foresee bloodshed (coming) upon them, I foresee power," replied she. "Conchubhar is under dread in Emania (Eamhain); for my couriers (spies) have arrived from him; there is nothing to alarm me with respect to the Ultonians; but speak truth, O Feithlinn the prophetess," said Meidhbh. "I foresee bloodshed, I foresee power," said she. Meidhbh said, "Comhsgraidh of Eamhain of Macha, son of Conchubhar, is under dread in Innis Comhsgraidh; for my couriers have arrived, and I fear nothing from the Ultonians; but speak prophecy, O Feithlinn the prophetess, that our hosts may know it." "I foresee bloodshed, I foresee power," said she. "Cealtar son of Uitechar is in his fortress in dread, and I fear nothing respecting the Ultonians; but speak truth, O Feithlinn the prophetess," said Meidhbh. "I foresee bloodshed, I foresee power," said she. "To me belongs nothing of it, be it thine," cried Meidhbh; "for when the men of Eire shall be assembled in one place, debates, skirmishes, and unexpected collisions will occur amongst them, respecting the privilege of leading the front ranks, or defending the entrance of a river, or attack on a ford, or engaging first on the battle field, in a struggle."

Even at the present day, the belief in the existence of the Bean Sighe is far from being extinct, nor is it altogether confined to the lower classes of society. In the parish of Modeligo, and townland of Mountain Castle, in the county of

Waterford, so late as the beginning of the present century, a Badhbh, Bo Chaointe, or Bean Sighe, was in the habit of appearing just before the death of any member of the old Milesian families resident in the parish. Her chair, which was made of rough stone, was placed on an elevation over the river Finnisk, on the lands of a small farmer named Brown, and opposite the lands of Mr. Edmund O'Daly, of Farnane, on the other side of the river—and, unless it has been removed very lately, the Bean Sighe's chair is still to be seen there. There are hundreds of persons, now living, who have heard her mournful wails, and who can bear testimony to the warning by which she heralded the death of those only, who belonged to the old Milesian stock.

The following story of a Bean Sighe, who came to the aid of her favorite champion, when in distress, is taken from the MS. Tain Bo Cuailgne (p. 114), which is now being prepared for publication, having been presented to the Society by the Rev. Patrick Lamb, P.P. of Newtownhamilton: it will show the antiquity of the belief in the Leannan Sighe.

"Tanaic iarnom an mór riogain .i. Earnair, d'aithlle Cuculainn, an trá do beit ac comhrac fri an deg laeg ar Tain Bó Cuailgne. Tanaic iarnom an riogain in fin i riocht ramairce finne o deirge go l. ramairc uimpe, acus nonn fionbruinne ieir gaca da ramairc, go n-dúbairt an bantracht geas acus ar m-beann fon Cuculainn do tigecht gan farda gan illeó forra. Do chuir Cuculainn roca an uricair dí, gur brir rorca na mór riogna. Tanaic .i. an mór riogain in fin i riocht ercainne buibe leis an t-fruit; ticcid iarnom 'r in linn co nor imnarc fa chora Condculainn. An fatt ro bai Cuculainn ac a dícur de ro goin lonn uritairna tre compair a éléib é; ocus tánaic iarnom an mór ríogum i riocht faióte gairbe gloire: cian gairitt ro bí Cucullainn ac a cur de ro

goin Loich é. Ro éirgiḋ fearg Cuculainn fair, go no goin de'n gaṫ boilg é."

The great princess Earmais came with the view of injuring Cuchullainn while he was engaged (in single combat) with the valiant hero, on the Tain Bo Chuailgne. The princess came in the shape of a white and red cow, accompanied by fifty cows, having a chain of bright brass between every two of them. The female band exclaimed, "let *geas* and our bann be upon Cuchullainn so that he may return without impediment or harm,"[1] Cuchullainn cast a dart at her and thereby broke the eyes of the great princess. The potent princess, thereupon, came in the shape of a black eel with the stream; and contrived to worm herself around the feet of Cuchullainn. While Cuchullainn was endeavouring to extricate himself from her hold, he received a cross wound through his bosom. The great princess came again in the shape of a rough greyhound; but though it took Cuchullainn only a short space of time to put her from him, yet Loich wounded him. The anger of Cuchullainn was thereby excited, so that he wounded him (Loich) with the Gath-bolg.

Few people would suppose that the wind was once an Irish deity, but if they only take the trouble of examining the singular habits and customs of the isolated Irish peasantry, they will find that there is everything to warrant such a supposition. We take the liberty of quoting an extract from Rev. Charles O'Conor's work in support of this statement:—"Hinc jusjurandum solemne usque hodic *Rath* dicitur. IV. Magistri *ad ann* 457, inquiunt, "cath aṫa-dara ria Laigniḃ for Laoġaire mac Néill. Ro ġab don Laoġaire iriu cath rin, ⁊ do rad Laoġaire raṫa Gréinne ⁊ Gaoiṫe, ⁊ na dul do Laigniḃ nac tiocfa forra tria ḃitin ara léġaiḋ uadha," (i. e. Prælium Vadi—Quercorum gestum a Lageniensibus contra Leogarium filium Nialli. Captus est autem Leogarius

[1] It appears that the druidesses who accompanied the fairy princess Earmais, became friends of Cuchullainn, when they saw him—he was the most handsome person then living—and fell in love with him—this was one of his buadha.

in praelio isto, et juravit Leogarius *Jusjurandum Solis et Venti,* et Elementorum, Lageniensibus, non venturum se contra eos, durante vitâ, ad intentum istum) nempe ad tributum boum irrogandum, quod prælio isti praebuit occasionem. Postea, paucis interjectis, ejusdem Leogarii obitum ex Ethnicorum relationibus his verbis enarrant ad ann. 458. Aεbaεh ꝼεεaob Caꝼꝼꝼ eoꝼꝼ Éꝼ. ⁊ Albaꝼ ꝛ. ba cꝼoc ꝼab ꝼeꝼ ꝼꝼlec ꝼ Uꝼb Faolaꝼ, ⁊ Ꝼꝼꝼaꝼ ⁊ Ꝼaoth ꝼo ṁaꝼbh ꝼomh, aꝼ ꝼo ꝼâꝼaꝼġ ꝼab, coꝼ ꝼbh bo ꝼꝼꝼ aεbeꝼε aꝼ ꝼꝼlí—'buꝼle Dê ab ꝼaeġaꝼb ꝼaꝼεh—Tuc ꝼaε baꝼl aꝼ bâꝼꝼ ꝼoꝼ ꝼaꝼ ꝼíġh. Instead of the Rev. Doctor's Latin, we give an English translation :—He (Laoghaire) was slain in the district of Cassia, between Ireland and Albain (Scotland), i.e. two hills are they in the country of O'Faolan; and the *Sun and the Wind* killed him, because he violated his oath to them, and so the old poet sung :—"The divine elements, whose oath he violated, pronounced death against the King." And the Rev. Dr. O'Conor adds, "Eandem narrationem Ethnicam, iisdem fere verbis, servaverunt, ex vetustis carminibus, Tighearnachus, Annales Inisfalienses, Ultonienses, et Buelliani." *Prol lxxiii.*

The *Badhbh*, or "Fates," were unquestionably beings that were once held in veneration by the pagan Irish, and their memory has reached even our own times. The belief in the Badhbh was probably connected with that which existed as to the powers of the wind, which was a pagan deity, visible only to the pig and the goat, and whose appearance was so terrific to these animals as to force them to hide themselves, as best they could, from the ghastly god. The Badhbh was, no doubt, the Cꝼꝼeaṁuꝼꝼ or Fate, and the wind having so much influence over the Cꝼꝼeaṁuꝼꝼ, it must have once been considered one of its handmaids. The following curious poem, taken from an old MS., will tend to exemplify the above :—

TUAR NO CINEAḂAIN.

An mac beirṫear air ġaoiṫ a niar,
Do ġeib brat ir do ġeib biaḋ;
Ir ní b-fażaim, o a ṫiġearna,
Aċt mo biaḋ ir mo brat.

An mac bearṫair air ġaoiṫ i d-tuaiġ,
Beirneaḋ buaiḋ, beirneaḋ dioṁbuaiḋ;
Gointeair é, ir gointeaḋ neaċ,
Sul ṫéid air neaṁ na naingeall.

An mac bearṫair air ġaoiṫ a n-dear,
Do ġeib mil, ir do ġeib meas;
Biaḋtar ina ṫiġ,
Earbuig ir oirfidiġ.

Tealla an óir an ġaoiṫ a noir,
Gaoṫ ir fearr do na gaoṫaib;
An mac bearṫair fan n-gaoiṫ n-glain,
Ní biaḋ earbaiḋ aige.

An tan naċ luaiṙgionn an ġaoiṫ,
Air ḟeur maiġe na air ḟraoiċ;
Noċ a n-geinteair ann roin,
Aċt oinḃiḋe no amadain.

TRANSLATION.

FATE.

The son (child) who is born when the wind blows from the west,
Shall obtain raiment, and shall obtain food;
He shall obtain from his lord,
Only food and raiment.

The son (child) who is born when the wind blows from the north,
Shall win victory and be subject to defeat;
He shall be wounded; he shall wound another,
Before he shall ascend to Heaven of the Angels (die).

The son (child) who is born when the wind is from the south,
Shall get honey; he shall get fruit;
In his house he shall entertain
Both bishops, and musical performers.

The locality of gold is the wind from the east;
This is the best wind of all the winds;
The son (child) who is born when that wind blows,
Want shall never reach him.

Whenever the wind does not blow
Over the grass of the plain, or the heather;
Whosoever is then born,
Whether male or female, shall be an idiot.

It is very well known that the orientals, as well as the Irish believed the wind to be a potent deity. There can be no doubt that there is a very general belief, even at the present day, amongst our peasantry, in the power possessed by the wind to inflict evil not only on the vegetable world, but even on the animal creation. This baneful influence is called in English, "*Blast.*" The Mahomedans believe the wind which blows from Syria Damascena, to be one of the signs portending the approach of the last day; (vide Sale's *Prelim. Discourse).* The royal serpent whose name was *Sanc-ha-naga,* or *Sanc-ha-mucha,* was a most malicious creature, whose breath was *a fiery poisonous wind* that burned and destroyed animals and vegetables to the distance of a hundred *yojans* round the place of his residence: his breath was believed to the the *samum* or *hot envenomed wind,* which blows from the mountains of Hubab, or Snake, all over the desert. Like our charm-mon-

gers who make use of spells to counteract the baneful influences of the *Red Wind*, so, if we may believe the ancient books of the Hindoos, two *Richis*, or Saints, named Agasti and Astica, volunteered their services to put a stop to this intolerable evil. The first named of these, having used harsh measures towards the mischievous serpent, met with the most success, and, according to the Brahmins, rendered him not only tractable, but even well-disposed, to all who approached him with respect: he even reduced the wicked serpent to so small a size, that he was able to carry him about in an earthen vessel. Crowds of people are now said to worship the serpent, at the place of his residence near *Cali*, and there can be no doubt but that this was the serpent *Heredy* mentioned by the learned Dr. Pococke, in his work on Egypt, which, he believed, in consequence of the vast heaps of bones found before his grot, was worshipped by the Mussulmans: as for the Christians, they also believed *Heredy* to possess great power, but said that he was the devil. Vide *Trans. Asiat. Soc.*, vol. 3, pp. 344–345.

Seeing how much the influence of the wind, as a pagan deity, was dreaded by the ancient Irish, we need not wonder that even in the present day, innumerable superstitions should exist as to its power of inflicting evil on men, as well as on cattle and crops. When a whirlwind, or what modern philosophers have been pleased to term a *land-spout*, appears, it is generally termed a fairy wind; and it is firmly believed that the fairies are either at war amongst themselves, or are carrying away with them some human creature. In such cases, if the person, who sees this wind, will stoop and pick up some of the earth or gravel under his or her right foot, and throw it against the wind, the fairies must immediately release any mortal who may be their prisoner.

But it is full time to close these remarks, and to introduce the reader to that mysterious being, Conan of Ceannsleibhe,

and to the strange substance of his queries, and the still stranger replies made to them by Fionn Mac Cumhaill. This Conan resided near the Lake of Inchiquin; and it is more than probable that they are his remains that are interred under the stone inscribed with Ogham, on the mountain of Callan, and not those of Conan Mael, the Fenian chief, as asserted by Theophilus O'Flanagan.

The MS. from which our text is printed, as also that of the former volume, published by the Society, was made by a celebrated scribe named Foran, who resided at Portlaw in the county of Waterford in the year 1780; and both versions have been carefully collated with other copies previously to being put into the printer's hands.

NICHOLAS O'KEARNEY,
Member of Council.

Dublin, Nov. 1855.

The Council of the Ossianic Society regret the unavoidable delay which has taken place in the publication of the present volume. They have, however, spared no exertion in endeavouring to render it acceptable to the members of the Society; and they have to return their best thanks to Mr. Henry O'Neill, who has done so much for the illustration of the remains of ancient art in Ireland, for his kindness in presenting the Society with the three beautiful initial letters which adorn these pages, and which were engraved by Mrs. Millard of Mary-street in this city. They are exact representations of illuminations in the Book of Kells, a MS. of the sixth century, now deposited in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

THE ARGUMENT.

[The chace; Fionn is deserted by all his men, except Diorraing; he falls asleep; on awaking, he orders Diorraing to procure materials for a temporary hut, while he himself goes to seek food for the night; Diorraing discovers a dwelling house on the margin of the wood; Diorraing and Fionn go to the gate to demand hospitality; they are informed it is the house of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe; are admitted and meet with a friendly reception; Fionn claims the hand of Conan's daughter in marriage, by virtue of a previous contract entered into between them; Conan binds Fionn under *geasa* to give true answers to certain queries which he is about to propose; the names by which Fionn was known in his younger days; his account of his vow to leap over the chasm of Brice Bloige once every year; an account of the man who was wont to leap over his own grave, and demand *eric* from his murderer—(a pagan myth); names of the best, worst, largest, smallest, most active, and most inactive members of the Fenian body; the history of Roc, the Irish Cyclops; the natural wonders that existed among the Fenian people; an account of the hospitality of the house of Cuana; representations of Energy and Sloth, the crimes of man represented by a ram; an old hag with a gray garment made the representative of old age; the sweet and bitter fountains of truth and falsehood; marriage ceremonies of the pagan Irish; Bran and Sceoluing, Fionn Mac Cumhaill's famous hounds, his aunt's children; Fionn courted by two sisters named Milucradh and Aine; Milucradh decoys him to Sliabh Guillen, and changes him into a decrepit old man, in her druidical lake on that mountain; the means by which Fionn obtained his prescience; the history of Neoid the god of penury; the history of a young woman named Eadaoin of Sliabh Caoin, who bound Fionn under a *geasa*; the three falsely-aimed spear casts made by Fionn; his marriage with Finndealbh, the daughter of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe; his vision; he attends the wedding feast accompanied by a thousand Fenians; the Tuatha Dedanans plot his destruction; they assemble and attack Fionn and the Fenians; account of the dreadful battle fought on the occasion; the conclusion.]

Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn-Sléibhe Sonn.

IS agus fiadhach thoin-chróchach, faon-aoibhinn, do comhdhadh le Fionn mac Chumhaill agus le Fiannaibh Gláin-Áilne Gaoidheal, uim Thorc[1] ór Loch Léin,[2] agus fá chríochaibh Ó-Fearn Mhorc;[3] agus fá Ibh Chonnaill Gabhra.[4] Do fhreathadh an t-feilg fin leó fá fhiadh úr-aoibhinn Eachtaighe,[5] gur leathadar ór fin fá fhéibhtibh barr-glasa, agus fá dhoirneadhaibh dainghne doi-eólair, agus fá chnocaibh corrach cloch-gharbhadh ceann-ruadh, agus fá mhágaibh réigh-fhairrionga na g-crioch fá cóimhneasa dóibh; agus fá ionnfaidh gach taoiseach Féinne díobh a ionadh uródhalta, agus a láthair léigthe, agus a bearrna baoghail, mar a g-cleachtadaoir corghar gacha feilge do chur roimhe fin; agus do léigeadar fearbhan na feilge feachranaighe fin fá na coillte go coitcheann; gur chuireadar fiadha fior-luatha ar fharadhaibh; agus mhíolta mong-ruadh tar maoil-eannaibh; agus fionnaicc ar feachran, agus bhroic ar bhruadh-chlaraibh, agus eoin ar eitiolla, agus laoigh allta ar luaith-réim; agus do léigiodar a g-coin g-chraoracha,

[1] Torc, *Torc*, now Turk mountain, contiguous to the lakes of Killarney. This celebrated mountain adds grandeur and sublimity to the surrounding scenery, and enhances in no small degree the beauty of the adjoining landscape.

[2] Loch Léin, *Loch Lein* is the old Irish name of the Lakes of Killarney.

[3] Fearna Mhorc, a district in the west of Kerry, now Corca-Duibhne, or Corcaguiny.

[4] Ibh Chonall Gabhra, now the barony of Connelloe in the county of Limerick.

THE FESTIVITIES AT THE HOUSE OF CONAN OF CEANN-SLEIBHE.

A HEAVILY-PRODUCTIVE, truly-pleasant chace and stag-hunt was appointed by Fionn Mac Cumhaill, and the noble, handsome, fair-featured Fenians of the Gael, on the mountain of Toro, which towers over Loch Lene, over the district of Fear More, and Hy Connall Gabhra. The chace was extended by them over the green pleasant mountain of Eachtaidhe, and, from thence it spread over other green-capped mountains, through dense impassable woods, over marshy, rugged, reddish hills, and across the smooth extensive plains of the adjacent districts. Every Fenian chief chose the place which his taste suggested, his starting point, and the pass of danger, where he had been accustomed to exercise his power in every chace, in which he had been previously engaged; and the shouts which they raised in the turns and doubles of that hunt, re-echoed throughout the woods around; so that they started the nimblest bucks in the forest, caused the smaller red-furred game to clamber up the summit of the rocks, scared foxes astray, aroused badgers from the mountain clefts, drove birds to the wing, and fawns to their utmost speed. They then unleashed their ravenous,

[a] Eaccaibe, alias *Slieve Aughty*, a mountain situated between the counties of Clare and Galway.

g-cinn-beaga, g-cóirṁ-ḟearṡaċa, tromṁ-luaṫa, a g-coinne agus a g-coṁdáil a ċéile ċum na reilge ṡáir-ṁóire rin. Acht céadna, ba láiṁ-ḋeanṁ laoċ, agus ba ċroiḋeanṁ coin, agus ba ċorgaṙṫaċ, có-mbuiḋeaċ Fianna Éireann a h-aiṫle na reilge raoṫraiḋe reardanaiḋe rin.

Cioḋ tráṫt, níor ḟan a b-roċair Fhinn an lá rin acht Diorraing mac Doġardaṁaiḋ[1] aṁain. "Maiṫ, a Dhiorraing," ar Fionn, "déin fairre agus forċoimead daṁra, go g-codla mé; ór is moċ do eirġeas a niu, agus ba ṁaiṫ an ṁoiċ-éirġiḋ do'n tí d'eirġeóċaḋ an tan nać béara aiṫne air ṡáil a ċúig méar idir é agus léas laoi; no aiṫne air ḋuille an ċoill reoċ duille na darraiḋe." Acht ceadna, tuitior a ċoirṙċim ruain agus ráṁ-ċodalta for an ríġ Féinne; gur ab é ḟaid do ḃí ann, ó ṫráiṫ eirġe do'n ló go d-tainiḋ a buiḋe for an n-ġréin uim nóna.

Dala na Féinne: do éirġiodar ó'n t-reilg, gur ḟáġḃadar Fionn iona ċodla ar ċairn Chinn Shléibe, agus Diorraing ag a ċoimead, go nár b-ḟear dóib ca dub-ḟeilg iona radadar; agus an tan dob' ḟada le Diorraing do ḃí Fionn iona ċoḋla do ḋúirġ é, agus innṙior do an Fhiann d'ḟáġḃail na reilge, go nać g-cuala glaoḋ ná ḟead forda uaṫa. "Is deire laoi 'tá ann," ar sé, "agus ní leanfam an Fhiann a noċt; acht éirġiḋ-ri fó an g-coill, a Dhiorraing, agus tabair aḋḃar boṫa agus béal-ṡáṫa leat, agus racadra d'iarraiḋ cuid na h-oiḋċe ċugainn." D'imṫiġ Diorraing ar a h-aiṫle rin, agus ní cian do ċuaiḋ an tan ód ċonairc Bruiġean[1] tailc taob-ḟoluir, a g-cuṁair na

[1] Diorraing mac Doġardaṁaiḋ, (Diorraing the son of Domhar Damhaidh) a renowned Fenian Chief: his name occurs frequently in Fenian compositions.

[2] Bruiġean, *Bruighean*, (pron. *Breen*), in popular estimation is a fairy palace or place of abode: the *Bruighin* was unquestionably a subterranean dwelling; for we read of many bruighins in our MSS. Bruighin Cheise Corainn was one of those celebrated places of abode selected by the Tuatha de Danans. Ware, speaking of the subterranean chambers found at Corrin in Sligo, says:—"To this we may add the Caves of the

small-headed, angry, nimble hounds, and by a simultaneous movement in concert, set them upon that abundant chace. Nevertheless, the hands of heroes were stained with blood, hounds were mangled and gory, yet the Fenians of Eire met success, and proud they were of their hounds on the occasion of that laborious clamorous hunting match.

It so happened, however, that none remained in attendance upon Fionn that day except Diorraing son of Doghardamadh alone. "Well, Diorraing," said Fionn, "do you assume the post of watch and ward for me while I sleep, for I arose early this day; and it is an early rising when a person cannot see his five fingers against the sky, while reclining, or distinguish the foliage of the hazel from that of the oak." The Fenian king, however, fell into a pleasant slumbering sleep, in which he remained from the rising of the morning until the sun shone in his golden lustre in the evening.

As for the Fenians; they gave over the chace after having left Fionn asleep, on the carn of Ceann-Sleibhe, with Diorraing in charge of him, and they knew not into what unexplored wilds they had been led in course of the pursuit. When Diorraing was tired of Fionn's long sleep he awoke him, and told him that the Fenians must have abandoned the chace, since he could not hear either a cry or whistle from them. "It is the close of day," said he (Fionn), "and therefore we will not follow the Fenians to-night. Go then, Diorraing to the wood, and fetch materials for building a hut and an inclosure, while I will go to seek provisions for the night for us both." Diorraing, accordingly, proceeded on his way, but had not gone far when he discovered a strong, well-lighted *Bruighin* on the margin of the sheltering wood close at hand.

Hill, or rather Rock of Corren in the said county of Sligo, where within a steep and almost inaccessible entrance, antiquity has formed out of the very Rock many Strange Habitations, and Recesses on the west side of the Rock, they call it *Giant's House*. Before these Caves is a path

coille cluṫaire iona ċóṁ-ḟoġar; agar ṫéid tar nair le ṡgéala ċum Fhinn. "Téiġiom d'a h-ionnṡaiḋe," ar Fionn, "óir ní ḋionġnam ṡaoċar ná ḟoirġneaṁa ṡan áit so, agar áiṫriuḃ ionár b-ḟoġur." Ġluaiṡid neóṁpa iar sin go dorur an Dúna[1], agar bainid bar-ċrann nir an n-dorur. Ráinid an dóirneóir ċúca, agar ḟiafraiġior cia h-iad féin. "Diar do ṁuintir Fhinn ṁic Cúṁaill," ar Dioṁrainn. "Sgeó ninṁe agar urḃruġaḋ oruib," ar an dóirneoir "ir olc áḋḃar búr d-turraid do'n baile si, óir ar é Fionn do ṁairḃ aċair agar máṫair agar ceaṫrar dearḃ-ráṫṫe ḟir an baile si, agar aṫair agar máṫair a ṁná; agar ar é ta san m-baile si, Conán Chinn Shléibe, nir a n-abarṫar Conán Chinn Shúmaire[2]; óir ar é Fionn ṫug go h-Éirinn an d-túr é, agar súmaire mara ruaḋ leir an tráiġ Loċa Láirġ do iarraid ṁic an loin, eaḋon, an cloiḋeaṁ; agar ba ḟior na ḟala sin uile do ḋéanaṁ le Fionn."

Ir ann sin téid an dóirneoir tar air, agar ḟoċtur Conán toiċim agar tuarurġbáil na buiḋne san dorur de. Ata óg-laoċ ḟorrurda ḟionn-liaṫ ann," ar sé, "ḟearaṁail, ḟurraṁta, ḟior-ṁaireaċ, ḟeiḋim-láidir, go maire croċa agar beilb, agar ar é ar mó do ṁileaḋaib, agar

of about 100 paces long, cut likewise out of the Rocks."—*Ware Antiq.* p. 153. *Dub. Ed.* 1705. *vide Tract de structura Hib. MS. acct.* Bruiġean, or Brú or Boinne, i.e. the Bruighin or Bru above the Boyne, the renowned druidical academy of Aenġus Óg mac an Daġdae, is now well known as the temple of New Grange, county of Meath. Like some philosophers of the olden time, the Tuatha Dedanan druids were wont to teach their arts and sciences in caves and chambers, either hewn in rocks, like those of Corren, or in large places constructed like New Grange, and Mananan Mac Lir's house at Donamine in the county of Monaghan. This habit may have given origin to vulgar opinion that the Tuatha Dedanans understood the secret of rendering themselves immortal, and thus became ríġe (everlasting beings) or fairies. The temples of Boudhou, in Ceylon, are constructed in the caves of the rocks, and the priests as well as the idol are all dressed in yellow garments, like those worn by

He returned with the intelligence to Fionn. "Let us proceed to it," said Fionn, "for we ought to undertake no labour or building in this place, since strangers dwell near." They then proceeded to the gate of the Dun, and knocked at it The porter thereupon presented himself, and asked who they were. "We are two of Fionn Mac Cumhaill's men," replied Diorraing. "May poison and a crushing into pulp be your portion," exclaimed the porter, "your visit to this place is unfortunate; because it was Fionn who killed the father, mother, and four brothers of the owner of this place, as also the father and mother of his wife; and he who lives here is Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe, who is also called Conan of Ceann Sumaire; because it was Fionn that first brought him to Eire from Sumaire of the Red Sea, on the margin of Loch Lurg, when he was in search of *Mac-an-loin*, i.e. his sword; it is true that all these acts of treachery have been perpetrated by Fionn."

The porter thereupon returned: Conan asked him the quality and description of the parties at the gate. "There is," replied he, "a young, courteous, fair-haired, manly, puissant, truly handsome hero, powerful in action, whose shape and countenance is formed in beauty's mould; he is the largest

the ancient Irish. Seward bears further testimony to the grandeur of the excavations at Corren:—"Corren, *a rock* so called, sit. in Co. Sligo, prov. Connaught; remarkable for its caves, sometimes called the *Giant's house*. A path is cut in the rock before the cave, 100 paces long, which, after a steep difficult descent, leads to some very curious recesses."

[1] Dun, *the Dun* (pron. *Doon*) was a fortified residence; and there are reasons for believing that large fortified moats surrounded the old duns of the primitive Irish

[2] Ceann Sumaire. The Head of Sumaire of the Red Sea, is probably some district or mountain in Arabia, bordering on the Red Sea. This is not unlikely, because the Arabians in the olden time adored the sun, moon, and seven serpents, and reliques of a somewhat similar worship are still traceable in many parts of Ireland. Some are of opinion that Sumaire is the Irish name for Samaria.

ar láidire do laoċaiḃ, agar ar ailne do'n dronn daonna doineanda; agar cú ċraorać ċinnḃiġ, uċt-ḟionn, ċarn-leaḃar, go norġ n-dreagan, go ninġniḃ onċon, go lonur leóṁain, go nin naiṫreaċ, agar go ḟioċ n-deaḃṫa uirṫe, iona láiṁ; agar flaḃra ṡnamać fean-airġid go muince óir ḟoin-loirġṫe fó na bráġaiḃ, agar óg-laoċ eile, donn, dreaċ-ḋearġ, déid-ġeal, iona ḟoċair; agar roiġ ballaċ buiḋe, fon ḟlaḃra fionn-droinge iona láiṁ."

"Ir maiṫ ṫugair a d-tuarurġḃáil ḟriot," ar Conán, "agar do beirim aiṫne orra; óir ar é Fionn flaiṫ-ḟéinne O'Baoirġne an fear rin ar d-túr, agar Bran iona láiṁ; agar Diorraing mac Doṁar-dáṁaiḋ an fear eile, agar Sgeólaing iona láiṁ; éirġiḋ go luaiṫ agar léig arteaċ iad?" Léigior; agar do rineaḋ uṁal-ḟoraiḋ dóib; agar do ġabaḋ a n-airm ar a láṁaiḃ agar d'ollṁaiḋe fleaḋ ḟíor-ṁairioċ dóib; gur ba rúġaċ roi·ṁeanmać d'a éir iad.

Ir aṁla do bí Conán, agar a bean ar a ġualainn, agar a inġíon ċroċać ċaoṁ-álainn ar a ġualainn eile, eaḋor, Finn-deilb inġíon Choinain; agar ba áiġṁéil éagcorġ na h-inġíne rin: óir ba ġile ná ṡneaċta geal aon-oiḋċe gaċ ball d'a ballaiḃ agar d'a caoṁ ċnear: coṁ dearġ ne fuil laoiġ ceaċtar a dá gruaḋ, cóṁ dub ne droim daoil[1] ceaċtar a dá malaḋ, dair an óir forloirġṫe ar a folt fada fionn-dlaoiṫeaċ, gorm-ġlaire na buaġa[2] a dá norġ; ríneaṁnuir mar ba fréar do niaṁanaiḃ iona ceann, ba ḋeirġe ná gríor partáin deirġ a béal blarda

[1] Daol is the Irish name for a small black reptile popularly supposed to be the darkest object in creation, and about which there is a popular belief that if you kill him with the thumb of your right hand before he cocks his tail, the seven deadly sins will be forgiven you. The word *Jet* has been substituted instead in the translation.

[2] Búġa is the name of a certain plant producing a bright blue flower. I am unable at present to give its English or Latin name; the absence of my learned friend, Chevalier O'Roddy, is to be regretted on this account. O'Clery in his glossary (voce búġa) says;—"it is a plant to (the flower

of heroes, the most powerful of champions, and the most beautiful of the human race; he leads a ferocious, small-headed, white-breasted, sleek-haunched hound, having the eyes of a dragon, the claws of a wolf, the vigor of a lion, the venom of a serpent angered to speedy action, by a massy chain of old silver attached to a collar of brightly-burnished gold around his neck. There is another brown-haired, ruddy-faced, white-toothed man with the former: he is leading a yellow-spotted hound by a chain of bright brass, which he holds in his hand."

"It is a good description you have given of them," said Conan, "as I thereby know them: for he is Fionn O'Boisgne, the Fenian prince whom you first (described), and it is Braú he leads; the other man is Diorraing son of Domhardamadh, and it is Sceoluing he leads in his hand. Hasten to admit them." They were therefore accordingly admitted, and received with great respect. Their arms were received out of their hands, and a sumptuous feast was prepared for them, so that they enjoyed themselves pleasantly and happily on the occasion.

Conan was situated as follows:—his wife sat by his shoulder on one side, while his elegantly-moulded, gracefully-mild daughter, named Finn-dealbh, sat on the other. The appearance of the young girl was truly astonishing; for fairer than the pure snow of one night was every limb of her body and her graceful neck; her cheeks glowed with as deep a crimson as dyes the blood of a young heifer; both her brows were dark as the sheen of jet; her long tendrilled hair shone like pure burnished gold; her eyes, blue as the flower of the *bugha*, glistened like pearls in their sockets; redder than the berry of the mountain ash were her sweetly-sounding, correctly-speaking lips; and an elegant, fine, four-cornered

of) which bright blue eyes were wont to be compared. Luib na ranmaicaig ríule gorm no glas."

bínn-bríatrnać, bnat cnana ceaċaiṙ-beannaċ caoṁ ṁṙe, agaṙ teó airgíd ḟinn-ġíl ḟá'n m-bnat ór a bán-bnuinnib.

Aċt ceanna, labnaṙ Fionn ne Conán, agaṙ adúbaiṙt, "a Chonáin," aṙ ré, "ir ḟíor gur mór t'ḟala-ra ċugam-ra; gidéad dá mo cuṁain leat an tan nó ainceaṙ tu ḟéin agaṙ do bean-ċéile aṙ báṙ, aṙ ṙnamaḋ cáiṙdiṙ dúinn, go naib do ċéile ri taob-ṫnom tonnaċ ró an am rin, agaṙ do naiṙgeaṙa an toirṙiċior rin dam ḟéin, agaṙ d'a mo 'mac do biaḋ aici a beiṫ an Fhiannaiḋe, agaṙ d'a mo inġíon do biaḋ aici, a learúġaḋ go maiṫ ro mo ċoinne; agaṙ d'a mo dionġbála ḋaṁ í, a beiṫ ina mnaoi agam, agaṙ muna m-biaḋ, go d-tiobṙainn do ṫaoiseaċ Féinne dam' ṁuinṫiṙ í; agaṙ do ċíḋim gur dionġbála ḋaṁ ḟéin anoir í, agaṙ ir d'a tabaiṙt táinġaḋ do'n dul ro, agaṙ ní d'iarṙaiḋ oiḋeaċt." "Léig aṙ, a Fhinn," aṙ Conán, "oir ní mó ṙiocṙa do ṁeanmain ḟéin na ṙiṙ an b-ḟean d'ár ṙnamaḋ an inġíonṙa." "Cia é ḟéin i?" aṙ Diorṙaiġ. "Fáṫa mac Abric[1], eaḋon mac ríġ Eaṙa Ruaḋ," aṙ Conán. "Oṙt do ġoin agaṙ do ġnaiṙ," aṙ Diorṙaiġ, "ba ċóir an teanġa ṫuiṙleaċ ṫaṙṙṙna taṙ a d-táinig an t'ainn-ġlór rin, do ólúiṫ agaṙ do ólan-ġeanṙaḋ, agaṙ deoċa daor-báiṙ d'imiṙt oṙt; óir d'a g-cuṙṫaoi Tuaṫa De Danann uile a g-coṙṙ aon duine do b'ḟeaṙṙ Fionn 'na é." "Léig aṙ, a Dhiorṙaiġ?" aṙ Fionn, "óir ní d'ionaṙbáda ṫáinġamaiṙ, aċt do ṫabaiṙt muna linn, agaṙ do béaṙam í d'a mo olc no maiṫ ne Tuaṫa De Danann é." "Ní déanṙa ionaṙbaḋ na imṙeaṙán ṙiot," aṙ Conán, "aċt geaṙa[2] naċ ṙulaṅgaid ḟíor-laoiċ

[1] Abṙaic mac bṙic was a powerful chief of the Tuatha Dedanans of ear Aeḋa Ruaḋ, or Easroe, literally, the "cascade of Red Hugh," near Coleraine, county of Derry. The greatest enmity always existed between the Tuatha Dedanans, and the other inhabitants of Ireland: as indeed there generally does between a conquered race and their conquerors, in all countries.

[2] Geaṙa naċ ṙulaṅgid ḟíor-laoiċ, i.e. a certain penalty under which no

mantle, bound above her fair breast with a bodkin of bright silver, enveloped her.

At length, Fionn addressing Conan, said, "O Conan, it is very true that the malice you entertain towards me is great indeed; nevertheless, you may remember the time when I saved yourself and your wife from death, and that we then cemented a bond of friendship between us to this effect:—your wife was then with child, and you promised me the gift of the infant, on condition that if it proved to be a boy, he should be enrolled in the Fenian ranks; but if it should be a girl, you were bound to educate her in a befitting manner for me, so that if she proved duly qualified, I should take her to wife; if not, I should bestow her on some Fenian chief among my people. I can now perceive she is quite befitting myself, and, therefore, it is to claim her I am come, and not to seek hospitality from you." "Cease, O Fionn," said Conan, "for you do not esteem your own worth more than does the man to whom that maid is betrothed." "Who is he?" enquired Diorraing. "Fatha Mac Abhric, son of the king of Easroe," replied Conan. "On yourself be the fault of your wounds and danger," cried Diorraing; "that glib, ill-spoken tongue, which has given expression to such uncalled-for words, should be silenced and cut out, and the potion of a guilty death doled out to you; for were all the worth of the Tuatha Dedanans concentrated in the body of one man, Fionn would prove a better man than he." "Be silent, Diorraing," said Fionn, "for we have not come here to commit a carnage, but to get a wife, and we shall have her, no matter whether the Tuatha Dedanans like or dislike it." "I do not mean to hold a contention or quarrel with you," said Conan, "but I bind you

true champion would suffer himself to abide; Conan did not state what the nature of that penalty was, but it was well known that the threat of imposing it implied some hard conditions degrading to a knight who had no power, under the then existing laws of chivalry, to resist, or refuse

ort muna n-innrir ḋaṁra gaċ ní ḃur cuṁain riot ḋ'a ḃ-fiafraḋ ḋíot?" "Inneóraḋ," ar Fionn, "Maire," ar Conán, "Inir ḋam an ċéaḋ ainim agar an ḋara ainim tugaḋ ort, agar an áit iona n-ḋearnair do ċéaḋ ṡnáṁ agar do ċéaḋ ċreaċ, agar creaḋ fáċ ar linge léim na Brice Bloiġe[1] gaċa bliaḋain?" "Inneóraḋ féin rin duit, a Chonáin," ar Fionn. "Glarḋioġuin[2] mo ċéaḋ ainim, agar Gíolla an Chuarain[3] m'ainim na ḋiaiġ rin; agar ag Tiobruid Chriċinne[4] do leaṫ-taoiḃ rléibe Smóil[5] do rinear mo ċéaḋ ṡnáṁ; agar an ṗrarlaċa[6] gona dá éan ḋéag mo ċéaḋ ċreaċ, ag Dun Baoi,[7] rir a náiḋtion Dun an Bhroġa ṫear;[8] agar ar é fáṫ fo linglim léim na Brice Bloiġe gaċa bliaġain; an ċéaḋ lá do rgarar lem' buime, eaḋon, Boġṁuin,[9] ar na marḃaḋ re Clanna Móirne, do

to submit to the conditions. The words geir and gearra have many significations in Irish; the acceptation of the term is now, for the most part, among the Irish speaking portion of the people, a supernatural bond, or enchantment.

[1] léim na brice bloiġe, i.e. *the leap over the chasm of the Brice.* This place is unknown to the editor unless it refers to a small rivulet named Brickey, which runs through the parish of Whitechurch, by Knockane, Mount Odel, Carricklea, &c., and falls into the sea at Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford. Perhaps the chasm referred to is at Two-mile-bridge, on the road between Dungarvan and Youghal, through which this rivulet runs.

[2] Glarḋíoġain signifies the invulnerable Glas.

[3] Gíolla an Chuarain. i.e. *the boy or wight of the excavation.* The Fenian leader was so called in his youth, because he had been bred up by his foster-mother, Boghmuin, in the hollow of an oak, in order to avoid the vengeance of the clans of Moirne, and other enemies of his father. Tradition also states that the faithful nurse did not decide on the name she should give him, until after he vanquished the royal youths of Tara at manly exercise, and the monarch's curiosity was so much excited to know his name and parentage, that he exclaimed, "cia an fionn-ġeir ud a ruc buaḋ air na h-óġaiḃ ríoġa, i.e. who is that *fair-haired* boy, who has carried away the palm of victory from the royal youths?" bheirim buiḋe rir na Deiḃ, i.e. "I return thanks to the gods," exclaimed Boghmuin, grasping hold of her foster-son, casting him on her

under *geasa* which 'true heroes never would bear,' if you do not answer, to the best of your memory, all the questions I will propose." "I will answer them," replied Fionn. "Well then," said Conan, "Tell me the first and second names by which you have been known; also the name of the place where you first swam (bathed), what was the first booty you took, and why you made the leap of Brice Bloighe every year." "I will tell (all) those, O Conan," said Fionn. "Glasdiog-huin was my first name; I was afterwards known by the name of Giolla-an-chuasain; it was in the fountain of Crithinn, by the side of Sliabh Smoil, that I first swam; a widgeon and her clutch of twelve young birds, which I captured at Dun-Boi, which is now called Dun-da-bhrugha in the south, was the first booty that I took. The reason why I am bound to make the leap of Brice Bloighe every year is this:—The first day I separated from Boghmuin, my foster-mother, when she had

shoulders and taking to flight, "ꝑuṙ cuꝑaḃ ainm oṙc fa ḃeóiꝑ, ⁊ ꝑṙê an c-ainm a ḃior oṙc an ꝑeaḃ do ḃeaċa ê, i.e. that you have obtained a name at last, and it shall be the name for you during your life." But as there were other distinguished persons of the name of Fionn, before the birth of the son of Cumhall, this appears to be a modern fabrication, as probably the name Fionn was more a title of honour, like Pharaoh, Caesar, &c., than a name common to many after that of Cumhall's son.

[4] Ciobṙuiḃ Chṙiṫinne. The well or fountain of Crithinne.

[5] *Sliaḃ Smóil.* Mountain of the thrush, a mountain in the county of Tipperary.

[6] Ṗṙaṙlaċa, i.e. the plump or neat duck, the widgeon; this first prey made by the noble youth appears very insignificant, if we do not consider the great difficulty of capturing an old bird with her clutch; there may be some mythic meaning in the story.

[7] Dún baoi. *Dunboy*, the stronghold of the O'Sullivans Beare, of the race of Eibhear. It was originally part of Corca Laidhe, the territory of the O'Driscolls. See O'Sullivan Beare's Hist. Cath. Iber. lib. VIII., c. 3, and *Pacata Hibernia*, Vol. 2, p. 563, Four Masters, A.D. 1602.

[8] Dún an ḃṙuġa ċeaṙ. Dun of the Brugh in the south.

[9] Doġmuin was the *eachlach* (courier) to Cumhall, and when he was going into battle he was charged to take care of the daughter of the

glacar feacran rligge go raing Luachair Deagaid tear[1], agar ní raib d'éadach umum acht fonair do chroiceannaib fiad agar fearbóg; agar fós, do bí ainím eile orm fá'n am fin, eadon, Gíolla na g-Croiceann[2]; agar do chonairc dá oireachtar air dá cairn cóin-anda ór coinne a céile, eadon, oireachtar fíorinnireach fear, agar oireachtar blaith-niamda ban, agar faill doirinn duaibreach at-fuachtain, agar gleann fseó-gaothnar grianneamail eadtorra; agar tánagra cum oireachtair na n-ban, agar d'fiafraigior díob cread fáth a rabadar fan g-cóndail fin leat air leat?" D'innfeadar dam gur ab é Séadna mac Cairrill[3] mac Criomhthann, eadon, mac rígh Chiarraidhe Luachra,[4] tug fruit feirce agar tuile thorn-gráid do Dhonairt ingion Dhaire, a Síth Daire[5]; agar gur ab í coinnte do fír air an léim do tabairt gacha bliagain[6]:

Druid Tadhg, who was pregnant, and when the child should be born, to carry it into a sequestered wood, so that his enemies would have no opportunity of injuring it. Boghmuin performed these sacred duties with the utmost fidelity. Vide Cath Chnoca, (Battle of Castleknock).

[1] Luachair Dheagaidh tear. Luachair Deaghadh, in the south, a district in the county of Kerry.

[2] Gíolla na c-croiceann. i.e. *Wight of the hides*, because his garments were made of the skins of the roebuck and deer: considering the secluded life he was obliged to lead in his youth, it was almost impossible he could procure any other kind of clothing.

[3] Séadna mac Criomhthann. Sedna the son of Cairrioll, the son of Criomhthann.

[4] Ciarraidhe Luachra. A district in Kerry which takes its name from Ciar, one of its ancient kings.

[5] Síth, or Síth Daire. The mansion or fortress of Daire or Darii.

[6] Gacha bliadain. This was a rather curious feat which the fair one required from her lover; the thing savours much more of some old pagan rite, than of any rational demand. This is the more likely when we bear in mind the traditions associated with so many localities where extraordinary leaps are said to have been made; such are our léim a n-eich, (steed's leap), léim Chuchulainn (Cuchullainn's leap, at Loop Head), &c., and the wonderful leap made by the giant in our text, over the arm of the sea at Howth, when pursued by Fionn and the Fenians. But if any

been slain by the clan of Moirne, I lost my way, and strayed to Luachar Deghadh in the south. I wore no other clothing at the time, but a garment made of the skins of the deer and roebuck; and I was then called by another name also, that is Giolla-na-g-Croiceann. I saw two different assemblies met on two high carns opposite each other: one was an assembly of comely men, and the other was composed of beautiful blooming women: there was a high terrific precipice on each side, and a windy, formidable valley between. I proceeded to the female assembly, and enquired the reason why they assumed that separate position. They informed me that Seadna Mac Cairrioll, son of Criomthann, king of Kerry Luachra, was seized by a current of affection and a torrent of deep love towards Donait, daughter of Daire of Sith Daire; and that the condition she required of him was to leap (over the valley) every year, but

doubt, as to the mythic nature of the transaction, existed, the solemn injunction imposed upon Fionn to perform the leap every year, would entirely remove it. There is a tradition extant which ascribes the cause of Fionn's death to his neglect of performing that annual rite or duty, and another which records his death in attempting to leap over the dark, terrific chasm, after having neglected to do so till after the expiration of a year and a day. There is a deep glen called *Gleann Dealgain* the (Glen of the river Dealgan), in the county of Waterford, about three miles distant from the town of Dungarvan, on the Waterford road, where it is traditionally related that Fionn Mac Chumhaill made an extraordinary leap on every May-day morning. The stupendous depth of the place is fearful to behold when compared with the narrow expanse at the top; and it is said that Fionn was under a *geasa* (pledge) to leap this Glen forwards and backwards before sunrise on the mornings of May-day; but that on a certain morning, as he was on his way to make the leap, he met a red-haired woman milking cows on the way-side, from whom he asked a drink, which she sternly refused, not knowing who it was that asked her for it. When Fionn found his request refused, he foresaw that his days were numbered, and he cursed the red-haired woman; but nevertheless he made towards the glen, which he leaped forward; but in leaping it backwards he fell into the glen, and the imprint of his hands, knees, &c., are still visible on a greenish stone, which lies in the bottom of the glen. From this circumstance it is said and believed by the pea-

agus nuair ċig sé go bruaċ na ḟaille locan an léim air. D'ḟiafraiḋeadh an b-faoiḋfeaḋ sí rud an tí do béarla an léim? Adúbairt sí naċ faca sí aon ḟear riaṁ ba ṁeasa ḟorraḋ agus éadaċ 'ná mise, agus ní dúbairt sí olc riem' ḋeilb, agus adúbairt, d'a d-tugainn an léim go b-faoiḋ-feaḋ liom. Is ann sin tugadh bog-bearrúġaḋ orm féin a meaḋan mo ċroiceann, agus do ṡgúċas an ḟaill ar mo ċúl, agus tánaḋ am ċóṁ-ruaḋar raiṫe ċum na ḟaille, gur linneas do léim lán-lúṫṁar eadar-buaiseaċ éadtrom tar an b-faill a núi; agus tugas an dara léim tar m'ais, agus do béarruinn í ní ba ṁionca d'a mo ál liom féin. Is ann sin d'éirġiḋ Donaiṫ dam' ionnsaiḋe agus do radaiḋ a lán ṁ fám' brágaiḋ, agus do ċoirbir teora póg ḋam, agus do buain mo ċroiciann díom, agus tug éadaċ mo ḋionḃála ḋam, agus do ruig lé d'a tiġ féin mé an oiḋce-rin; agus d'éirġior go moċ, ar na ṁáraċ, agus do nasg siri orm an léim do ṫabairt gaċa bliaġain: gur ab í sin an ċeist do ċuirir orm a Chonáin," ar Fionn.

"Beir buaḋ agus beannaċt," ar Conán, "óir is fear fearaċ fíor-eólaċ tu, agus is úr-ġárdúġaḋ meanman agus aigeanta ḋam ḃeiṫ ag éirdeaċt riot; agus innis ḋam anois cia an laoċ d'Fhiannaiḃ Éirionn, linnear tar a liacc agus tar a leaṫ féin gaċa laoi; agus gur ab í a ingion a ṁáṫair, agus é ag iarraiḋ éirice[1] agus ionnċloinni ar an b-fear do ṁarḃaiḋ é, agus é féin beó[2]?"

santry that it is unlucky to meet a red-haired woman, before any one else, in the morning; and we knew many people, who, if a red-haired woman be the first person they meet in the morning, will turn home and defer their journey to the next day, even if their business be of the greatest importance.

[1] Éiric. *Eric* was a fine paid either in money or goods, for an alleged trespass or loss. According to the old laws the penalty of death, due to the law by a murderer, was allowed to be commuted to an *eric* or fine, to be paid to the next of kin of the murdered. Hence, this man was demanding *eric* for the death of his father.

that when he came to the brink of the precipice he baulked the leap. I enquired if she would accept the hand of any other person who would perform the leap; she replied that she never saw a man who wore worse clothing than I did; but she found no fault with my personal appearance; and she said that if I would make the leap, she would accept me. Thereupon, I tucked myself up in the midst of my skins, then proceeding to the steep behind me, I took my race to the margin of the precipice, and sprang over in a truly swift, scientific manner to the opposite side. I then made a second leap back, and could have leaped over it oftener, if I had chosen. Donait, thereupon, came to meet me: she threw her arms around my neck, and thrice kissed me. She stripped me of my skins, gave me fit clothing, and brought me to her own house that night. As I arose early the next morning, she bound me under an obligation to perform that leap every year. So, Conan," said Fionn, "there is your question answered."

"Win victory and blessings," said Conan, "because you are truly an intelligent and learned man, and it contributes much to my satisfaction and amusement to listen to you: but now tell me who among the Fenian heroes is he, who leaps over his own grave-stone and *leacht* every day; whose own daughter is his mother, and who is demanding *eric* and reparation from the man who killed him though he is himself alive?"

[2] beó, *alive*. This story of the vital spark having assumed human flesh again, is connected with the doctrine of transmigration of souls, believed in by the Irish pagans. The argument is, that he was Daelgas himself, because it was the vital spark or spirit of Daelgas that flew into the mouth of his mother, and yet, as though he was not Daelgas himself but another being animated by his spirit, he sought reparation for the death of that same Daelgas whom he considered to have been his father, merely because he assumed human flesh a second time. Similar in some measure to this is the story of the queen of Ireland and the salmon of the Boyne. Vide *Transactions of the Ossianic Soc. vol.* I. *p.* 28.

"Innesfad féin fin duit," ar Fionn. "Aon do laeċib tapla imṡeaṡan idir dá ṫaoiseaċ Féinne dam' ṁuintir-ri ṗá ċóiṁ-ġleic dá ċon, eadon, Orcur mac Criomṫainn agus Daolgas mac Cairpill Cair; agus ní ṡabaṡa san m-baile ná luċt eadṡanna eile d'Fhiannaib Éireann an lá sin, agus do ṫuit Daolgas ann. Is ann sin táinig ingíon aluinn aonṫúġaḋ do ḃí ag Daolgas ór a ċionn; agus do ċrom d'a ṗóga, gur linig caor ċroiḋeaṡg as a ḃéal iona ḃéal sin, gur ba taoḃ-ṫrom tonnaċ dá éis sin í, go ruig gein leaṫan-ṁullaiġ ṁic an aimsir a ionnḃúḋa; agus ó naċ fuiṫ ainim eile dó, tugaḋ ainim aṫair air, agus do h-oileaḋ agus do leasuiġeaḋ go maiṫ go ceann a ṡeaċt m-bliaġan é; agus is do'n ċéad ṡabṡa baoise do sin, ḃeiṫ ag léimniġ tar a liacc agus tar a leaċt féin; agus tá a ṁu ag iarraiḋ éirice air Orcur mac Criomṫainn, gur ab é sin fuasglaḋ do ċeasta, a Chonain," ar Fionn.

"Beir buaḋ agus beannaċt," ar Conán, "agus abair liom anois, a ṡlaiṫ Fhéinne, cia is feasir agus is measa, cia is mó agus is lúġaḋ, cia is luaiṫe agus is maille, a ḃ-Fiannaiġeaċt?"

"Aeiri féin is feasir," ar Fionn, "agus Deasa Duḃ[1] ó Dhuḃ-ṡliaḃ[2], duine ar measa ḋíoḃ; óir ní dúḃairt siaṁ aon ṡocal ne neaċ aċt aiṫis nó imḋeasgaḋ; agus an tá ċíoṡeaḋ ar céḋloṅgaḋ é, ní ḋéanaḋ a leas an lá sin; agus Liagán Luaimneaċ ó Luaċair Dheaġaiḋ[3], duine as luaiṫe ḋíoḃ; agus Lise Leisgeaṁail[4], gíolla teine ċoise na h-Alṁuine, duine as maille ḋíoḃ; óir as é siubal laoi saṁsa as mó do sin siaṁ, teaċt ó'n d'tobar atá a

[1] Deasa Duḃ, was a member of the Fenian forces, but his name is seldom found in Fenian narratives or poems.

[2] Duḃṡliaḃ. The black or dark mountain.

[3] Luaċair Dheaġaiḋ. A large district of country that comprises the baronies of Clanmorris, Irachticonor, Tuaghanaicme, and Magonihy in the county of Kerry. It was so called from Deaghadh Mac Siun, an Ernanian.

"I will tell you about that," said Fionn:—"Two Fenian chiefs of my people, namely, Oscur son of Criomthann, and Daolgas son of Cairrill Cas, one day quarrelled about a fight that occurred between two dogs; and I was not at home on that day, nor any other of the Fenians who could have interfered to any purpose; and Daolgas was slain on that occasion. The beautiful, marriageable daughter of Daolgas, came over him, and having stooped down to kiss him, a red spark of fire flew from his mouth into hers, and she became pregnant in consequence, and brought forth a broad-crowned son, in due time; and, since no other name was found for him, he was called by the name of his father. He was nurtured in a fitting manner, until his seventh year; and the first feats of youthful folly that he performed was to leap over his own grave-stone and *leacht*: he is now demanding *eric* from Oscur son of Criomthann, so there is your question answered for you, O Conan," said Fionn.

"Win victory and blessings," said Conan, "and tell me now, O Fenian Prince, who are the best and the worst; who the largest and the smallest; who the swiftest and the slowest men in the Fenian ranks."

"I myself," replied Fionn, "am the best man; Deara Dubh from Dubh-Shliabh is the worst man among them; for he never yet spoke a word to any person, except reproach and provocation; and whoever, while fasting, saw him in the morning, could do no good during that day. Liagan Luaimneach (the swift), from Luachair Dheaghaidh, is the swiftest among them; and Life Leisgeamhuil (the slothful), the fire lighter (stoker) of Almhain, is the slowest among them; for it is the longest journey he ever made, during the length of a

[4] Life Leisgeamhail, was another Fenian undistinguished in the records or traditions of Ireland; he appears to have been the deity of sluggards; 'tis more than probable that the river Liffey takes its name from him.

n-doṙaṙ na h-Alṁuiṅe[1] ʒuṙ a leabaḋ ṙéiṅ a d-tiʒ na bṙuiʒṅe, "agaṙ Daolʒaṙ mac Dub-ʒoile, duiṅe aṙ aoiṙde ḋíoḃ; agaṙ mac Ṁíṅe, eaḋoṅ, an t-aḃac beaʒ, duiṅe aṙ lúʒaḋ ḋíoḃ: ʒuṙ ab é riṅ ṙuaṙʒlaḋ do ċeiṙte, a Choṅáiṅ," aṙ Fionn, "agaṙ ṅá bíoḋmaoid maṙ ro ṅí ḃuṙ mo; má tá luċt oiṙṙide ṅó ealaḋan aguiḃ tuʒṫaṙ ċuʒaiṅṅ iaḋ; ḋiṙ ṅí ʒṅáṫaċ liomṙa beiṫ aon oiḋċe ʒan ceol."

"Innir uaiṫ ḋam cṙeaḋ iaḋ na ceoil ir binne leat ṙuaṙair riaṁ?" aṙ Conáṅ.

"Inneóṙaḋ," aṙ Fionn. "An tan to ḃí ṙeaċt ʒ-caṫa na ʒṅáiṫ Fhéinne air aon ṁáʒ, agaṙ tóʒḃaid a ʒ-cṙaṅṅ-ʒoil[2] ór a ʒ-ceaṅṅaiḃ; agaṙ ʒluairior an ʒaoċ ʒlóṙaċ ʒáibṫeaċ ʒlaṅ-ṙuaṙ, triocha agaṙ táṙṙa, ir ṙó binn liom riṅ; agaṙ an tan oirleaʒṫaṙ teaċ n-óla aguinn a n-Alṁuin, agaṙ an tan ḋáilid na dáileaṁain na coṙainn caoṁ-ʒlana do ṁaiṫib na Féinne, an blorʒ-béim beirid a n-deire riṅ áʒ buain ṙá ḃóṙdaib na Bṙuiʒṅe, ir ṙó binn liom riṅ. Ir binn liom ṙoʒaṙ ṙaoileann, agaṙ coiʒidil na ʒ-coṙ, agaṙ ṙuaim toinne Tṙáiʒ-líḋe, agaṙ aḃṙán tṙí mic Meaṙḋa[3]; agaṙ ṙead ṁic Lúʒaid, agaṙ dóṙd[4]

[1] Alṁain. Now Allen, the palace of Fionn Mac Cumhaill, situated in the county of Kildare. It is a notorious fact, that whenever Macpherson met this word he changed it into Albain, (Scotland).

[2] Cṙaṅṅʒoil or Cṙaṅṅʒail, in the modern acceptation of the word, means palings, set up as a protection to prevent trespass upon any place, or a stockade; it is derived from cṙann *a shaft*, and ʒoil *battle*.

[3] Tṙí mic Meaṙḋa. Three sons of Meardha. The Editor does not remember having met any extract calculated to reflect light on the three sons of Meardha, unless Meaṙḋa was another name of Manaṙ which is most probable for the following reason:—Aeḋ Oiṙṙiḋ, the Irish Orpheus, was usually called Mac Manair by our bards. We are informed in an old tract entitled Caċṫa Mhuiṙeaḋaiċ, now in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, that Oirfidh had been pursuing his studies at Síʒe, the Tuatha Dedanan druidical academy in Connacht, when he was informed that his father had been slain in the battle of Goria in Lochlan, by the king of that country: it happened that the three sons of that

summer's day, to walk from the fountain at the gate of Almhuin to his own bed in the house! Daolgas son of Dubhgoile is the tallest man; and Mac Minne, the little dwarf, is the smallest man among them. This, then, is the solution of your query, O Conan," replied Fionn; "but let us not continue as we are any longer; if you have musicians, or skilled performers, let them be brought forward, for it is not my habit to pass any one night without music."

"Tell me," said Conan, "which are the sweetest strains you ever enjoyed."

"I will tell you," replied Fionn. "When the seven constant battalions of the Fenians assemble on our plain and raise their standards of chivalry above their heads, then when the howling whistling blast of the dry, cold wind, rushes through them and over them, that is very sweet to me. When the drinking hall is furnished in Almhuin, and the cup-bearers hand the bright cups of chaste workmanship to the chiefs of the Fenians, the ring of the cups, when drained to the last drop, on the tables of the *Bruighin,* is very sweet to me. Sweet to me is the scream of the seagull, and of the heron, the roar of the waves on Traigh-lidhe (Tralee), the song of the three sons of Meardha, the whistling of Mac Lughaidh, the Dord of Fearsgaradh, the

king had been his fellow students at the same time. To be avenged for the death of his father, the fairy princess Iflnn, who had been a dear friend of his father, presented him with a golden lyre or harp; amongst the extraordinary and supernatural powers possessed by this lyre, was that of causing such as heard its peculiar plaintive strains, to die within the space of one year after. Oirfidh contrived to play upon his lyre for the sons of the king of Lochlin, who accordingly died. The plaintive strains of Mac Manair, i.e. Sianta fige mic Manain, were a warning of speedy dissolution to such as heard them. We find, in the MS. account of the battle of Magh Muirtheimne, that Cuchullainn frequently complained that his death was inevitable since he heard the mournful strains of Oirfidh's lyre.

[4] Dóid or Dóid fiann. The horn or trumpet used by the Fenians.

Fearrgarraiḋ, agar gairḃ na cuaiġe an ċéad ṁíora do ṡáṁna; agar rgeaṁġoil na muc a maġ Eitne[1]; agar nuall na rgol a n-Doirre[2]," agur a dúbairt an Laoi :—

Dóiṁ na feaḋa barr-ġlas,
Dan-díġ coinne ag buan ne triaġ;
No foġairt coinne Triaġ-líġe,
Buaint ríor an lae n-brig n-bain.

Triar ṫanaic 'r an ḃ-Féinn,
Fear díoḃ réiṁ, ir fear díoḃ borb;
Fear oile ag airíoṁ na neóll,
Ba binne 'na gaċ ceól a t-coraḋ.

An roinnta glas air an muir,
An uair nać fażaiḋ fear a lorg;
Lionṫan do beir iarg i d-tír,
Ceól a ċodalta, binn a t-coraḋ.

Fearġaill mac Fhinn, fear ba dian,
Fada a léim, leaḋair a lorg;
Níor ċum rgél 'na'r rgaeil a rúin.
Ceól coblata lion a ċoraḋ.

"Beir buaḋ agar beannaċt," ar Conan, "agar innir ḋam anoir gaċ duine d'éaruir nó d'ionṁċáinnir riaṁ: cia an duine ċuaiḋ air aon ċoir, agar air aon láiṁ, agar air aon t-rúil, do ṫora a raṫa; agar do rin a luaḋar ó Fhiannaiḃ Eirioinn; agar cread fó n-abaraṫ an gnáiṫ-ḟocal ro, 'mar ruġaḋ Roc[3] go teaċ Fhinn?'"

"Inneórad rin duit," ar Fionn. "Aon do laeṫiḃ d'a n-deaċara agar maiṫiḃ na Féinne go Teaṁair Luaċra, agar ní ḃ-fuarramair d'ḟiaċ an lá rin, aċt laoġ allta, agar do bruṫaiḋe é, agar tugaḋ ċúgamra d'a roinn é, agar tugar a ṫoġa do gaċ taoiseaċ Féinne ḋe, agar ní ráinig mé féin aċt a ċolpa, fá ḋeoiġ; agar táinig

[1] Maġ Eiṫne. The plain of Eithne.

[2] Nuaill na rgol a n-Doirre. *Loud laughter in Derry.* This passage may also be translated *the hum of the schools in the oak wood*, which may

voice of the cuckoo in the first month of summer, the grunting of the hogs on Magh Eitne, and the echo of loud laughter in Derry." And he sung this Lay :—

The Dord of the green-topped woods,
The dashing of the wave against the shore;
Or the force of the waves at Tralee,
When they meet the Lee of the white trout.

Three (men) who joined the Fenians,
One of them was gentle, one was fierce;
Another was contemplating the stars,
They were sweeter than any melody.

The azure wave of the ocean,
When a man cannot distinguish its course,
A swell that sweeps fish upon dry land,
A melody to lull to sleep—sweet its effect.

Feargaill, son of Fionn, a man quick in execution,
Long and smooth the career of his glory,
Never composed a melody which did not reveal his mind,
A lulling repose to me were his strains.

"Win victory and blessings," said Conan, "and tell me now the names of all those whom you have ever satirised or dispraised—who was the man that, having only one leg, one arm, and one eye, escaped from you in consequence of his swiftness, and outstripped the Fenians of Eire, and why is this proverb used, 'As Roc came to the house of Fionn?'"

"I will tell you that," said Fionn. "One day the chief of the Fenians and I went to Teamhair Luachra, and we took nothing in the chace that same day but one fawn. When it had been cooked, it was fetched to me for the purpose of dividing it. I gave a portion of it to each of the Fenian chiefs, and there remained none for my own share but a haunch bone.

be the more appropriate meaning, since we are told that some druids held their academies in groves of oak.

[3] Roc. The Irish Cyclops.

Gobha Gaoithe[1] mac Roinn, agus d'iarr an colpa orthra, agus thugas do é; agus a dúbairt, gur ar roy a rata thugas do é, agus dul ar an b-fairthe, agus ní mór go n-deachaidh leat sligeadh an tan do ruig a bhráthair féin air, éadon, Caoilte mac Roinn, agus tug an colpa thugamsa; agus ní dearnamair d'imreasán ann act rin. Níor chian dúinn mar rin go b-facamair athach mór-choirthigthe chnámhreamhar, dub-dhaibhreach, doi-dhealbhach, ag iomlaith ar aon choir, air aon láimh, agus air aon t-rúsl, ag teacht fa'n láthair, agus beannaigheas dúinn. Fhreagraimis fá'n g-cumha g-céadna é, agus d'fhiafraigheas de cia an áit as a d-tainig? 'Do thoirg mo lúth agus mo láimha, agus mo chleasa, do thánadh,' ar sé, 'agus do chuala nach raibh fan dhomhan duine do b'fhearr uim níbh ná tusa a Fhinn: gur ab uime sin tánadhsa ag iarraidh maoine agus maithiosa orth.' A dúbairt-sa d'a mo liom an bhoth bhraonach uile nach tiobhrainn a bheag ná a mhór do. A dúbairt sé, gur 'bhéagach na daoine a dúbairt nár eastas aon duine riamh.' A dubairt-sa 'd'a mo duine eirion nach earfuinn é.' 'Maireadh,' ar an t-athach, 'tabair an colpa tad' láimh dhamh, agus biadh mo fhlán fó an b-Féinn ina diaigh sin; agus nach léigtheas dam d'atha act faid an cholpa, agus nach gabhtar greim orm nó go d-tugadh an chéad léim.' Ar na chlos sin damhsa, thugas an colpa iona láimh do'n athach, agus linngeas tar ronnadh fhoth-árda an baile;[2] agus théid a muinghin a rata agus a luadhair d'a aon choir ó chách amach. Ar na fhaicsin sin do mhaithibh na Féinne, do linngeadar a n-diaigh an athaigh, agus thánadhsa agus aos ealadhna[3] an baile ar mullach an dúna d'a b-fhéachain, agus

[1] Gobha Gaoithe should be written Gal-gaoithe, *breeze of wind*, because he was so swift of foot that, it is said, he could outrun the March wind. "Iomlas gal-gaoithe air thaebh na tculcha, Galgaoithe floats over the tops of mounds." Vide *Bruighen Eochaidh Bheig Deirg*.

[2] Tar ronnadh fhith-árda an baile, probably means a wooden paling by which the dwellings were defended.

Gobha Gaoithe, son of Ronan, presented himself, and requested me to give him the haunch; I, accordingly, gave it to him: he then declared that I gave him that portion on account of his swiftness of foot: and he went out on the plain, but he had only gone a short distance when Caoilte son of Ronan, his own brother, overtook him, and brought the haunch back again to me, and we had no further dispute about the matter. We had not been long so, when we saw a huge, obnoxious, massy-boned, black, detestable giant, having only one eye, one arm, and one leg, hop forward towards us: he saluted us; I returned the salutation, and asked him whence he came. 'I am come by the powers of the agility of my arm and leg,' responded he, 'having heard there is not one man in the world more liberal in bestowing gifts than you, O Fionn; therefore, I am come to solicit wealth and valuable gifts from you.' I replied, that were all the wealth of the world mine I would give him neither little nor much. He then declared 'they were all liars who asserted that I never gave a refusal to any person.' I replied, that if he were a man, I would not give him a refusal. 'Well, then,' said the giant, 'let me have that haunch you have in your hand, and I will say good bye to the Fenians, provided that you allow me the length of the haunch as a distance, and that I am not seized upon until I make my first hop.' Upon hearing this I gave the haunch into the giant's hand, and he hopped over the lofty stockades of the town: he then made use of the utmost swiftness of his one leg to outstrip all the rest (of the Fenians). When the Fenian chiefs saw that, they started in pursuit of the giant, while I and the band of minstrels of the town went to the top of the

[3] Aos ealadha. *Artists*, consisting of Ollamhs, bards, seanachaidhes, and other classes who professed the arts, sciences, &c. these were in aftertimes, called fleasgaidh ealadha (wand-bearers of arts,) &c., because each professor bore a wand indicative of his calling; this wand was the diploma received, qualifying him to profess his art.

an tan do ċonaiṁcra an t-aṫaċ aġ imṫeaċt uaiṁ a b-fad, do ċuiṁiṡ iomṁa naṫa umum, agar ní nuġar d'arm liom aċt mac an loin am láiṁ, agar tuġar i n-diaiġ ċáiċ, agar nuġar air a n-deire air ṡliab an Ríġ,[1] agar do nuġar ar an d-triian meaḋanaċ díoḃ a Luimneaċ, agar nuġar air ṁaiṫib na Féinne aġ Aṫ Bó,[2] (nir a náiḋtear Aiṫ Luain anluġ); agar do ġabar torać na tóra aġ Rinn an Ruaiġ,[3] éaḋon, láiṁ ḋear ne Cruaċán Chonnaċt; agar ba ġiorra 'na faid uṡċair uaim é; agar náinid an t-aṫaċ nóṁamra do ċóra tiorma tar Éara Ruaḋ ṁic Moḋurnn;[4] agar nó linġeara na ḋiaiġ, agar eirion láiṁ ḋear ne tir timċioll Éirionn go h-Éar Bhinne h-Éadair;[5] agar tuġ an t-aṫaċ léim, agar ba ṡaṁuil ne leim for muir í, agar tuġara ṡíḋe iona ḋiaiġ, go nuġar air ċaol coire air, go d-tuġar ceart a ḋroma ne lár. 'Éaġcóir ḋuit a n-dearnnair, a Fhinn,' ar an t-aṫaċ, 'óir ní riot do rinneara coinġioll, aċt nir an b-Féinn,' A dúbairtra nać ar ṡlán an Fhiann gan me féin. Gairid ḋúinn mar rin go nuġ Liaġan Luaimneaċ ó Luaċair Dheaġaḋ orainn, agar Caoilte mac Ronáin iona ḋiaiġ, agar luaṫa na Féinne, ar ċeanna; agar do ṫaġnadar sleaġ ó ġaċ n-duine aco

[1] Sliaḃ Ríġ. Literally, the mountain of the king.

[2] Aṫ bó. *The Ford of the kine*, possibly so called even before the renowned bull of Ulster, Donn Cuailgne, had stopped, and deposited there a portion of the carcase of his vanquished opponent, the Fionn Badhna, or supernatural bull of Connacht, which he carried on his horns, and in consequence of which the ford obtained the name of Áṫ-an-luain (Athlone), which it retains to this day. Vide *Tain Bo Cuailgne*. If we may come to this conclusion from the nature of our text, it is pretty clear that the place must have been a fane dedicated to the bovine cultus. The dispersion of the members of the famous Connacht bull had some mythic meaning, and was not the consequence of mere chance: it may have been a localization of that of the members of Osiris and Boghman.

[3] Rinn an ruaiġ. Peak or cliff of the chace, probably so called on account of the pursuit of the roe.

[4] Éar Ruaḋ ṁic Moḋurnn, Easroe of the son of Modhurn, who was a famous Druid.

dún to watch their proceedings. When I saw that the giant had outstripped them a considerable distance, I put on my running habiliments, and taking no weapon but Mac an Loin in my hand, I started after the others. I overtook the hindmost division on Sliabh an Righ, the middle (next) division at Limerick, and the chiefs of the Fenians at Ath Bo, which is called Ath-Luain (Athlone), and those first in the pursuit at Binn-an-Ruaigh, to the right hand side of Cruachan of Connacht, where he (the giant) was distant less than a javelin's cast from me. The giant passed on before me, and crossed Eas Roe (now Ballyshannon) of the son of Modhuirn, without wetting his foot: I leaped over it after him. He then directed his course towards the estuary of Binn-Edair, keeping the circuit of Eire to his right hand. The giant leaped over (the estuary), and it was a leap similar to a flight over the sea. I sprang after him, and having caught him by the small of the back, laid him prostrate on the earth. 'You have dealt unjustly by me, O Fionn,' cried the giant; 'for it was not with you I arranged the combat, but with the Fenians.' I replied, that the Fenians were not perfect, except I myself were with them. We had not remained long thus, when Liagan Luaimneach from Luachar Deaghaidh came up to us; he was followed by Caoilte Mac Ronan, together with the swiftest of the Fenians. Each of them couched his javelin, intending to

[5] Cas Bhinne h-Eadair. Estuary at Howth. Binn Eadair is the Irish name of Howth. It was a celebrated spot in the olden time: go Binn-Éadair mic Éadair mic Anloic no ceine an céad long nir an céad gairg-beag nian go h-Éirinn, i.e. (it was at Binn-Eadair of Eadar son of Anloich the first bark and first champion, that ever came to Ireland, landed). Story of Ceacach mac rig na Cualach, (Ceatach the son of the king of the Tulachs). The hill of Howth was a "look-out" station for the Fenians; because any invader, who intended to make an attack upon the palace at Tara, landed here. It was here Fionn Mac Cumhaill and his chieftains were stationed on the "look-out," when they saw the mystical black fog from the east approach, and envelope the whole island.

do ċuir ṫríd an aṫaċ agus a ṁarḃaḋ fám' láṁaiḃ: gíḋeaḋ do ainceas orra é. Gairid go ruġadar tromlaċ na Féinne orruinn, agus d'ḟiafraiḋeadar cread an furraeaċ do ḃí ar an aṫaċ gan a ṁarḃaḋ do láṫair. 'Dob' olc an ċoṁairle rin' ar an t-aṫaċ, 'ór do ṁuirfíḋe duine dob' ḟeárr ná mise am éiric.' Do ċruaḋ-ċuibreaḋ an t-aṫaċ do'n ċor rin, agus níor ċian dúinn go d-tainiḋ Brian Beag O'Buaḋċáin d'ḟóġraḋ fleaġ ormsa, agus ráinġadar an líon rin d'Fhiannaiḃ Éireann leis d'a ṫiġ: do learaġaiḋ teaċ nóla dúinn an tan rin; agus do ṫarraingeadar an t-aṫaċ a rteaċ fó lár an tíġe, agus do ċuireaḋ a b-fiaġnaise ċáiċ é; agus d'ḟiafraiġeadar de cia é féin? 'Roc mac Díocain m'ainim,' ar sé, éaḋon, 'mac do reaċtaire Aonġuis an Bhroġa ṫeas,[1] agus tuġ mo ḃean sruiṫ feirce fíor-aiġṁéil, agus tuile trom-ġráḋ do Sgiaṫ Bhreac ṁic Daṫċaoin, atá ann súd, éaḋon, do ḋalta a Fhinn; agus do ġoill ormsa go mór iri do ḃeiṫ ag molaḋ lúiṫ agus gairge a leannáin, agus na Féinne, ar ċéanna; agus a dúbairsa, go b-fagain féin a céile ċum raṫa, agus Fianna Éireann uile; agus do ġreamaiḋ sire me uime rin; agus ráinacsa gur mo ċaraiḋ ionṁuin Aonġus an Bhroġa, d'a éagcaoine sir, gur ċuir ir na raċtaiḃri me; go d-tuġ foluaḋṁuin gaoiṫe draoiġeaċta[2]

[1] Aonġus an Bhróġa, sometimes called Aonġus Óg mac an Daġdae in our MSS. He was the most renowned druid of the Tuatha Dedanan race. His residence, or rather his druidical academy, was called Brúġ or Bóinn (the Brugh above the Boyne), now called the Temple of New Grange, county of Meath. The word ṫeas (south), is added, because the position of the speaker relative to that of the "Brugh os Boinn," justified it in some measure. Aongus had Brughs in several parts of Ireland. For notices of him, see "Tóruġeaċt Dhiarmuda ⁊ Ghrainne," &c., &c.

[2] Gaoṫ draoiḋeaċta. (Druidical wind). The wind was one of the deities of the pagan Irish.

"Fuam na gaeṫe ruaiḋe nom,
Fuam a ċlonneas tréan ir truaġ;
Gaeṫ a smoltas blaṫ na t-cum,
Meaṫas feana, aṅ ġaeṫ ruaḋ!"

Sean Dan.

drive it through the giant and kill him in my arms, but I protected him from their attacks. Soon after this the main body of the Fenians arrived; they enquired what was the cause of the delay, that the giant had not yet been slain. 'That is bad counsel,' said the giant, 'for a better man than I am would be slain in my *eric*.' We bound the giant strongly on that occasion; and soon after Bran Beag O'Buadhchan came to invite me to a feast, and all the Fenians of Eire, who had been present, accompanied him to his house. The banqueting hall had been prepared for our reception at that time, and the giant was dragged into the middle of the house, and was there placed in the sight of all present. They asked him who he was. 'Roc son of Diocan is my name,' replied he, 'that is, I am son to the Legislator of Aengus of the *Brugh* in the south. My wife poured a current of surprising affection and a torrent of deep love upon Sgiath Breac, son of Dathcaoin yonder, who is your foster son, O Fionn; it hurt my feelings severely to hear her boast of the swiftness and bravery of her lover in particular, and of the Fenians in general, and I declared that I would challenge him and all the Fenians of Eire, to run a race with me; but she sneered at me. I then went to my beloved friend, Aengus of the Brugh, to bemoan my fate; and he metamorphosed me thus, and bestowed on me the swiftness of a druidical wind, as you have seen. This is

The murmuring of the Red Wind from the east,
Is heard in its course by the strong as well as the weak;
A wind that blasts the bottom of the trees,
And withers men, is that Red Wind!

Old Poem.

Hence we see that there was a supernatural agency attributed to the Red Wind from the east by the Irish; in fact the wind being one of the pagan deities, it never lost any of its baneful influences in the popular superstitions of the Celtic race, and charm-mongers attributed much evil influence to its effects, and were wont to conjure it very menacingly in their spells.

fúġam, mar do ċonarcaḃaiṙṙi; agar ar iad ran mo rgêala ḋíḃ,' ar an t-aṫaċ, 'agar ní beag ḋíḃ ar imṙiġ-eaṁuiṙ do ḋíṫ agar do ḋoċar orm.' Jar rin do léigeaḋ an t-aṫaċ ar rúḃal naċ ar ḃ-fear ḋúinn cá'r gaḃaḋ riṙ; gur ab uaiḋ rin atá an rean-ḟocal 'mar ruġaḋ Roc go teaċ Fhinn,' gur ab é rin fuarglaḋ do ċeirte, a Chonáin," ar Finn.

"Beir buaḋ agar beannaċt," ar Conán, "ir mór an t-úṙġáṙḋúġaḋ meanmann agar aigionta a ḃeiṫ ag éir-dioċt riot; agar abair riom anoir cṙeaḋ iad na neiṫe ir ionganta ḋe ran ḃ-Féinn?"

"A ḋéara ḟíṙinne an rgéil rin riot," ar Finn. "O-glaċ bóġar atá ran ḃ-Féinn, agar ní ḋearṙna a ḃ-Fiannaiġeaċt riaṁ laoi ná buain naċ biaḋ do ṁeaḃair aige. Atá ionguna eile aguinn, éaḋon, bean atá agamra le reaċt m-bliaġanna, agar bí rí beó ran lá agar marḃ ran óiḋċe;[1] agar ní h-ionnra liomra bean eile 'ná í. Atá ionguna eile ann, éaḋon, duine áirigṫe ḃíor gaċ ne m-bliaġain ḟiṙṙionn agar buinionn; agar bearṫar clann do an bliaġain ḃíor ḟiṙṙionn; agar beiṙiḋ ḟéin clann an bliaġain a ḃíor iona ṁnaoi. Atá ionguna eile aguinn, éaḋon, rleaġ atá agamra, éaḋon, rleaġ Fhiaċra ṁic Criomṫuinn; agar ní ḋéin uṙcóid i n-diaig a ṙanna; agar ní ṫig beó aon neaċ ḃ'a d-teangṁaḋ í n-diaig a h-úṙlann."

"Beir buaḋ agar beannaċt a riġ Féinne," ar Conán, "ir buaḋaċ meaḃair-ḃéalaċ bínn-ḃriaṫraċ ċanar tu, agar abair liom anoir cṙeaḋ fa n-abarṫar 'oiḋeaċt Fhinn go teaċ Chuanna?' "

"A ḋéara a ḟíṙinne rin riot, a Chonáin," ar Finn.

[1] beó 'ran lá agur marḃ 'ran oiḋċe, i.e. *dead at night and alive in the morning.* This is a myth, and has some meaning which we cannot now fathom. In the Irish Nennius, published by the Archæological Society (p. 206), we find the following, which may be analogous:—"Tri h-ingana la Cluain mic Noir. Fer cen ceno fri feet m-bliadan. Inte

my history for you; and you ought to be well satisfied with all the hurt and injury you have inflicted upon me already.' The giant was thereupon set at liberty, and we could not learn where he betook himself. The proverb, 'As Roc came to the house of Fionn,' has originated from that circumstance; and so that is the answer to your question, O Conan," said Fionn.

"Win victory and blessings," said Conan, "and, as it contributes much to my satisfaction and amusement to listen to you, pray inform me now what are the greatest wonders found among the Fenians."

"I will give you a true account of that," replied Fionn. "There is a deaf man among the Fenians; and there never was a lay or poem composed on Fenian subjects which he has not stored up in his memory. There is another wonder found among us, that is, a woman, who has been my wife during the last seven years, and who is alive by day and dead by night, yet there is no woman I love so well as her. There is another strange wonder, namely, a certain man who is each alternate year a male and female: children are born to him while a male, and he himself bears children while a female. We have another wonder, that is, the spear of Fiachra son of Criomthann, which is in my possession, its point inflicts no injury, yet no person escapes alive against whom it is cast haftwise."

"Win victory and blessings, O Fenian king," said Conan, "it is with clear memory and sweet words you relate these things. Tell me now the meaning of the by-word, 'the hospitality of Fionn in the house of Cuanna.'"

"I will tell you the truth concerning that, O Conan," said

Bucuc a ainm, i Maelcamain. (Three wonders at Clonmacnois. A man without a head during the space of seven years. Inte Bucuc was his name, i.e. Maltamain. We have our stories about Colan gan ceann, and more than this, it has come down to our own time.

"Oiṙṙiṅ, Caoilte, Mac Lúġaiḋ, Diarmuid O'Duibne, agaṙ mise; aoṅ do laeċiḃ ḋúiṅṅ aṅ ṁullaċ Chairṅṅ Ṙeaṙgail, gairṅid ó Luimṅeaċ-amaċ; agaṙ aṅ g-cóig g-coiṅ, éaḋoṅ, Briaṅ, Sgeólaiṅg, Seaṅ Duḃ, Luaiṫ Luaċaiṙ, agaṙ Aṅ-uaill; ṅíoṙ ċíaṅ ḋúiṅṅ go ḃ-ṙacamaiṙ aṫaċ aṫġaṙḃ aṙd-ṁóṙ ċuġaiṅṅ, agaṙ gaḃal iaṙṙaiṅṅ ṙe ṅa aiṙ aiġe, agaṙ muc ag ṙgṙéaċaḋ a ṅ-glaic ṅa gaiḃle;[1] agaṙ iṅġíoṅ óg aoṅtúġaḋ ioṅa ḋíaiġ ag ṙgṙuaba aṅ aṫaiġ ṙoimṙe. 'Neaċ uaiṅṅ d'a ṅ-agallṁa ṙúd' aṙ miṙe, gluairṙioṙ Diarmuid Ó'Duibne ioṅa ṅ-diaiġ, agaṙ ṅíoṙ ċíṅṅ oṙṙa. Eiṙgimṙi iaṙ ṙiṅ, agaṙ aṅ tṙiuṙ eile ḃí am ḟoċaiṙ a ṅ-diaiġ Dhiarmada agaṙ aṅ aṫaiġ, agaṙ ṙuġamaiṙ aiṙ Dhiarmuid, agaṙ ṅíoṙ ċíṅṅ ṙiṅṅ aiṙ aṅ aṫaċ ṅá aiṙ aṅ iṅġíoṅ; óiṙ do ḟeaṙaḋ ceó doilḃṫe dṙaoiġeaċta[2] eidiṙ iṅṅ agaṙ iad; go ṅáṙ ḃ-ḟeaṙ ḋúiṅṅ cá coṅaiṙ ioṅaṙ ġaḃ ṙiad; agaṙ ḟéaċaiṅ d'a d-tuġaṙ ṙeaċam (iaṙ ṅ-glaṅaḋ do'ṅ ċeó) do ċoṅaṙc teaċ coṅuill cíṅṅ-eadṙṙoṁ óṙ imioll aṅ áṫa aṅ ḟoġaṙ; do ċuaḋmaiṙ aṅṅ ṙaṅ teaċ, agaṙ do ḃí ḟaiṫṫe

[1] A ṅ-glaic ṅa gaiḃle. A curious idea—fancy a giant, having a great iron lamp-post tied to his back, and instead of a lamp a grunting hog placed therein; while a sprightly young woman was pushing him on before her with all her might; this is certainly a ludicrous representation of sloth and energy. The pig, to be sure, is a popular emblem of *sloth;* "as large as a pig," is a common phrase. The boar forms a prominent feature in the Hindoo mythology.

[2] Ceó doilḃṫe dṙoiḃeaċta. *The dark mysterious mist of druidism.*—The druids were believed to have the power to conjure into existence mists and fogs. Probably I cannot speak better on this matter than by quoting the following from an old Irish poem, now in my possession:—

"Bu duḃ aṅ ceó ud tadaḋ ḋúiṅṅ,
Aṅ duḃ-ċeo doilḃ ṙíġe ṅa ṅ-dṙuaḋ—
Tuġ ceó ṙmuṙc maṙ ḟallaiṅḋ dúiṅṅ,
Re'ṅ taṙṅgaiṙ ḟeall iṙ beaṙc d'aṙ ṙluaġ.

Rad Caiceṙ dṙai, ṅí ḟulaiṙ ṙiṅ,
Iṙ ioṅḋa laeċ ḃeṙ aṅ iaṙ;
Oiṙ taibṙeaḋ ḋam co tig ṙiṅṅ,
No beṙṙaṙ coiġ do aṙ c-claṙ."

Fionn. "Oisin, Caoilte, Mac Lughaidh, Diarmuid O'Duibhne, and I myself happened one day, above all other days, to be on the summit of Cairn Feargall: we were accompanied by our five hounds, namely, Bran, Sceoluing, Sear Dubh, Luath Luachar, and Anuaill. We had not been long there when we perceived a rough, tall, huge giant approaching us. He carried an iron fork upon his back, and a grunting hog was placed between the prongs of the fork; a young girl of mature age followed and forced the giant on his way before her. Let some one go forward, and accost those (people), said I. Diarmuid O'Duibhne followed, but did not overtake them. The other three and I started up, and followed Diarmuid and the giant. We overtook Diarmuid, but did not come up with the giant or the girl; for a dark, gloomy, druidical mist showered down between us and them, so that we could not discern what road they took. When the mist cleared away, we looked around us, and discovered a light-roofed comfortable-looking house, at the edge of the ford, near at hand. We proceeded to the house,

Dark was that mist that enveloped us,
The black mythic mist of the druids;
It bore a black withering cloud like a mantle over us,
Which portended treachery to our hosts.

Caicer, the druid, said—we cannot avoid it—
Many a champion shall be laid on the plain;
For it has been foretold to me—
That many a sword shall be laid on the plain.

It is said that the *Cailleach Biorar* can call into existence a druidical mist that is fatal to mortals. But it was a druidical mist that gave Fionn the opportunity of foretelling the fate of Ireland.

"Cṙeoḃ ḋo'n ṅeull ḋoṙċa a ċuaṙċ,
Do ṅúċ Éiṙe ṙe h-éṅ uaiṙ?"

Tell us the meaning of this dark cloud from the north,
Which has enveloped Eire in an instant?

Mac Cumhaill's Prophecy.

ṗoṁaiṅṅ agaṛ dá ṫiobṛaiḋ uiṛṫe, éaḋoṅ, tiobṛuiḋ ḃíoḃ agaṛ eaṛgaṛ aṫ-ġaṛḃ iaṛṅuiḋe aiṛ a ḃṛuaċ; agaṛ eaṛcaiṛ úṁa aiṛ ḃṛuaċ aṅ tiobṛaiḋ eile; agaṛ aṛ é do ḃí a ṛtiġ aṛ a g-ciomṅ, oġlaoċ ḟíoṛ-aoṛda ḟionṅ-liaṫ ag leaṫ-uṛṛaiṅṅ aṅ doṛuiṛ d'aṛ láiṁ ḋeiṛ; agaṛ iṅġíoṅ óg-áluiṅṅ iona ṛuiḋe iona ḟoċaiṛ; agaṛ aṫaċ mór aiṅṁíṅ aṫ-ġaṛḃ aṛ ḃṛuaċ teiṅe ag ḃṛuṫaḋ muice; agaṛ ṛgológ doṅṅ-liaṫ do'ṅ leaṫ eile do'ṅ teiṅe agaṛ dá ḟúil déag iona ċeaṅṅ, agaṛ dá ṁac imṛeaṛáiṅ déag aṅ gaċ ṛúil díoḃ; agaṛ do ḃí ṛeiṫe a ṛtiġ agaṛ bolgáṅ geal aige agaṛ ceaṅṅ ciorḋuḃ aiṛ, agaṛ dá aḋaṛc ḋúḃ-ġoṛṁ aige, agaṛ ċeiṫṛe coṛa uaiṫṅe ḟaoi; agaṛ do ḃí cailleaċ a ṅ-iaṛṫaṛ aṅ tíġe agaṛ ionaṛ oġaṛ-ġlaṛ uiṁṛe; agaṛ ní ṛaiḃ do ḃuiḋean ṛaṅ teaċ aċt ṛiṅ; agaṛ ḟáilte ṗoṁaiṅṅ ag óglaoċ na leaṫ-uṛṛaṅ, agaṛ do ḟuiġeaḋṁaiṛ a g-cúigiorṅ ḟoṛ uṛláṛ na ḃṛuiġṅe agaṛ áṛ g-cúig g-coiṅ maille ṛiṅṅ. Déaṅtaṛ úṁal-ḟoṛaiġ d'Fhionṅ ṁic Cúṁaill (aṛ oġlaoċ na leaṫ-uṛṛaṅ) agaṛ d'a ṁuiṅṫiṛ.' 'Fáṫ liom,' aṛ aṅ t-aṫaċ, 'ṅeaċ d'iaṛṛaiḋ aṫċuiṅṅíḋe agaṛ gaṅ a ḃeag ṅá a ṁór do ḋéaṅaṁ aiṛ de,' giḋeaḋ d'éiṛgiḋ iona ḟearaṁ agaṛ do ṛiṅ úṁal-ḟoṛaiġ dúiṅṅ. Ciod tṛáċt táiṅiḋ íota oṛṁṛa aṛ aṅ láṫaiṛ ṛṅ, agaṛ ṅíoṛ aiṛiġ ṅeaċ ṛiṅ oṛṁṛa aċt Caoilte, agaṛ do ḃí d'a éagcaoiṅe go mór. 'Cṛeaḋ aṅ éagcaoiṅe do ġní (aṛ ḟeaṛ na leaṫ-uṛṛaṅ) a Chaoilte, aċt éiṛġe amaċ agaṛ taḃaiṛ ḃeoċ leat aṛ do ṛoġa tiobṛuiḋ 'ṛ aṅ ḃ-ḟaiṫċe ċum Fhiṅṅ?' Do ṛiṅ Caoilte aṁlaḋ ṛiṅ, agaṛ tuġ láṅ na h-earġṛaiḋe úṁa leiṛ agaṛ tuġ ḋaṁṛa í, agaṛ d'iḃiṛ ḃeoċ aiṛṫe, agaṛ do ḃí blaṛ mealla uiṛṫe aṅ ḟeaḋ ḃíoṛ d'a h-ól; agaṛ blaṛ aṅ domblaiṛ aṅ taṅ do ċuiṛṛeaṛ dam ċeaṅṅ í, gur éiṛgiḋ gaeṫe cṛóḋ agaṛ aṛġeaṅṅa aṅ ḃáiṛ dam, agaṛ go d-táṅgadaṛ aicíḋíġe ṅíṁe ċugam; agaṛ ní mór gur ṁioṅṅ-aiṫṅíġeaḋ mé, agaṛ ba mó go mór éagcaoiṅe Chaoilte fá meiṛe ḃeiṫ maṛ ṛiṅ ṅá ḟáṁ' íota roiṁe ṛiṅ; go ṅ-duḃaiṛt óglaoċ na leaṫ-uṛṛaṅ le

before which spread a lawn upon which were two fountains; at the brink of one fountain lay a rude iron vessel, and a vessel of bronze at the brink of the other. Those we met in the house were, an aged hoary-headed man standing by the door jamb to the right hand, and a beautiful maid sitting before him; a rough, rude, huge giant before the fire, busily cooking a hog; and an old man at the other side of the fire, having an iron-grey head of hair, and twelve eyes in his head, while the twelve sons (germs) of discord beamed in each eye: there was also in the house a ram with a white belly, a jet-black head, dark-green horns, and green feet; and there was in the end of the house a hag covered with a dark ash-coloured garment: there were no persons in the house except these. The man at the door-post welcomed us; and we five, having our five hounds with us, sat on the floor of the *bruighean*. 'Let submissive homage be done to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, and his people,' said the man at the door-post. 'My case is that of a man begging a request, but obtaining neither the smaller nor the greater part of it,' said the giant; nevertheless he rose up and did respectful homage to us. After a while, I became suddenly thirsty, and no person present perceived it but Caoilte, who began to complain bitterly on that account. 'You have no cause to complain, Caoilte,' said the man of the door-post, 'but only to step outside and fetch a drink for Fionn, from whichever of the fountains you please.' Caoilte did so, and fetched the bronze vessel brimful to me, and gave me to drink; I took a drink from it, and the water tasted like honey, while I was drinking, but bitter as gall when I put the vessel from my lips; so that darting pains and symptoms of death seized me, and agonising pangs from the poisonous draught. I could be but with difficulty recognised; and the lamentation of Caoilte, on account of my being in that condition, was greater than that he had before given vent to on account of my thirst. The man of the door-post desired Caoilte to go out and bring

Caoilte dul amaċ agaſ beoċ do'n tiobraid eile do ṫabairt ċuigamra: go n-bearraṁa Caoilte aṁla ſin, go d-tuig lán na h-earſgraidhe iarnuidhe ċuigam; agaſ ſ'ne, ſeaḋ a h-ôla ḋam ní b-ſuaraſ do ṫeannta caṫa na coṁlann ſiaṁ beaġ-ḟulaing ba mó liom na ſin le na ſeirbhe; agaſ maſ do ċuireaſ dom' ċeann í, tainiḋ mo ḋaiṫ agaſ mo ḋealb ſéin orm, agaſ ba luinneaċ luaċ-ġairreaċ le m' ṁuinciſ ſin.

"Ir ann ſin d'ḟiafraiḋ ſeaſ an tiġe, 'an bruitte an ṁuc do bí ſan g-coiſre?' 'Ir bruitte,' ar an t-aṫaċ, 'agaſ tabraiḋ a roinn daṁſa?' 'Cread an roinn tugaiſ uirṫe?' ar ſeaſ an tiġe. 'Tugaſ ceaṫraṁaḋ ḋeiſe d'Fhionn agaſ d'a ċoin,' ar an t-aṫaċ, 'agaſ an ceaṫraṁaḋ ḋeiſe eile do ceaṫraſ ôglaoċ Fhinn, agaſ an ceaṫraṁaḋ ḋeiſe dam ſéin; agaſ a droim agaſ a tarſ do'n ſgológ úd ar an d-taoḃ ṫall do'n teine, agaſ do'n ċaillig úd ḟiaſ ir an g-cúil; agaſ a ṫúſ-urgal duiſe agaſ do'n inġion óg úd a t-ſoċairſ.' 'Ir briaṫaſ ḋaṁſa,' ar ſeaſ an tiġe, 'gur maiṫ do roinnir í.' 'Ir briaṫaſ ḋaṁſa, ar an neiṫe, 'gur ab olc an roinn ḋaṁſa í, ôir do ḋearmada mé ſéin uimpe, agaſ agá raiḋ ſin, tug ſíḋe ar an g-ceaṫraṁain do bí ar ḃealaiḃ mo ceaṫrair ôglaoċ ſéin agaſ rug leir ir an g-cúil í, agaſ ró ġaḃ agá h-iṫeaḋ. Ir ann ſin do ġaḃadaſ an ceaṫraſ a n-éinḟeaċt do leiṫ a g-cloiḋiṁe ag lán-buala an neiṫe, giḋeaḋ níor ċuir ſin air, acht aṁuil do ſgiannfeadaoir do ċloċ nó do ċarruig; gur b'éigion dóiḃ ruiḋe iona n-ionad ſéin a ſiſ. 'Dar mo ċúir,' ar an t-ôg-laoċ iona raḃadaſ an dá ḟúil déag, 'ir mairg d'ar ab cuideaċta an ceaṫraſ ôġlaoċ do léigior d'aon ċaeṫa aṁain a g-cuid d'iṫe d'a n-airḋeoin iona b-ſiaġnairſe,' agaſ ar ſin d'éirgiḋ ċum an neiṫe, agaſ gaḃaſ ar a ċoraiḃ é; go d-tug uiṫeaſ ainṁin aṫ-ġarḃ taſ doruſ amaċ do'n neiṫe, go d-tainic ceart a ḋroma ne lár, agaſ ní ḟacamair ó ſin amaċ é. Ir gairid na ḋiaiġ

me a drink from the other fountain. Caoilte obeyed, and brought me the iron vessel brimful. I never underwent so much hardship in battle or conflict as I then suffered, while drinking, in consequence of the bitterness of the draught; but as soon as I put the vessel from my lips, I recovered my own colour and appearance, and that gave joy and happiness to my people."

"The man of the house then asked if the hog which was in the boiler was yet cooked. 'It is cooked,' replied the giant, 'and allow me to divide it.' 'How will you divide it?' said the man of the house. 'I will give one hind quarter to Fionn and his hounds; the other hind quarter to Fionn's four men; the fore part to myself; the chine and rump to the old man, who sits at the opposite side of the fire, and to the hag in yonder corner; and the giblets to you, and the young woman who is opposite to you.' 'I pledge my word,' said the man of the house, 'you have divided it very fairly.' 'I pledge my word,' exclaimed the ram, 'that the division is very unfair, so far as I am concerned, for I have been altogether forgotten.' And so saying, he immediately snatched the quarter that lay before my four men, and carried it away into a corner, where he began to devour it. The four men instantly attacked the ram all at once with their swords, but, though they laid on violently, it did not affect him in the least, and the blows fell away as from a stone or rock, so that they were forced to resume their seats. 'Upon my veracity, he is doomed for evil who owns as companions such four fellows as you are, who tamely suffer one single sheep to carry away your food, and devour it before your faces,' exclaimed the man with the twelve eyes; and at the same time going up to the ram, he caught him by the feet, and gave him a violent pitch out of the door, so that he fell on his back on the ground; and from that time we saw him no more. Soon after this the hag started up, and having thrown her ashy-grey coverlet over my four men,

rin, gur éirgiḋ an ċailleaċ[1] agar gur ċaiṫ a h-ionar oġar-ġlar ar mo ċeaṫrar ógláoċ, go n-deanṁa ċeiṫṁe ṫeanóiṁiḋ criosonna cinn-ṡrle ḋíoḃ! An a ṫaiscin rin damra do ġaḃ uaṁan agar im-eagla mé, agar an tan do ṁaċaiġ ógláoċ na leaṫ-uṁran rin, a dúḃairt liom dul iona ṫarṁad féin agar mo ċeann do ċur iona uċt agar codla. Do rineas: agar d'éirgiḋ an ċailleaċ agar do ḃain a h-ionar dam ċeaṫrar ógláoċ, agar iar n-dúiṫeaċt ḋaṁra ṫuarar iona naċtaiḃ féin iad; agar ba luaṫġáireaċ liomra rin. 'A Ṫhinn,' ar ógláoċ na leaṫ-uṁran, 'an ionġna leatra ruiġe agar óṁdúġaḋ an tiġe so?' Do ḋearḃas nać faca riaṁ ionġna ba ṁo liom féin 'na é. 'Náireaḋ,' inneosad féin a g-ciall rúd duit,' ar an t-ógláoċ. 'An t-aċaċ úd do ċonarcais ar d-tús, agar an ṁuc ag ṡrṁéaċaḋ a n-glaic na gaḃle, a sé rúd ċall é, agar an leirge ir ainim do; agar a rí so am ḟoċairre an inġion do ḃí d'a ṡguaba, éaḋon, an ṁeannmna; agar ṡguaba an ṁeannmna an leirge lé; óir téid an ṁeannmna le prap na súl mar na d-téiḋ an ċor le bliaġain. An ṡgológ[2] úd ċall na súl niaṁḋa, an saoġal ciallaiġṫear ar, agar ir tneire na gać neaċ é; agar d'a ḋearḃaḋ rin do ċuir sé an neiṫe ar neiṁní. An neiṫe úd do ċonarcais, cionnta an duine tuigṫear leis. An ċailleaċ úd ċall, an ċrine i féin, agar ċrion a h-éadaċ do ċeaṫrar ógláoċ; agar an dá ṫiobraid ar ar ibir an dá ḋig, an bréag agar an ḟíriinne[3] tuigṫear arda; óir ir milir le duine an

[1] Cailleaċ, &c. Old age is aptly represented as a withered hag clad in a motley garment. The Hindoos consider that *Cali*, cailleaċ? was *Female Time;* she is represented holding a scimitar in her hand.—*Asiat. Trans.* vol. III. p. 46.

[2] Sgológ, in the present common acceptation of the word, means *farmer;* but it also means *old man.* An old man having twelve glancing vigilant eyes is a beautiful picture of the world.

[3] An bhréag agur an Ṫhíriinne. *Falsehood* and *Truth* are beautifully represented as draughts quaffed by the thirsty from two fountains: the

metamorphosed them into four withered drooping-headed old men! When I saw that I was seized with great fear and alarm; and when the man of the door-post perceived this, he desired me to come over to him, place my head on his bosom, and sleep. I did so; and the hag got up, and took her coverlet off my four men; and, when I awoke, I found them restored to their own shape, and that was a great happiness to me.' 'O Fionn,' asked the man of the door-post, 'do you feel surprised at the appearance and arrangements of this house?' I assured him that I never saw anything which surprised me more. 'Well then I will explain the meaning of all these things to you,' said the man. 'The giant carrying the grunting hog between the prongs of the iron fork, whom you first saw, is he who is yonder, and his name is SLOTH: she who is close to me, is the young woman who had been forcing him along, that is ENERGY; and ENERGY compels SLOTH forward with her; for ENERGY moves in the twinkling of the eye, a greater distance than the foot can travel in a year. The old man of the bright eyes yonder, signifies the WORLD; and he is more powerful than any one, which has been proved by his rendering the ram powerless. That ram, which you saw, signifies the CRIMES of the man. That hag there beyond is withering OLD AGE, and her clothing has withered your four men: the two wells, from which you drank the two draughts, mean FALSEHOOD and TRUTH; for while telling a lie one finds

water of Truth was bitter and disagreeable to the taste but wholesome to the thirsty, while that of *Falsehood* was sweet, but afterwards caused aching pain and torments. Great powers were attributed by the ancients to their sacred fountains. We read in Stanihurst of a well at Old Leighlin, by which people used to swear, when drinking of the water; but whoever had the temerity to swear falsely, the water would spout forth from him as if his entrails had been bored in order to give it a passage. In the Leabar Bneacnach (Irish Version of Nennius, edited by the Rev. Dr. Todd for the Archæological Society, p. 210), we read—"Da copar filed in Aincorlaib o Ard Maca ram; marb fo cecoin in ci blaiser in bala

bréag agá déanamh, agus is fearr fá deoiġ í; agus Cuanna a h-Innisciuil m'aimsiġ féin, agus ní ann so ġnáċ-aiġim beiċ; agus cuġas ġráḋ éagṁaisreaċ duiṫse a Fhinn, an ṁéad h-eagna agus ċ-óirḋearcais, gur ab uime sin do ċuireas is na naċtaiḃ iad an do ċionn, ionus go b-faicfinn tu; agus ba 'oiḋeaċt Fhinn go teaċ Chuanna' aimsiġ an ṡgéilsi go deise an doṁain; agus tabair do ṁuintir a t-foċair fearta, agus codluiġ a g-cúiġios go maidionn.' Agus do rineamair aṁla sin, agus an múrġlaḋ ḋúinn ar í áit a naḃamair, an mullaċ Chairinn Fearġail, agus ár g-coin agus ár n-airm ionár b-foċair. Gur ab é sin fuarġlaḋ do ċeirte a Choináin," ar Fionn, "agus cread do beir ort beiċ mar so gan codla do ḋéanaṁ; óir is fada le fear toċmairce mná gan dul do luiġe léi?"

"Léig ar a Fhinn," ar Conán, "oir is gairid linn beiċ ag caoiṁnear coṁráḋ le ċéile gur d-tárta, agus abair liom anois cá n-dearnaḋ an Doird Fhiann[1] ar d-túr i n-Éirinn, agus cá líon do bí agá déanaṁ?"

"A déarta a ḟíriunne sin riot," ar Fionn. "Trí mic Cearmada Ail-beoil ṁic an Deaġaḋ[2], do rin a

nai. Dia sillten umorno so trí fon sin tapur n-aili acrais con baidi in ti na n-beca, conad air nać lamuid daene a tadall act mineṡ teġmad tnoich." The following is the translation given in that publication.—"There are two wells in Airthera. to the eastward of Armagha. He who tastes of one of them is immediately dead. If the other well is gazed upon three times, it immediately swells and drowns the person who so gazes. Hence it is people dare not touch them, except wretches (i.e. *the desperate)* alone." In a note. Airthera is said to be Oiriar in the county of Armagh, and the wonder is then differently described. "Atait da tibriaid a n-Oirrtearaib i o Aird Maċa soir, in ti ibeas uisci in dara tibriad bid tru, ⁊ bid faeġlach, in ti ibeas aroile, ⁊ ní feas nechtar feċ a ċeile, conad aire sin na laman uirce neċtair dib d'ol." Thus translated :—"There are two wells in Oirthear, viz. east of Ardmacha; the person that drinks the water of one of the wells will be poor, and the person that drinks the water of the other will be rich; and no one

it sweet, but it becomes bitter at the last. Cuanna from Innistuil is my own name; I do not reside here, but having conceived a wonderful love for you, O Fionn, on account of your superiority in wisdom and general celebrity, I therefore put those things into the way before you, in order that I might see you. And this story shall be called, to the end of the world, the Hospitality of Cuanna's House to Fionn. Let you and your men come together, and do ye five sleep until morning.' Accordingly we did so, and, when we awoke in the morning, we found ourselves on the summit of Cairn Feargaill, with our hounds and arms by us. So there is the answer to your question, O Conan," said Fionn; "and what is the reason you remain as you are, and go not to sleep?"

"Cease, O Fionn," replied Conan, "for it seems but a short time as yet that we have been engaged in pleasant conversation; so now tell me, where the Dord Fian was first made in Erin, and how many men were employed in making it."

"I will tell you the truth about that matter," said Fionn. "Eathoir, Ceathoir, and Teathoir, the three sons of Cearmad

knows one of them from the other, and therefore no person dare drink the water of either of them." It would be an almost endless task to enter upon the supernatural properties attributed to lakes, rivers, and wells by the pagans of Ireland, as well as by those of almost all countries of the world. However, to shew that a belief, analogous to that of the ancient Irish, in the supernatural properties of water, still exists in the east, it is sufficient to mention the three lakes in the countries adjacent to the Nile, whose names are derived from *ásru*, *tears*, according to the *Puranas*. The name of the first is *Socásru*, or *Tears of Sorrow*; the second is called *Hershásru*, or *Tears of Joy*, the third, *Anandásru*, or *Tears of inward pleasurable sensation*. There are many strange legends recorded in the Puranas concerning these lakes.—Vide *Asiat. Trans.* vol. III. p. 341. Vide *note infra*.

[1] Dorb Flan appears to have been a wind instrument of music; it is celebrated in all Fenian poems, and supernatural powers are often attributed to its notes.

[2] Tri mic Cearmada Milbeol mic an Dagdae. Tuatha Dedanan chiefs, and, probably, celebrated musicians. Dagdae, in our text corruptly

n-Éirinn,[1] air d-tús í; Eaṫoir, Ceaṫoir, agus Teaṫoir, a n-ainmonna; agus naeṁhair do bí d'a reinim; agus Fáṫa mic Conáin[2] do rine 'na ḋiaiġ rin é; agus naeṁhair do ċanaḋ leis é, nó go raiṁiḋ sé mire; agus caeġaḋ ċanas liomsa é, gur ab é rin fuarġlaḋ do ċeirtse, a Chonáin," air Fionn.

"Beir buaḋ agus beannaċt," ar Conán, "agus iomsir dam anois cairdeaċt Bhriain agus Sgeolaing[3] riot;

Deaġaḋ, was supposed to have been the great deity of the Tuatha Dedanans, or the sun. All the druids of this people were called Clann Dagdae, or Deaghadh, and an individual in the text is called mac an Dagdae, (with the article an) son of *the* Dagdae, a mode of expression in Irish calculated to show that this being was not of the human race. Among the Hindoos, the VIIIth of Cartica, or Aswina, was dedicated to, or called *Daghda*, in a note; the days called *Daghda*, or *burnt*, are variable, and depend on some inauspicious conjunction. Vide *Asiat. Research*. vol. III. p. 263.

[1] Do rinn a n-Éirinn. *Made in Ireland*. From this mode of expression it appears that the bonn fian was not first invented in Ireland.

[2] Fáṫa Conain, a Fenian chieftain.

[3] Brian agus Sgeolaing. Names of Fionn's favourite hounds. Sgeolaing is sometimes written ceólbinn, *sweet-voice*, of which the name in common use is undoubtedly a corruption. On the metamorphosis of human beings into wolves, among the wonders of Ireland (see Leabar Bretnaċ, edited by the Rev. Dr. Todd, *Introduction*, pp. 204, 205). And in a note, another version is given as follows:—"Atair aroile baine a n-Éirinn i ṡil Laiġne Faelaid a n-Ormaiġe, ciagaid a ṁichaib mac Tire, in tan ir ail leo, ⁊ marbaid na h-indile fo ber na mac Tire, ⁊ fagbaid a corpu fein, in tan ciagaid ar na conrachtaib aichmigid dia muintenaib can a corpu do ċumṡcugaḋ, ar dia cumṡcaidtesi ní ḟecfad teacht tairis ar na corpaib; ⁊ dia crachtnaigtesi amuich beid na crechta sin na corpaib andsna ciġaib ⁊ biġ in ḟeoil bearg caiṫaid amuich ana flaclaib." i.e. "There are certain people in Eri, viz. the race of Laighne Faelaidh, in Ossory; they pass into the forms of wolves whenever they please, and kill cattle according to the custom of wolves, and they quit their own bodies; when they go forth in the wolf-forms, they charge their friends not to remove their bodies; for if they are moved, they will not be able to come again into their bodies; and if they are wounded while abroad, the same wounds will be on their bodies in their houses; and the raw flesh, devoured while abroad, will be in their teeth." The account

Milbheoil, son of Deaghadh, were those who first made it in Erin; and nine men were accustomed to play upon it. Fatha son of Conan made it after that, and nine men were wont to perform upon it, until it reached my time, and I employ fifty men to play it: so this is the solution of your question, O Conan," said Fionn.

"Win victory and blessings," said Conan, "and inform me what kindred have Bran and Sceoluing to you, where it was

of two wolves, a man and wife, given by Giraldus Cambrensis, alluded to in the *Introduction*, p. 46, is that they were transformed into wolves every seventh year, in consequence of a curse imposed upon them by St. Naal, or Natalis, Abbot of Kilmanagh in the county of Kilkenny. This Saint flourished in the sixth century, and the cause of the curse, no doubt, if it was ever pronounced against them, was their obstinacy in adhering to the wicked abominations of paganism. Those human wolves had been banished to Meath, where they met a priest in the wood where they concealed themselves. The incident is said to have taken place a short time before the arrival of Cambrensis in Ireland. Vide Leabar Breathnach, (Ed. by Rev. Dr. Todd, p. 204, note.) The following is a portion of the wolves' address to the priest:—"De quodam hominum genere sumus Ossyriensium; unde quolibet septennio per imprecationem sancti cujusdam Natalis, scilicet Abbatis, duo, videlicet, mas et foemina, tam a formis, quam a finibus exulare coguntur. Formam enim humanam prorsus exuentes induunt lupinam. Completo vero septennii spatio, si forte superstites fuerint, aliis duobus ipsorum loco simili conditione subrogatis, ad pristinam redeunt, tam patriam, quàm naturam."—*Top. Dist.* 2, c. 19. The notion of human beings having been changed into wolves is not peculiar to Ireland. Lycaon was changed into a wolf by Jupiter, because he served up the body of a hostage as food for the deity.

"Territus ille fugit, nactusque silentia ruris,
Exululat, frustràque loqui conatur; ab ipso
Colligit os rabiem, solitæ cupidine cædis
Vertitur in pecudes; et nunc quoque sanguine gaudet.'
Ovid Metam. Fab. VII. v. 18.

Peti-saca of the Hindoo mythology had the power of separating his soul from his body. S. Natalis lived in the VI, as the learned Editor of the Leabar Breathnach asserts, and the wolves in the XII century, and the Saint could scarcely have inflicted his curse upon individuals

cionnar fuarair iad, agar cia na tri mic máṫar do bí aco a b-Fiannuiġeaċt?"

"Inneóṙad riu duit," ar Fionn. "Feaċt naon d'a d-táinid mo ṁáṫair ar cuaird ċuġamra, éadon, Murraiṅn Muṅg-ċaoṁ[1] inġion Thaidġ ṁic Nuaġat, agar a deirbṙiur maille ré, éadon, Turraiṅn inġion Thaidġ; agar do bí dá riġ Feinne Ulad am ṙoċairre; Jolland Caṫraċ, agar Fearġur Fionn-ṁón, dá ṁac Cair Cuailgne; agar do bí Jollann Caṫraċ ag ruirġe re Turraiṅn, agar do ġrádaiġ go mór í; agar tugara do í ar coibṫe, éadon, ar a ṙáġail rían dam an tan do iarṙuinn í,[2] agar rlána maiṫe na Féinne leir riu; agar ir adbar ṙá n-dearna dam riu, éadon, leannán mná riġe[3] do bí ag Jollann, éadon, Uċt-dealb, inġion riġ Coileir Feidlime; agar dob' eagal lionra í do ṁille Thurraiṅne, gur ab ar riu tugar ar mo láiṁ ṙéin a láiṁ Oirṙin í, agar tug Oirṙin a láiṁ Chaoilte í, agar tug Caoilte a láiṁ ṁic Lúġaid í, agar tug mac Lúġaid a láiṁ Dhiarmuda Uí Dhuibne í, tug Diarmuid a láiṁ Ghoill ṁic Mórne í, tug Goll a láiṁ Lúġaid Láṁa mac Eoġain Tailiġ í, agar tug Lúġaid a láiṁ Jollann Caṫraiġ í. 'Ar aṁla beirim an inġion duit' ar Luġaid, éadon, an tan ir miṫid le Fionn a h-iarraid, tura d'a tabairt do rían mar ir dual; agar rug Jollann leir d'a ċiġ ṙéin í tar éir na g-coinġioll riu; agar do bí aige go d-tárla taob-ṫrom torraċ uaid; agar do ċuaid an leannán riġe riu Jollainn do ionnruide Thurraiṅn a rioċt maillire, agar a dúbairt, 'do ċuir Fionn

who lived at least five centuries after his time. Therefore the whole is nothing else but a story founded on the lingering belief cherished by certain individuals in the pagan doctrine of the transmigration of the soul into other bodies. If there be any ground for the belief held by some old folks, that there is, or was, not long since, in Tipperary, a family who wore wolves' tails, we may conclude that the belief in the incidents given above, is by no means extinct, and that the descendants

you found them, and who were the three half brothers by the mother's side, that they had in the Fenian ranks?"

"I will tell you about that," said Fionn. "Muirrionn Mongcaemh, daughter of Tadhg son of Nuaghat, my mother, once paid me a visit, on which occasion she was accompanied by her sister Tuirreann, daughter of Tadhg: there were at that same time with me two princes, chiefs of the Fenians of Ulster, Iollann Eachtach and Feargus Fionn-mór, sons of Cas Cuailgne. Iollann Eachtach was paying his addresses to Tuirreann, and was deeply in love with her, and I gave her to him in marriage upon certain conditions, namely, that she should be restored safe to me, whenever I demanded her, and that the Fenian chiefs should become sureties for her safe return. The reason I demanded that was, Iollann was attended by a familiar female spirit named Uchtdealbh (Fair-bosom) daughter of the king of Coillen Feidhlim, and being apprehensive she might destroy Tuirreann, I therefore gave her from my hand into that of Oisin; Oisin gave her into the hand of Caoilte; Caoilte gave her into the hand of Mac Luigheach; Mac Luigheach gave her into the hand of Diarmuid O'Duibhne; Diarmuid gave her into the hand of Goll son of Moirne; Goll gave her into the hand of Lughadh Lamha, son of Eoghan Taileach; and Lughaidh gave her into the hand of Iollann Eachtach, saying:—'I deliver to you this young woman upon the condition that when Fionn thinks proper to demand her, you shall restore her safe, as in duty bound.' After that mutual engagement, Iollann conducted her to his own house, and she remained with him until she became pregnant. That familiar spirit of Iollann paid Tuirreann a visit, under a dis-

of Faelaidh of Ossory still retain their wolfish predilections and possibly have tails.

[1] Muirrainn Mungcaem. See *Introduction to Battle of Gabhra*, p. 11.

[2] A curious marriage ceremony of the pagan Irish.

[3] Leanan Sighe. Vide *Introduction*.

beaċa agar ṡláinte ċuġad a ṅíoġaiṅ,' ar ṡí, agar a dúbairt leat 'oiṅeaċ maiṫ do ḋéanaṁ, agar tar liomsa amaċ go nabṡad beaġán focal ḟṡiot; ór ata deiṡir orm.' Tiġ an iṅġíon amaċ lé, agar an tan táinig tamall ó'n d-teaċ; do ṫarṡaiṅg an Ġaċlaċ ṡleasg doilḃṫe dṡaoiġeaċta ó na bṡat, agar tug buille d'iṁ go n-dearṡna roiġ ṁilċon dob' aille do'n dṡoṅg daoṅna do'n iṅġíṅ, agar ṡuġ lé í go teaċ Ṡheasġura Ṡhiṅṅ-léiṫ, éadon, ṡíġ Áṫa Cliaṫ Meaġṡaiḋe;[1] agar ir aṁla do bí Ṡeasġur: dob' é aon duine ba neaṁċoṅaiṡe ṡaṅ doṁan é, agar ní láṁṫaiḋe cú do beiṫ i n-aon tiġ leis; gíḋeaḋ, a dúbairt an Ġaċlaċ,[2] 'do ċuir Ṡíoṅṅ beaċa agar ṡláinte ċuġad, a Ṡheasġuir,' ar ṡí, 'agar a dúbairt leat an t-roiġ ṁilċon so do learuġaḋ go maiṫ sa na ċoiṅne féin, agar ata cuaiṅne ṅíte, agar learaiġṫean go maiṫ liḃri í, agar na taḃair realg di ó ṁeadóċur a bṡúġa, agar d'a d-tugair ní buiḋioċ Ṡíoṅṅ díot.' 'Jonġna liomsa sin,' ar Ṡeasġur, 'ór ata a ḟíor ag Ṡíoṅṅ nać b-fuil saṅ doṁan duine ir neaṁċoṅaiṡe 'na mise, gíḋeaḋ ní ḋiultóċaḋ mé Ṡíoṅṅ sa'n g-céad ċú so do ċuir sé ċugam.' "

Dala Ṡheasġuir, ir gairid go n-deaċaiḋ le na ċoin d'ḟíor a maiṫiosa, agar do ṡin corgair ṁór seilge an la sin, agar gaċ la eile go cionn míosa: ór ní ḟaca aon beaṫaḋaċ allta d'a ṡúilib na cinneaḋ an ċú air; gur ṁéaduiġ a bṡúġ an tan sin go nać tugaḋ ṡiaḋaċ uirṫe ó sin

[1] Áṫ Cliaṫ Meaġṡaiḋe. The ancient name of Galway harbour.

[2] Ġaċlaċ, signifies a courier; and strangely enough, those couriers were, many of them at least, females, as in the present case. Leabarcam was the favorite courier of Conchubar Mac Nessa, king of Ulster, and Doġṁan was the courier of Cumhall. This jealous Leannan Sighe assumed the character of a courier in order to deceive her intended victim. The Leannan Sighes always bestowed their affections on some mortal object, as appears from the account of them in our MSS. as well as in popular tradition. There is a curious story current among the people concerning the love which Cliodhna, the fairy princess, bore towards a

guised appearance, and said, 'O princess, Fionn wishes you long life and health, and desires you to exercise hospitality on a large scale; come out with me until I speak a few words with you, as I am in a hurry.' The young woman accompanied her out, and when they were some distance from the house, she took her dark druidical wand from under her garment, and having struck the young woman with it, metamorphosed her into a greyhound, the handsomest that the human eye ever beheld, and brought her along with her to the house of Feargus Fionnliath, king of Ath-cliath Meaghraith. Now, this was the character of Fergus: he was the most unsociable individual in the world, and he would not permit a hound to remain in the same house along with him. Nevertheless, the courier said to him, 'Fionn sends to greet you, wishing you long life and health, O Fergus, and requests you will take good care of this hound against his coming here; she is heavy with young, therefore take particular care of her, and do not suffer her to hunt (after her foetus grows heavier); if you do otherwise Fionn will not thank you.' 'I am much surprised at this order,' replied Fergus, 'since Fionn well knows that there is not in the world a more unsociable being than myself, yet I will not refuse Fionn's request respecting the first hound he ever sent me.'"

As regards Fergus: he soon after brought out his hound to the chace to test her value: and made a great havoc in the hunt that day, and every other day, during a month; for the hound never saw a wild animal that she would not run down. At the expiration of that time she grew heavy with young, so

Munster chieftain; she is said to have assumed the appearance of Sighle Ni Mharranan, a swineherd's daughter, and to have become a servant in the house of the young chief's father, in which situation she managed by industry and good conduct to rise to the situation of a lady's maid in the family, and at last to win the affections of the object of her love.

ámaċ; agar ná líon ṡeanc agar ṡíon-ṡonṁuinn Feargar de ṡin do ċonaiḃ. Do ḃí bean Fheargusa ṡó'n am ṡin a n-aimṡir a h-ionnḃuġaḋ: gur ab aon oiḋċe ṡuz ṡí clann agar ṡuz an ċú ḋá ċoiléan, eaḋon, Soḋ agar Fearċú. Acht ċeanna, ba gnáṫaċ le ṡeaċt m-bliaġanna noiṁe ṡin, ar m-bréiṫ claiṅne do ṁnaoi Fheargusa, Foġṁor[1] ṡoġlaċ do ṫeaċt an oiḋċe ċéadna agar an leanḃ do ḃréiṫ leis. Cioḋ tráċt, tárla Eiṫleann[2] ar Fhionn a g-cionn bliaġanna. agar do ṡinneadar oiġeaċt a d-tiġ Fheargusa Fhinn-léiṫ; agar do ṡaoṡadar Feargus ó'n olc ṡin an Fhoṁoraiċ.

Dála Fhinn, iar g-clos do naċ raiḃ ṡúr a ṁáṫar ag Jollann Eaċtaċ: do eagair a ṡlána ar an ḃ-Féinn go ráinig Lúġaiḋ láṁa fá ḋeoiġ; agar tug Lúġaiḋ a ḃriaṫar go d-tiobra ceann Jollainn d'Fhionn, muna ḃ-faġaḋ Turraiann ṡlán beo le tabairt a n-ioc a ṡlána féin: gur iarr Jollann cáirde re n-dul d'iarraiḋ Thurraiinne; agar tug a ḃriaṫar muna ḃ-faġaiḋ í, go d-tiocfaḋ féin do ṡaoraḋ oinicc Lúġaiḋ, agar tug Lúġaiḋ an cáirde ṡin do: gur ġluair Jollann ann ṡin mar a raiḃ a leannáin ṡíṫe, éaḋon, Uċt-dealḃ, a Síġ Coileain[3] Fheiḋlime; gur innir a ċorg di. "Maireaḋ," ar Uċtdealḃ, "d'a d-tugṫára

[1] Foġṁar, signifies a giant as well as a pirate, probably because the Lochlonnachs or Fomorians, who settled on the coasts and islands of Ireland, during the earliest periods of the colonisation of the country were giants as well as pirates. If we can give any credit to the assertions of Procopius, and the author of the *Crymogæa*, or *Antiquities of Iceland*, those Fomorians were descendants of the gigantic Canaanites expelled by Josue from their country.

[2] Eiṫleann. The Editor has not met any notice of this being either in MSS. or traditional tales, but supposes her to have been a Leannan Sighe that attended Fionn. It is, however, recorded in tradition that she was the enchanted hound that rescued the infant from the grasp of the giant by gnawing off his arm, and that she preserved it until morning. When Feargus and his people found the chamber, in which she

that she was afterwards led to the chace no more; and Feargus was filled with love and a strong passion for hounds ever after. The wife of Fergus happened to be confined about that time; and she gave birth to an infant the same night that the hound whelped two puppies, a male and female. It so happened during the previous seven years, that whenever Fergus's wife was confined, a Fomorach used to come that same night, and carry away the infant. However, Eithleann met Fionn at the end of a year, and having arranged a hospitable meeting at the house of Feargus Fionnliath, they delivered Fergus from the plague of the Fomorach.

As regards Fionn; when he learned that his mother's sister was not living with Iollann Eachtach, he insisted on the fulfilment of the pledge by which the Fenians were bound to restore her safely; the pledge passed (from one to the other) to Lughaidh Lamha the last. Lughaidh pledged his word that he would bring the head of Iollann to Fionn, unless he (Iollann) would deliver to him Tuirreann alive and safe, that he might restore her to redeem his own pledge. Iollann requested time to go in quest of Tuirreann, having pledged his word that if he was unable to find her, he would surrender himself, in order to free Lughaidh from his obligation. Lughaidh granted him that request; and Iollann immediately proceeded to the Sighe of Coillean Feidhlim where Uchtdealbh, his Leannan Sighe, then was: he told her the purport of his visit. 'Well

kennelled, full of blood, they were on the point of killing her, under the supposition that she had murdered the child; but they fortunately discovered their mistake in time to prevent so ungrateful an act. The same authority relates that the hound led Feargus and his people to the giant's cave, where they succeeded in killing him, and also recovered the seven children that had been previously kidnapped by him. The story is a pretty one, but too long for insertion here.

[3] *Síġe Choileann*, often written ríġe (the ríġe), is supposed to have been a fairy palace, but often in Irish MSS. it signifies a druidical academy of the Tuatha Dedanans, the same as bṡu and bṡuiġin.

cuir agar rlána ḋaṁra fam' beiṫ féin mar ċéile go fóirċeann do beaṫa agad, do ṡaorfuinn ó'n n-gaḋ rin tu." Tug Iollann rin di, agar do ċuaiḋ rirí go tiġ Fhearġura Fhinn-léiṫ, ar ċionn na h-inġine, agar do ċuir iona ṁoċt féin í, gairm ó'n d-tiġ amaċ; agar tánga leir an inġion ċuġamra, agar do ṁuir Uċtdealb a beiṫ torraċ roṁ beiṫ iona coin di, agar go rug da ċoileán, éadon Soḋ agar Fearċú; agar a dúbairt d'a mo roġa liomra a n-beiṫ iona n-daoinib no iona g-conaib go m-bíadaoir aṁla. A dúbairtra, "da mo ḋaṁ féin do beartaiḋe iad go mo roġa liom a m-beiṫ iona g-conaib;" aċt ċéanna, d'iarr Lúġaiḋ Lámha luaḋaċt a ċoinneaċta oirmra, éadon, Tarraing do ṫabairt do féin mar ṁnaoi, Tuġar;[1] agar do bí aige go rug triur mac maiṫe ḋó, éadon, Sgiaṫ-Bréac, Aoḋġán Ruaḋ, agar Caol Criḋḋa; agar ar iad rin na trí mic maṫar ata ag Bran agar ag Sgeolaing a b-Fiannaiġeaċt: gur ab é rin freagra do ċearda duit, a Chonáin," ar Fionn.

"Beir buaḋ agar beannaċt," ar Conán, "a rig Féinne ir maiṫ an t-eólur ṫugair dúinn; agar innir dam anoir, cread fáṫ ar liaṫaḋ tú, agar cread fáṫ a d-tugaḋ áible aiṫire dod' ġnúir; agar mar marb ar do ċolainn agar fuaire anma ar do leaṫar; agar cá faid do ṫárla duit a beiṫ aṁla?"

"Do ḃéarfa a ḟirinne rin duit," ar Fionn. "Aon do laeċib d'a radara a n-Aiṁuin leaṫan-ṁór Laiġeann, agar maiṫib na Féinne maille riom, ag ol agar ag aoibneas; táinig diar ban do Thuaṫa De Danainn do ṫabairt cóṁġráḋ a n-éinḟeaċt dam, agar atáid iona ṡeaṫraċa aga

[1] Tugar—do bí aige. From the text it appears that the pagan Irish were not bound as man and wife during the period of the life of either, by their marriage rites. Tuirreann was given in marriage to Lughaidh Lamha, after she had been wife of Iollann, and was his wife only until

then,' said Uchtdealbh, 'if you will consent to give me a pledge and bond that you are willing to have me as your spouse to the termination of your life, I will free you from your difficulty.' Iollann gave what she required: and she went to the house of Feargus Fionnliath, to fetch the young woman, and restored her to her natural shape, at a short distance from the house. Uchtdealbh brought the young woman to me, and informed me that she had been pregnant before her metamorphosis into a hound, and had given birth to two puppies, a male and female. She told me also that whichever I chose them to be, either human beings or dogs, they should accordingly be such. I replied, that if they were to be given to me, I would prefer that they should remain hounds. In the meantime, Lughaidh Lamha requested that I should reward him for his guardianship by giving him Tuirreann to wife. I gave her; and she remained with him, until she gave birth to three sons, namely, Sgiath Breac, Aodhgan Ruadh, and Cael Crodha, and these are the three sons born of the same mother who gave birth to Bran and Sceolaing. Hence, this is the solution of your question, O Conan," said Fionn.

"Win victory and blessings, O Fenian king," said Conan, "for good is the information you have given us. Pray, tell me now what was the cause of your becoming grey—why a wonderful blemish was inflicted on your countenance—the weakness of death upon your frame—and a lifeless chill on your skin, and how long you continued in that state?"

"I will tell you the truth about that," said Fionn, "One day, as I chanced to be engaged in carouse and pleasure in the great extensive Almhuin of Leinster, and the nobles of the Fenians with me, there came two Tuatha Dedanan women to offer me their joint love: they were sisters, and their names

she had given birth to three sons. Numerous instances of this sort of voluntary divorce are found in our MSS.

ċéile, éadon, Mhilúaċraḋ agus Aiġne a n-ainmonna, dá inġion Chuailgne; agus cuig Aiġne ṡéanaṫaċ naċ biaḋ a ṡean ṡéin liaṫ go bráṫ. An na ċlos ṡin do Mhilúaċraḋ, do ċíomṡaiḋ Tuaṫa De Danainn an aon ionad: gur dealbadar loċ dhraoiġeaċta[1] do leiṫ-taoiḃ ṡléibe Cuillinn; agus ṡin an doṁain do raċaḋ ṡan loċ ba liaṫ iad;[2] agus táinig a ṡioċt eilite im-léiṫe[3] air ṡaṫa na h-Alṁuine: go d-tánla dáṁra beiṫ am aonar ar an b-ṡaiṫċe an tan ṡin; gur léigear ṡead air mo ċoniuḃ; agus naċ g-cuala cú ná duine me aċt Bran agus Sgeolaing aṁáin, go d-tángadar ċugam; gur léigior a g-ċóṁḋáil na h-eilite iad, agus do leanas í gan ḟior do luċt an baile ó'n áit ṡin go ṡliaḃ Cuillinn a g-críoċ Cuailgne[4] ba ċuaiḋ, a n-Ultaiḃ; agus géir ġairid aṫaḋ na h-éilite ó na coin: níor ġiorra ná

[1] loċ Dhraoiḃeaċta, a druidical lake, viz. a lake formed for the purpose of druidical rites, or Lir worship.

[2] ba liaṫ iad. The lake on Sliabh Guillen is believed to be still possessed of the power of changing the colour of the hair to a silvery grey. In the leabar bhreathnaċ mention is made of a well in Oirgialla, which changed the color of the human hair. "Tobra Gabla Liuin i n-Oirgiallaib; iri a airdi fuilt dar atabar h-is liata fa cetair. The well of Gabhal Liuin in Oirghialla; its property is, that human hair upon which it is poured will become immediately grey," pp. 194–195. It is a pity that we of the present day cannot identify the latter. Cambrensis writes of a well in Munster, which possessed the same property, and of another in Ulster, possessing a different one. "Est fons in Momoniâ, cujus aquâ si quis abluitur, statim canus efficitur. Vidi hominem cujus pars barbae, lymphis istis lota, *canis* incanduerat, alterâ parte totâ in suâ naturâ fuscâ manente. Est e contra fous in Ultoniâ, quo si quis abluitur, non canescet amplius. Hunc autem fontem feminæ frequentant, et viri caniciem vitare volentes. *Dist.* 2. c. 7. Dr. Lynch rates Cambrensis with much severity concerning these assertions, but our text, as well as the prevalent notions of the peasantry, will prove the injustice of his invectives. Vide *Introduction*.

[3] A ṡioċt eilite im-leiṫe. For the history of Fionn's transformation by the machinations of this grey fawn, see the Fenian poem of the chace of Sliabh Guillen, printed with a translation, in Miss Brooke's *Reliques*

were Miluchradh and Aine, daughters of Cuailgne. Aine boasted that her own husband should never grow hoary; but when Miluchradh heard this, she summoned all the Tuatha Dedanans into one place, and caused them to make her a druidical lake on the declivity of Sliabh Cuilleann; if all the men in the world bathed in this lake they would become hoary. She (Miluchradh) came in the shape of a grey fawn upon the plain of Almhuin, when I chanced to be alone on the plain. I whistled to my hounds, but neither hound nor man heard me, except Bran and Sceoluing alone. When they came to me, I set them after the fawn, and they pursued her thence, without the knowledge of the people of the place, until they came to Sliabh Guillinn, in the district of Cuailgne of the north, in Ulster; and though the distance of the hounds from

of Irish Poetry, and a metrical translation of the same in Rev. Dr. Drummond's *Ancient Irish Minstrelsy*.

[4] Sliab Cuillinn a c-crioch Chuailgne, *Sliabh Guillen in the district of Cuailgne*, that is, the mountain of Cuillean in the district of Cuailgne, or of Cooley, which district is now much limited. This district of ancient Cuailgne was the patrimony of Cuchulainn, whose residence was the moat of Dundealgain, now called the moat of Castletown, *alias* Castletown-Bellew. According to an old manuscript, now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, it extended from Gleann Righe, or the valley of the Newry River, to Glas Neara, or the mouth of the river of Annagasson to the south. Dundealgain is now erroneously called Dundalk, but the town of Dundalk is not Dundealgain, because the real Dundealgain is a mile to the north of the present town, and the Irish name of Dundalk is not Dundealgain, but Craig-Baile-Dúnbealgain, i.e. *Town of the strand of Dundealgan*. We have still the name of a portion of Dundalk preserved in modern Irish, namely, Baile na Craige, *town of the strand*, or in familiar English, *Seatown*. As to Sliabh Guillin; it is no matter how the name may have been localised, though there are several mountains in Ireland which have a fair claim to that name—a circumstance that proves of itself that the fact upon which the tradition respecting them has been founded, originated from some great event, or rather rite, of the olden time—but the mountain of Cuailgne is too well defined to yield the claim to any other.

aċaḋ na g-con uaimṡe. Gidéaḋ, ó ṡáinid an eilit do'n t-sliab tug con do na conaib; go nár b-ḟeas dóib cá conaiṡ ionas gabaḋ léi, agus ba iongna mór líomṡa ḟiaḋ ṡan doṁan do ċinneaḋ ar na conaib a ċóṁ-ḟaid sin do ṡlíġe. Gairid ḋam mar sin an tan ad ċonarc ingion ċruċ-ġlan, ċaoṁ-álainn, ar bruaċ na loċa[1] lán-aoibinn; agus í go dúbaċ doi-ṁeanmnaċ go d-tángad d'a h-ionnsuiḋe; agus d'ḟiafraiġeas di ḟáċ a dobróin. 'Fáil dearg-óir ṫuit san loċ so uaim,' ar sí, 'agus mé ag snáṁ ann; agus gearra naċ fuilingid síor laoċ, ort a Fhinn, muna d-tugair an ḟáil ċugam[2] as an loċ.' Gé'r leasg líomṡa dul do ṡnáṁ, nír ḟuilingior beiṫ go fada fó ġearaib, agus téiġim fó'n loċ d'iarraiḋ na ḟáile, agus ruaraṁ í, agus tugas ċum an ingion í. Ró ġab sisi an ḟáil, agus téid féin do léim éadtrom fó'n loċ; go nár b-ḟeas ḋaṁsa cá conaiṡ ionas ġaib. Tanaḋsa a d-tír, agus gé'r ġairid uaim m'éadaċ, ní raib do ṡúbal ionam a ionnsuiḋe, ar n-béanaṁ seanóra crísoṁ-ċruṫaiġ, cnáṁ-airgiḋ, ḋíom. Tángad na coin dam' ionnsuiḋe, agus ní ṫugadar aiṫne orm; agus tugadar cuairid an loċa fos gaċ leiṫ uaim: aċt ní ṡor ċian go b-ḟacaḋ Caoilte, agus tosaċ na Féinne, go d-tángadar uile ór mo ċionn; agus ní ṫugadar aiṫne orm. 'Abair a ṡeanoir,' ar Caoilte, 'a b-ḟaca tú eilit agus ḋá ċoin, agus aon óglaoċ mór mileata iona n-diaiġ; no cá faid atáoi tu ad t-iargaire ar an loċ so?' Innsim dóib go b-ḟaca, agus naċ ḟada do ċuadar uaim; aċt céanna, ba doċaraċ líomṡa mar do díor ann sin, agus naċ ar láṁar a innsin gur ab me féin do

[1] bruaċ an loċa. The Cailleach Biorar, it is currently believed, always was placed on the margin of the druidical lake of Sliabh Guillin, and often succeeded in persuading her victims to plunge into it: she is still supposed to frequent it, and a trodden path from her cairn, or house, to the brink of that lake is pointed out as the one still frequented by her.

the fawn was short, it was not shorter than the distance between me and the hounds. Nevertheless, when they reached the mountain, she made a double on the hounds, so that they could not find which way she went; and I was exceedingly astonished to find, that any deer in the world should hold out before the hounds, in a course of such great length. I did not long remain so, when I discovered a fair, lovely, beautiful girl on the margin of the delightful lake; she appeared sorrowful and disheartened; so I went up to her, and asked her the cause of her sorrow. 'A ring of red gold that I dropped in the lake while bathing,' replied she, 'and I put you, O Fionn, under *geasa*, which no true hero would suffer himself to be bound by, if you do not fetch me the ring out of the lake.' Though I felt unwilling to go to swim, yet I did not suffer myself to be long under the *geasa:* I went into the lake in search of the ring, and, having found it, restored it to the young girl. She took the ring, and, with a nimble leap, she herself sprang into the lake, so that I could not see where she betook herself. I landed, and, though my clothes were but a short distance from me, I was quite unable to reach them, for I was changed into a weather-beaten, decrepid, old man. My hounds came up to me, but they did not recognise me; they took the circuit of the lake in every direction, leaving me alone. Caoilte arrived soon after, accompanied by the leading Fenians, and they did not recognise me, though they stood over me. 'Inform us, old man,' said Caoilte, 'if thou hast seen a fawn pursued by two hounds, and a man of large frame and warlike appearance, and how long thou hast been a fisherman on this lake?' 'I inform you that I have seen them, and that it is not long since they left me,' replied I. Still, however, I felt

[2] Fail ċuʒam.' For the full particulars of the device which the druidess used to decoy Fionn into the lake with the view of wreaking her vengeance upon him, see *Poem of the Chace of Sliabh Guillin, in Miss Brooke's Reliques, &c.*

bí ann; agus níor ċían dam ámla rín go d-tainíd tromlaċ na Féinne ċugam: gur ' innrír dóib mo ċorg ó ċúir go deire; gur ċreid riad an t-iomlán me; agus gur léigiodar trí gárrċa órárd; gur ab Loċ Doġra ir ainim di ó ṡoin aleiċ; agus do rinneadar carbad caol dámra, agus do ċógbadar leo mé go ríċ Coilleain Cuailgne, agus do ċionóladar reaċt g-caċa na Féinne timpċioll an t-ríoġa; agus nó ġabadar trí lá agus trí n-oiḋċe agá toċailt:[1] gur ab ann rín d'eirgiḋ Cuilleann Cuailgne ar an ríċ, agus eargar deargóir iona láiṁ; agus dáilior dáṁra an t-eargar; agus ar n-ól na díġ dam tainiḋ mo ḋealb agus mo ḋaiċ féin orm, agus do rgaradar na h-ainṁiġċe áiġṁéile rín liom, acc an léiċe aṁáin; óir do bí mo leaċ ṡolc aṁuil airgiod aon ġeal, agus do ċarraiġ Cuilleann dam mo ḋaċ féin do ċuir orm; agus níor b'áil liom rín: óir do ċaiṫniḋ liom agus leir an b-Féinn an daiġ rín do beiġ orm. Tugar an t-eargar a láiṁ Ṁhic an Reiċe gur ib deoċ airte, agus tug fé rín a láiṁ Dhiorraing i, agus ibior deoċ ar; agus do bí Diorraing agá fíne ċum an ṡír fá neara do; go d-tug an t-eargar cor reaċa go n-deaċa ar a láiṁ fá'n d-toċailt go doiṁinn ionán b-fiaġnaire, agus gé'r riċeadar uile ċuige ní rugrad air gur ṡloig an talaṁ é; agus ba ṁór an t-imṡníoṁ liomra agus leir an b-Féinn rín: óir d'a n-ibdír uile deoċ ar, do biaḋ fior agus fír-eolar aco; agus d'ṡárad féiḋliocain ċoille[2] ran ionad a n-deaċaḋ a t-talaṁ; agus gaċ aon

[1] Trí lá agus trí n-oiḋċe agá toċailt. The Fenians continued to dig away the mountain for the space of three days and as many nights, until they forced old Guillin of Cuailgne himself to come forth to restore Fionn to his pristine condition. Tradition tells us that a mountain, at some short distance from Sliabh Guillin, called cnoc ṡíab, was raised with the earth and huge rocks which they dug away on the occasion.

[2] Féiḋliocain coille. Most pagans had their sacred trees, but the tree of the Irish druids appears to have been the caerċann, or mountain ash: this tree is considered one of great power by charm-mongers even at the

greatly depressed, on account of the condition in which I then was, and because I dare not tell them that it was I myself that was there. The main body of the Fenians arrived soon after, and I informed them of my adventure from the beginning to the end; and they, believing the whole of my story, gave utterance to three loud cries. Hence the lake is called Loch Doghra, ever since that time. They constructed a narrow chariot for me, and conveyed me to the Sighe of Cuillean of Cuailgne. The seven battalions of the Fenians mustered around the Sighe, and continued to dig it away, during three nights and three days. At the end of that time, Cuillean of Cuailgne came out of the Sighe: he held a vessel of red gold in his hand, and presented the vessel to me. Upon drinking from it, I immediately assumed my natural appearance and colour, and the extraordinary appearances I had assumed departed entirely from me, except only the hoariness; for one half of my hair retained still a bright silvery hue. Cuillean proposed to restore it to the natural colour, but I did not wish to have it done, because it pleased both myself and the Fenians that it should retain that hue. The vessel was passed into the hand of Mac Reith, and he took a drink from it; he gave it into Diorraing's hand, and he too drank out of it. While Diorraing was in the act of handing the vessel to the man who was next to him, it gave a turn to one side, and sprang out of his hand into the loose earth that had been dug up; in which it sank deep before our eyes; and, though we all hastened to recover it, the earth swallowed it up. This was a cause of great affliction both to me and to the Fenians; because, if they all had drank from it, they would have become gifted with foreknowledge and true wisdom. Twigs of wood sprang up in the spot where it sank into the earth, and whosoever beheld them in the morning, while fasting, would have

present day; but literally the word ꝛeꝑḃlocan signifies an insect called the butterfly which inhabits the woods, &c.

do ċíoḟead ar ceadlongad iad, do ḃiaḋ fior an laoi rin aige, gur ab mar rin do liaṫ mire, a Chonain," ar Fionn.

"Maireuinn duit," ar Conan "agar abair liom anoir cionnar fuarair an fior fír-eólaċ ata agad agar ní h-é fior tíge Chuanna[1] é, na fior an ḃradain."[2]

"Inneorad rin duit," ar Fionn. "Ata ciobrad ag an Earga[3] ag Beag mac Buain do Thuaṫa De Danann; agar gaċ aon ibior eargar airce, ba fearaċ, fír-eólaċ, é; agar d'a n-ibe an dara h-eargar, ba fáiḋ fior é, agar a ṁac na ḋiaiġ, agar trí ċéad uinge dearg-óir ċeanċar lán na h-eargair rin, agar trí h-ingíonna do Bheag ṁic Buain do ḃíor d'a ċoimêad; Teirrionn, Teiṫ-ċeann, agar Airṁaċ, a n-ainmonna; agar a rí Teirrionn do ḋáilear an tobar ar luċt a ċeannaiġṫe. Acht ceanna,

[1] Fior tige Chuanna. See the story of Cuanna, *supra*.

[2] Fior an ḃradain. The Editor has met with no account of this salmon of knowledge in Irish manuscripts, though there may be such an account extant; but tradition gives the following story concerning it. After Fionn had lost Boghman, his foster-mother, at Lurgangreen, he wandered about until he came to the banks of the river Boyne. Here he met some fishermen who had been sent by his enemies to ply their craft, in the hope that they might chance to take the buaḋa (salmon of fore-knowledge) of the Boyne. Fionn took shelter in the temporary hut they had constructed, and they soon after killed a beautiful salmon which glistened with specks of gold. They immediately set the salmon before the fire to broil slowly; and being much fatigued they laid down to rest, having left the salmon in charge of the strange boy, with a caution that, if he allowed the fish to be the least burnt in any one spot, he should lose his head as the penalty. They then fell fast asleep. During the process of cooking, and before they awoke, a spark flew from the fire which burned a blister on the fish. Fionn became so terrified at what had happened, that he applied his thumb to the scorched part in the hope of settling it down, so that it should not be perceived by his employers; but the heat of the blister burned his thumb, which he thrust into his mouth to relieve the pain. No sooner had he done so, than he became gifted with fore-science—for it was the Salmon of Know-

the gift of foreknowledge of all the events of that day. So, it was in this manner that I became hoary, O Conan," said Fionn.

"Long may you live!" exclaimed Conan, "and tell me now by what means you became possessed of the true and infallible foreknowledge with which you are gifted: it is not the foreknowledge acquired at Cuanna's house nor that of the salmon (I mean)."

"I will tell you that," said Fionn, "There is a fountain of the *Moon* belonging to *Beag son of Buan*, a Tuatha Dedanan: every one who drinks a vessel of the water, will be gifted with foreknowledge, and true wisdom; and, if he drink the contents of a second vessel, he will become a true prophet, and also his son after him. Three hundred *ungas* of red gold is the price paid for a vessel full of it. Teisionn, Teithcheann, and Armhach, the three daughters of Beag Buan, are the names of those in charge of it; and it is Teisionn who gives the water from the fountain to those who purchase it. One day I happened to be

ledge which he had been cooking—and he learned that the king of Tara seven years before, had expressly despatched the fishermen in quest of the salmon, in order to discover where he (Fionn himself) had taken refuge, that he might take his life. He made his escape before the fishermen awoke; and it was by these means his thumb became possessed of the power of communicating to him the knowledge of future events.

"Chuir Fionn a ordoig na béal,
Ir ċagain i fa na béad go fríor."
Laoi na mna mórie.

Fionn put his *thumb* in his mouth,
And chewed it under his teeth to the marrow.

[3] Tobar an Easga. The mode of expression used would seem to convey the meaning that there was a certain fountain at a place called *the Easga*, but most likely it means the well dedicated to the moon, since the moon was supposed to possess all power over water, by the pagan Irish, and easga is the moon. Vide O'Brien's *Irish Dictionary*, hence it is so translated.

tárla ḋaṁra beiṫ ag feilg na fearga, feaċt naoi, air uaṫaḋ buiḋinne aċt Diorraing agar Mac an Reiṫe, agar do ionruiġeamair é, agar d'éirgiodar an triur ban rin a n-éinḟeaċt ionar g-coinnib, agar doirteat Teirrionn lán na h-eargnaiḋe d'uirge na tiobruide orruinn d'ar g-corg, go n-deaċa cuid ionar m-béal de; gur ḟágaḃ fior ḟírinne againn ó ḟoin aleiṫ; gur ab é rin fuarglaḋ do ċeirte, a Chonáin," ar Fionn.

"Beir buaḋ agar beannaċt," ar Conán, "agar abair liom anoir na h-aṫaḋ annraċt atá agaḃ naċ eagal duit go g-caille iaḃ; agar do oiḋeaċt féin go teaċ Neóid?"

"Do ġeaḃair a ḟior rin uaim, a Chonáin," ar Fionn. "A ré Neoid[1] duine ba ṁeara agar ba ḋoiċillíġe a g-coṁ-aimrir nir a n-Éirinn. Aċt céanna, ba ṁór a ċonaċ agar a ċíġear: ór do ḃadar trí dóirre air a dúin, agar feaċt n-aṫċomairc[2] ar gaċ dorur díoḃ; agar gé'r ṁór a ḃiaḋtaċar[3] ní ḋeaċaiḋ aon neaċ buiḋeaċ na ṡáṫaċ tar aon dorur díoḃ riaṁ; agar tánaḋ aon do laeċiḃ ċum na bruiġne rin Neóid um uaṫaḋ, agar ní raiḃ do buiḋeann ann ar mo ċionn aċt Neóid agar a ḃean agar a ingíon; nó ḟuiġear a rtiġ. Dala Neóid; d'ḟiafraiḋ díom cread

[1] Neóid. No other notice of Neoid has yet turned up; Neoid is a term for *penury, inhospitality*, &c. Duine Neóid is a term applied to a selfish person, who is incapable of feeling for the distress of a fellow-creature.

[2] Aṫċomairc means *a petition, request*, &c. According to tradition, there were officers who attended at the door of the *Biatach*, whose duty it was to invite travellers in, to see their wants supplied, and to take care that no one departed from the house dissatisfied with the reception he had met. The *Athchomairc* always put this question to each guest on his departure:—"An b-fuilir rúbaċ ṡaṫaċ," *are you in good cheer and satisfied with food?* The answer was generally in the affirmative, but if in the negative, it was the duty of the officer to see the guest satisfied. This time-honored and charitable custom is a proof of the strong sense of the duty of hospitality that has always existed among the Irish, even amongst the very poorest of the peasants, and which has excited the admiration of all Europe.

hunting in the adjacent sedge, accompanied only by two men, namely, Diorraing and Mac Reith, and we approached the fountain, and the three females rushed forth together to oppose our progress; and Teisionn splashed us with the full of a vessel of the water of the fountain, in order to stop us. A portion of the water passed into our mouths, hence, have we been ever since that time possessed of true prescience. This, then, is the solution of your question, O Conan!" said Fionn.

"Win victory and blessings," said Conan, "and tell me now the memories of love which cling to you, and which you do not fear to lose; and the hospitality which you received at the house of Neoid."

"You shall be informed about that, O Conan!" said Fionn. "Neoid was the most niggardly and inhospitable man who lived in his time in Eire; but, for all that, his affluence was great, and his house was immense. There were three doors to his dun, and there were seven *Ath-chomairc* at each door. Though his hospitality was on an immense scale, yet no person ever went out of one of his doors filled or satisfied. I happened to come one day to the *bruighin* of Neoid: I was alone, and there were no people there before me, but Neoid himself, and his wife, and daughter. I sat down in the house, but Neoid asked me why I sat down. I replied that I came to

[a] Biadhadhar. *General hospitality.* From all the sources of Irish history it is clear that there were royal officers, called "Biatach," established in commodious mansions to which ample tracts of land were attached free from any tribute. It was the duty of the *Biatach*, one of whom was established in every canton, to provide food for the table of the king or prince of the district, if he lived in his immediate vicinity, to have a sufficient store of provisions reserved for the use of the king and his attendants when travelling, to cater for the army, and to provide food and lodging *gratis* for the poor, the traveller, and the exiled stranger. The doors of the *Biatach's* house were never closed either by night or day, and his house was the great caravansary where travellers and strangers of all grades lodged.

fáċ an ḟuiġear? A dúbairṫra gur ab do oiḋeaċt tánaḋ ann, 'Ir dóiṫ liomsa,' ar Neóid, 'ná cuala tú sgéal an tiġe-si, mar go d-tánaḋair air oiḋeaċt ann; agus is uime tugaḋ Neóid orṁsa, eaḋon, neoid ainim do ḋoiṫċioll, agus is mise duine ar doiċilliġe san domhan.' 'Is briaṫar dáṁsa,' ar mise, 'muna d-tugair dáṁsa oiḋeaċt dod' ḋeoin go d-taḃairfair dod' aiṁḋeoin.' Is ann sin d'éirġiḋ Neóid dam ċur amaċ; agus do ionnsaiġeas é ar lár an tiġe, agus tugas cor tréas bóid do, go d-tánla faon fóċairṫna ar lár: gur ċeanglas go daor doċraideaċ a b-fiaġnaise a ṁná agus a inġine é: agus rugas a bean liom ar an leaḃaḋ fá neasa ḋam. 'Na meill mo bean, a óglaoiċ an-aiṫniḋ,' ar Neóid, 'agus do ḋéana cairdioċt riot; agus do béar' m'inġion duit, óir is dionġṁála deaġ-ḟir í.' Do ṫuigeas gur ċóir sin, agus do léigior bean Neoid, agus do sgaoileas de féin, agus do rineamair car agus cumann ne ċéile, agus do h-ollṁaiḋ fleaḋ agus féasta ḋúinn; agus tugaḋ Aoife, inġion Neóid, ar feir lánṁa agus leapṫa ḋáṁsa an oiḋċe sin; agus ar n-éirġiḋ ḋúinn ar na ṁáraċ, d'iarr Aoife airġe maoine, eaḋon, 'cóimṁiṫ rir an lon[1] do ḃí san doire leaṫ amuiċ do'n tiġ, agus a ṫaḃairt beó ċúiċe,' agus do rineasa aṁla sin. Jar n-glacaḋ an loin d'Aoife iona láiṁ, do léig amaċ é, agus do ċuir do ṫrom-ġeasa orṁsa a ġaḃail gaċa bliaġain: nó mo éag féin an ḃliaġain naċ gaḃainn é.

Gairid iona ḋiaiġ sin dúinn, gur ṫionolaḋar maiṫe na Féinne do ċaiṫioṁ bainirí Aoife inġion Neóid; agus an tan ad ċonairc Neóid iomaḋ an ḃíġe agus na díġe d'a ṫaḃairt do na conaiḃ agus do na giollaḋaiḃ; do ḃrir an

[1] Cóimṁiṫ rir an lon. This was some ceremony, of the meaning of which we are now ignorant. This is proved by the remainder of the sentence; when Fionn caught the bird, the lady commanded him to let it go at large, and bound him under heavy *geasa* to catch it every year,

claim hospitality. 'I presume,' said Neoid, 'that you have not heard the report about this house, since you have come hither in quest of hospitality: the reason I have been called Neoid is, because *Neoid* is the name for *penury*, and I am the most penurious man in the world.' 'I pledge my word,' said I, 'that if you do not afford me hospitality with your free will, you shall against your will.' Neoid, thereupon, started up to turn me out. I attacked him in the middle of the floor, and having thrown him across a table, laid him helplessly prostrate on the ground. I bound him hard and fast before the eyes of his wife and daughter. * * * * *

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'I will enter into friendship with you,' said Neoid, 'and bestow on you my daughter; for she is well deserving of a good husband. I saw that that was a good proposition. * * * I then unbound him, and we at once became friendly and sociable. A banquet and feast was prepared for us, and Aoife, the daughter of Neoid, was given me to wife. * * * When we arose the next morning Aoife requested me to grant her a pledge instead of wealth, namely, to run after the blackbird that was in the shrubbery outside of the house, and fetch it to her alive. I did as she required, and, when Aoife took the bird in her hand, she let it fly away, and bound me under a heavy *geasa* to catch it every year, or otherwise that my own death should occur in the year that I did not catch it.

"We were not long thus, when the chiefs of the Fenians assembled to attend the wedding of Aoife, daughter of Neoid; and when Neoid saw the great profusion of food and drink that had been given to the hounds and servants, the vein of penury

or otherwise he should die the year in which he failed to fulfil that obligation. We are told that the Tuatha Dedanans were possessed of the secret art of rendering themselves immortal; perhaps this may be a charm used for the protraction of life beyond the natural span.

ċuil doiċċill[1] do ḃí fá na ċroiḋe; ionuṡ gur ḃ'é cneaṡ ḟeaṡ dob' ḟeaṡṡ oineaċ d'a naiḃ a n-Éireann ó ṡin amaċ é; agaṡ ag ṡin éag dam éagaiḃ-ṡi a Chonáin," ar Fionn. "Éag eile dam éagaiḃ, éadon, aon do laeċiḃ d'a naḃaṡa ar ṁáiġ na Ceiḋte ċeaṡ;[2] do ċonaiṡc iṅġion álainn ioldhoċaċ, agaṡ d'ḟiaṡṡaiġiṡ di cneaḋ ċúig iona h-uaċaḋ í? 'Ag iarraiḋ ṡin atáim,' ar ṡí, 'cneaḋ an ḟeaṡ?' ar mise, 'ní b-fuil ḟeaṡ áiṡiġċe agam d'a iarraiḋ,' ar iṡi, 'aċt an ḟeaṡ do ḃéaṡa coiṁċe ḋam,' 'cneaḋ an coiṁċe ataoi tú iarraiḋ?' ar mise, 'léim taṡ an g-cloiċ ṡin,' ar ṡí, 'ar h-aġaiḋ.' Do léigeaṡa m'aiṡm ar láṡ agaṡ tugaṡ an léim taṡ an g-cloiċ gan ḟuiṡneaċ. 'Ní h-aṁlaḋ ṡin ar cóir' ar ṡí, 'aċt cuir an liag cloiċe ṡi cóṁ-ard ṡiot féin ar do ḋearṡnaiṁ, agaṡ taḃair léim táiṡṡe.' Do ṡineaṡa aṁla, agaṡ ní ċugaṡ ṡiaṁ léim ba doilġe liom ná í, agaṡ d'ḟiaṡṡaiġeaṡ di cneaḋ dob' aiṁsiṁ di? 'Éadaoin ṡléibe Caein[3] m'aiṁsiṁ,' ar ṡí, 'agaṡ taiṡṡi liom a noċt dam ċiġ féin.' Do ṡiaċtaṡ léi, agaṡ do luiġeamaiṡ a ḃ-faṡṡad a ċéile an oiḋċe ṡin, agaṡ a dúḃaiṡt ṡi liom, 'an bliaġain naċ tiubṡaiṁ an léim ṡin go b-faġaiṁ baṡ anbaḋ;' agaṡ ag ṡin, a Chonáin, an daṡa h-éag dam éagaiḃ, éadon, léim taṡ ċloiċ na Ceiḋte gaċá bliaġain." Éag eile dam éagaiḃ, muc do ṁucaiḃ Shlanaiḋe[4] do ṁarḃaḋ gaċ bliaġain agaṡ a geaṡa do ċoṁail, éadon, gan a goin, agaṡ gan í do ṡgréaċaḋ ṡe na marḃaḋ, agaṡ an tí

[1] Cuil doiċċill. Cuil signifies a *fly* or *grub*, It is believed by the people that a niggardly or penurious person has a grub or worm in his heart, and that this worm gnaws away the rich vein of hospitable feelings which exists in that organ, and thereby renders the sufferer miserly and inhospitable.

[2] Maġ an Chéiḋe ċeaṡ. *The plain of Ceidhte in the south.* Unknown to the Editor.

[3] Éadaoin ṡléibe Caein was a powerful fairy princess who had many other places of resort in Ireland: she bound Fionn to the performance of the ridiculous charm of carrying a large stone on the palm of his

which was in his heart burst, and, thenceforward, he became the third most hospitable man that was in Erin. This is one of my deaths, O Conan" said Fionn. "There is another of my deaths, namely; one day, as I happened to be on Magh Ceidhte in the south, I met a beautiful, well-shaped young maiden: I asked her why she strayed alone; 'I am in search of a husband,' she replied. 'What description of a husband?' asked I. 'I seek no particular man, but one who will grant me certain conditions.' 'What conditions do you require,' asked I. 'To leap over that stone just before you,' answered she. I cast my arms of war on the ground, and leaped over the stone without delay. 'It is not proper to perform it in that manner,' said she, 'but place this stone, equal to yourself in height, upon the palm of your hand, and then leap over it.' I did so; and I never felt greater difficulty in making a leap than on that occasion. I asked her what was her name. 'Eadaoin of Sliabh Caein is my name,' said she; 'and come home to my house with me to-night.' I went with her *

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and she told me that the year in which I should neglect to make that leap, I should die a sudden death. Therefore, O Conan! that is the second death of mine, namely, (to the neglect) to leap over the stone on Ceidhte every year. Another of my deaths (i.e., another duty the neglect of which would be a cause of death to me) is to kill one of the hogs of Slanaidhe every year, and preserve its *geasa*, namely, not to wound it, and to take care it should not grunt while being killed; and

hand, while he leaped over another upright stone, for the purpose of prolonging his life.

* Muc do mucaib Shlanaidhe. This is a remarkable passage, and may refer to the ceremony in use at the sacrifice of the hog to the sun. The boar occupies a prominent place in the Hindoo mythology. The Tuatha Dedanans were remarkable for their great flocks of huge swine; and they are said to have been accustomed, when occasion required, to assume the appearance of those animals.

do ṁuinnfeaḋ í, ḃ'a h-ioṁcaṗ go liaġ a fulaċta; agaṗ gaṅ gaoṫ a ḃ-tuaiḋ tâṗṗa ḃ'a ḋóiṫ, agaṗ gaċ doṗuṗ ġuṗ a n-beaṗṫaiḋe í do beiṫ ḃṗuiḋṫe ór a cionn, agaṗ gaṅ duine do ḋeaṗṁaḋ uimpe aṅn aon baile aṅ oiḋċe ṗin: ġuṗ ab é ṗin fuaṗġla dó ċeiṗṫe, a Chonaiṅ," aṗ Fionn.

"Beiṗ buaḋ agaṗ beannaċt," aṗ Conaṅ, "agaṗ abaiṗ ṗiom anoiṗ na tṗí h-uṗċaiṗ meaṗḃaill iṗ meaṗa ṗiot tugaiṗ ṗiaṁ?"

"A ḋéaṗ ṗin ṗiot," aṗ Fionn. "Aon do laeċiḃ ḃ'a ṗaḃaṗ do ḟeilġ aṗ ḃṗuaċ Caiṗṗ Cṗomġlinne,[1] agaṗ do ḋúiṗíoġaḋ aṅ ṁuc ċuġaṁ aṗ a n-duḃḟeilġ iona ṗaḃaṗa agaṗ na coin, agaṗ cuṗṗaiḋe na Féinne iona diaiġ; agaṗ tuġaṗa uṗċaṗ dam ḟleaġ ḃ'a h-ionnṗaiḋe; go ḃ-tâṗla a ḃ-taoiṗeaċ maiṫ dam ṁuinṫiṗ í, éaḋon, a n-bolg aṅ ḟiṗ go ḃ-toṗċaṗ a g-céadóiṗ: ġuṗ ab uaiḋ ata Áṫ Bolg, nó Dún Bolg,[2] láiṁ le Coṗca Múṁan; agaṗ tuġaṗ uṗċaṗ eile go ḃ-tâṗla aṅ Cadbó ṁic Muinċinn, ġuṗ maṗḃaḋ é; agaṗ tuġaṗ aṅ tṗeaṗ uṗċaṗ, ġuṗ ṁaṗḃaṗ Joṁaiṗ mic Bachaiṗ; ġuṗ ab uaiḋ ata ṗliaḃ Joṁaiṗ fóṗ. D'aiṫniḋeaṗ go n-deaṗṗnaḋ m'aiṁleaṗ do na tṗí h-uṗċaiṗ ṗin; agaṗ ṗineaḋ ḟeaṗta do na tṗiuṗ laoċ ṗin; agaṗ do ṗġṗíoḃa a n-anmonna ór a g-cionn; ġuṗ ab iad ṗan na tṗí h-uṗċaiṗ iṗ meaṗa liom tuġaṗ ṗiaṁ," aṗ Fionn, "agaṗ déantaṗ leabaḋ ḟeaṗta ḋúinn; óiṗ ní beaġ ḋuiṫ ḟaid do leanaiṗ oṗm a Chonaiṅ; agaṗ d'innṗíoṗ moṗán dam ḋeacaṗaiḃ ḟéin agaṗ na Féinne ḋuiṫ; agaṗ, dam ḋóiġ, iṗ deiṗe oiḋċe ata ann." Rineaḋ aṁlaiḋ ṗin, agaṗ tuġaḋ Finndeilb, inġíon Chonaiṅ, aṗ ḟeiṗ-láṁa agaṗ leaṗṫa d'Fhionn. Aċt ċéanna, do ċonaṗcaḋ taiḃṗe, agaṗ ṗiaḃṗa aḋ-uaṫṁaṗ d'Fhionn, tṗé na ċodla: ġaṗ éiṗġiḋ fó ḋṗí cóṁand le uaṫaiḃ o'n leaṗṫa. "Cṗeaḋ fá liġe ṗiṗ aṅ leaba a ṗíġ

[1] Caṗn Cṗomġlinne. *The Carn of Crumlin*, in the county of Dublin, so celebrated in Fenian lore.

[2] Dun Bolg. *The fortress of Bolg.*

that he who kills it should carry it to the place of cooking; that the north wind should not be allowed to blow over it, lest it (the carcase) might be scorched; and that every door to which it may be carried should be closed against it, and that no person in one town should be forgotten in the course of the visit on that night. So you now have the answer to your question, O Conan!" said Fionn.

"Win victory and blessings, and tell me now about the three random shots that trouble you most of all that you have ever cast," asked Conan.

"I will tell you about that," said Fionn. "One day, as I had been hunting in the neighbourhood of Carn Cromghlinne, a hog was started for me from the unfavorable hunting ground in which I then was, and the hounds and the heroes of the Fenians were hot in pursuit after it. I made a cast of my javelin at it, but the weapon pierced the bowels of a worthy chief of my people, and he immediately expired. It is from this (incident) that Ath-Bolg or Dun-Bolg, near Cork, in Munster, is so called. I gave another cast which pierced Eadbho, son of Muinchin, and he was slain; and I made a third cast, and killed Jomais, son of Bachar, so that it is after his name Sliabh Jomais is named. I perceived that I had committed ruinous acts by means of those three throws; so I caused *fearts* (graves) to be made for the three heroes, and their names to be inscribed thereon. Therefore these are the three casts, of all I ever gave, that most grieve me," said Fionn. "Prepare a bed immediately for us, because you should be satisfied with the length of time you have been questioning me, O Conan! during which I have informed you about very many of my own and the Fenians' difficulties: I think it is now the latter end of the night." And so it was done. * * * * * *

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In the mean time a frightful vision and hobgoblin appeared to Fionn in his sleep, so that he sprang thrice from the bed

Féinne?" ár Finndeilb. "Tuaṡa De Danann, do ċonaircar dam," ar sé, "do ṡóġbáil bruiġne orm, agus a m-beiṫ ag ṡlann-ċorġairṫ na Féinne."

Dala na Féinne; do ġabadar dún-ṗort ag Foṫarlaḋ na Mogna an oiḋċe sin, agus ba bróḋ leó beiṫ gan tuarġsbail Fhinn aco: Giḋeaḋ d'éirġiḋ Bran Beag O'Buaċáin agus Bran Mór mac Fheargusa, a moċ na maidne ar na ṁáraċ; agus táinig ċum Mhic an Reiṫe; agus d'ḟiafraiḋe cá raib Fionn an oiḋċe sin? (óir do bí fior fir-eólaċ ag Mac an Reiṫe[1]) a dúbairt Mac an Reiṫe, "cia do biaḋ a ḟior, ní h-ál liom druċ-ḟáirtine do ḋéanaṁ, d'eagla go m-biadaoir mná nó mion-ḋaoine dam leanṁúin uime, ná ag iarraiḋ feara orm. Giḋeaḋ, a deirim gur ab a d-tig Chonáin Chinn Shléibe, do bí Fionn agus Diorraing a raoir."

Tigid iar sin an dá Bhran go teaċ Chonáin, agus fearar Fionn fáilte riu; agus tugadar fan aċmuráin do trí fleaḋ-ól bainire a ṁná agus gan an Fhiann maille ris. "Ba ollaṁ a g-cionn mórra an fleaḋ," ar Conán, "agus tabraiḋri an Fhiann d'a caiṫiomh?" D'aontaigh Fionn sin; aċt ċeanna, gluaisiṫor Fionn, Diorraing, an dá Bhran, 'r a g-coin, go longṗort na Féinne. "Atá fleaḋ againn ollaṁ a n-Alṁain," ar Bran, "agus teaġmaoid d'a caiṫiomh." Gluaisid neomra go h-Alṁain, gur h-éaġraḋ teaċ n-óla an oiḋċe sin ag maiṫib na Féinne; agus níor ċian dóib aṁla go b-facadar Cairbre Liṫeaċair, mac Chormaic ṁeic Airt, mac Choinn Chéad-Chaṫaiġ, ag teaċt ċum an baile d'a n-ionnsuiḋe. "Ní maiṫ ṫárla ro dúinn," ar Fionn, "oir is gearra dúinn gan ár d-teaċ do ṡgaoile go ṡgarmaoid féin go súbaċ roi-ṁeanmaċ

[1] Mac an Reiṫe, (*literally* the son of the Ram), *Ram* or Mac Ram. This name is now nearly extinct in Ireland; and we believe that the only representatives of it living, are the respectable family who reside at Ramstown, near Gorey, in the county of Wexford.

through terror. "Why do you start from the bed, O Fenian king?" asked Finndeilbh. "I saw the Tuatha Dedanans; they were raising a quarrel against me, and making a bloody carnage of the Fenians."

As for the Fenians, they pitched their camp at Fotharladh of Moghna that night, and felt sorrowful, because they had heard no tidings of Fionn. Bran Beg O'Buadhchan, and Bran Mor, son of Feargus, arose early next morning, and proceeded to Mac an Reith, and enquired of him where Fionn had been that night (for Mac an Reith possessed the gift of foreknowledge and true wisdom). Mac an Reith said; "Though I well know (where he has been), I do not wish to forebode evil, lest women and children should persecute me on that account, or ask me for foreknowledge; yet I say, that it is in the house of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe, that Fionn and Diorraing spent last night."

The two Brans, thereupon, proceeded to the house of Conan: Fionn welcomed them, but they upbraided him, because he had attended the wedding-feast of his wife unattended by the Fenians. "The banquet shall be prepared in a month," said Conan, "and do ye invite the Fenians to partake of it." Fionn agreed to that arrangement. In the meantime Fionn, Diorraing, and the two Brans proceeded to the encampment of the Fenians. "We have got a banquet prepared and ready in Almhuin;—let us go and partake of it," said Bran. They proceeded forward to Almhuin; and the chiefs of the Fenians were intent on enjoying the pleasures of the banqueting hall that night. They had not, however, been long there when they saw Cairbre Lifeachair, son of Cormac, son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, shape his way directly to the place where they were. "This is no good thing that has come to us," said Fionn; "since our *geasa* prohibit us to break up our jovial assembly, until we ourselves think proper to separate in jollity and mirth, yet

ṡe ċéile," agus níor b-fulaing do ṁac ríġ Éireann gur ab uime féin déanṫaoi eagar an tíġe ól. "Ní h-aṁla rin do ḋéanam" ar Oisín, "acht léigiom leaṫ an tíġe do ṁac ríġ Éireann, agus an leaṫ eile aguinn féin." Rineaḋ aṁla rin, acht ċeanna, an leaṫ do folṁuiġeaḋ do'n tíġ do ṁac ríġ Éireann, do badar biaṡ do Thuaṫa De Danann ann, éaḋon, Failbe Mór mac Doṁnaill, agus Failbe Beag mac Doṁnaill; agus a dúbṡadar "gur ab ar a ṡon féin do beiṫ ar an g-cuid rin do'n tíġ do folṁuiġeaḋ é." "Truaġ rinn," ar Failbe Beag, "is mór an táin agus an tancaisne tugaḋ orruinn a noċt, agus ba é mian Fhinn tuille d'imirt orruinn; óir an bean do ṡnamaḋ ruir an d-tṡeas ṡean is ṡeárr do Thuaṫa De Danann, atá sí ag Fionn d'aṁḋeoin a h-aṫar agus a maṫar." Cíoḋ tráṫ, gluaisid an biaṡ sin a moċ na maidne go Fionnbarr Mhaigh Feabail, agus ionnsid do gaċ táin agus gaċ tancaisne doḃ' ṁian le Fionn agus le Fiannaiḃ Éireann d'imirt air Thuaṫa De Danann.

Dala Fhionnbarr Mhaigh Feabail;[1] do ċuir teaċta uaiḋ air feaḋ Éireann uile do ċionol Thuaṫa De Danann ór gaċ áit ċugae; óir ba ríġ orra Fionnbarr: go d-tángadar ċugae or gaċ áit ré caṫa déag do ġléir ġlan-ṡluaġ a g-cionn míora air bruaċ Loċ Dearg-Dheirc; agus ba é an lá céadna sin rainiġ le Conán an bainis do beiṫ ollaṁ aige fá ċoṁair Fhinn agus na Féinne: gur ċuir Soisṫreaċ, a bean-eaclaċ féin, ar a g-cionn go Teaṁair Luaċra; agus ar n-déanaṁ a teaċta ṡe Fionn, gluaisíor roimpe tar nair láṁ ṡe Loċ

[1] Fionnbarr Mhaigh Feabail. A powerful prince of the Tuatha Dedanans. The Connacht peasantry believe that he is the king of the fairies of their province: they call him Fiaṫbeartaċ Fionnbarr ríġ na d-ṡean m-beag. His residence is in Knockmadh near Castle Hackett, county of Galway; and the neighbouring peasantry relate many strange stories about that being. To *Fionnbharra* they attribute the great success attending the family of Kirwan on the turf. Fionnbharra makes no scruple to supply any vacancies that may occur in his forces by the

the son of the king of Eire will consider it a privilege due to him to assume the regulation of the banqueting hall." "We will not let it be so, but we will give up one half of the hall for the accommodation of the son of the king of Eire, and retain the other half for ourselves," said Oisin. They accordingly did so: but it happened that, in the portion of the house that had been appropriated to the use of the son of the king of Eire, two Tuatha Dedanans, Failbhe Mór, son of Domhnall, and Failbhe Beag, son of Domhnall, were then seated. These declared that that portion of the house had been given up, merely because they themselves happened to have been seated there. "How grievous it is," exclaimed Failbhe Beag, "that we are made to bear so deep an insult and mark of disrespect this night; but it is the wish of Fionn to deal more severely with us, while the same Fionn possesses the woman who had been espoused to the third best man of all the Tuatha Dedanans, even against the will of her father and of her mother." These two men, however, took their departure by the early dawn of the next morning, and went to Fionnbharr of Magh Feabhail, and informed him of all the insults and indignities which Fionn and the Fenians of Eire intended to offer to the Tuatha Dedanans.

As for Fionnbharr of Magh Feabhail; he despatched messengers to the different parts of Eire, to summon the Tuatha Dedanans from all quarters, for Fionnbharr was king over them. Six large well appointed battalions, from all parts, assembled on the margin of Loch Dearg-dheirc within the space of a month. This muster took place upon the very day that Conan had the wedding feast ready for Fionn and the Fenians. He (Conan) sent Soistreach, his own female courier, to Teamhair Luachra, to invite Fionn and the Fenians. When she had delivered her message to Fionn, she returned back by Loch Dearg-dheirc,

admission of some of his mortal neighbours; all these become ríġe or long-livers.

Deirg Dheirc, go b-facadar Tuaṫa De Danann í; agar do ċuaiḋ Fairbe Beag iona diaiġ ag fáġail rgéala uaiṫe: gur innir rí ḋo gur a b-foċair Fhinn ṁic Cúṁaill do ḃí rí. Ró ḟiafraiḋ Fairbe Beag cá raiḃ Fionn, nó cá líon do ḃádar an ḟarraḋ? "A d-Teaṁair Luaċra d'ḟágbar é," ar rí, "agar deiċ g-céad a ċuideaċta" agar ró innir gur ab a b-foċair Choṁain Chínn Shléibe do ḃí Fionn ne beiṫ an oiḋċe rin. Ar na ċlor rin do Fhairbe, tug béim cloiḋiṁ do'n ḃean-eaclaċ, gur ġearr air a ḋó í, gur ċarraing ċum na h-abann í, gur ab Dubġearrṫaċ ainim an t-rroċa rin ó ṡoin a leiṫ.

Dala Fhinn; gluairior a n-diaiġ na bean-eaclaiḋe, agar ba iad Clanna Móirne líon ir mó do ḃí a n-farraḋ fó'n am rin: óir ní raiḃ iona n-éagmair ann, act Fionn, Caoilte, Mac an Reiṫe, Goċaḋ Mór mac Luġaiḋ, Sgolbrgeine mac Oirin, agar Caol Cróḋa ó Neaṁainn; go n-dúbairt Fionn ne Goll, "a Ghoill," ar ré, "ní'on ġab uaṁan na im-eagla mé air bainir riaṁ roiṁe anoir; agar mé air beagán buiḋne; óir ata fairtine nać maiṫ d'a tearbánaḋ ḋam, eaḋon, Tuaṫa De Danann do ċógbail bruiġne orm, agar mo ṁuinntir do ṁarbaḋ." "Aimcfeadra tú orra do'n ċor ro," ar Goll, "agar tigid neompa ar rin go teaċ Choṁain; gur ċuir Conan fáilte riu, agar do h-éaġra teaċ n-ola aco, agar do ḃí Fionn a leabaḋ urran ann, agar Goll d'a ḋeir, agar Finndeilb d'a ċlí; agar cáċ a g-coirċinne iona n-ionad cinnte féin ó rin amaċ.

Dala Fhionnbar Maigh Feaḃail, agar Tuaṫa De Danann, do ċuireadar an "Féiġ Fiaḋa"[1] iompa, agar ráin-

[1] Feiḋ Fiaḋ, *magic covering*. Dr. O'Donovan remarking on a passage in the *Miscellany* of the Celtic Society, that "*Dunlaing of Dun-na-bh-fearta*"—Dunlaing O'h-Artagain, and alludes to a story in ancient accounts of the Battle of Cluan-tarbh (Clontarf) fought on Good Friday, A D. 1014. in which Oeibhill (now Eevil) of Craigliath, the familiar sprite of Dal-Cais, is said to have enveloped in a magical cloud Dunlaing

and the Tuatha Dedanans having seen her pass, Failbhe Beag followed her, to ask her the news. She informed him that she had been before Fionn Mac Cumhaill. Failbhe Beag asked her where Fionn then was, and how many men he had with him. "I left him at Teamhair Luachra, and ten hundred is the number of his companions," answered she. She also told him that Fionn was to spend that night with Conan of Ceann Sleibhe. When Failbhe heard that, he struck the female courier with his sword, and cut her in two: he then dragged her remains, and cast them into the (adjoining) river. Hence that stream is called Dubhghearthach from that time to the present.

As regards Fionn; he followed the female courier, and the Clanna-Moirne composed the majority of the force that accompanied him on the occasion; for there were none left to supply their place, except Fionn son of Caoilte, Mac Reithe, Eochadh Mór son of Lughaidh, Sgolb Sgeine son of Oisin, and Caol Crodha from Neamhainn. Fionn, addressing Goll, said,—"O Goll, I never felt misgiving or fear on the occasion of attending any wedding-feast before this; my forces being few in number; for I have a foreknowledge that evil broods over me, namely, that the Tuatha Dedanans are about to raise a *bruighean* (quarrel) against me, and slaughter my people." "I will defend you against their attacks on this occasion," said Goll. They, thereupon, proceeded forward on their way to the house of Conan. Conan gave them a cordial welcome, and they were introduced into the banqueting hall. Fionn occupied the couch next to the door, Goll sat on his right, and Finndealbh on his left hand, while all the others assumed the places they were accustomed to occupy, without any further distinction being made.

With respect to Fionnbharr of Magh Feabhail and the Tuatha Dedanans; they enveloped themselves in the *Feigh Fiadh*,

O'h-Artagain (a chief hero attendant on Murchadh, Brian Borumha's eldest son), to prevent him from joining the battle. See *Annals of the*

gadar go dorċaḋ, glêir, na rê caċa dêag rin arṁṫa, êidiġṫe, iṁṁlltc, 'ar faiṫċe dúna Chonain Chinn Shlêibe, gan rôġa, gan naċúġaḋ, gan ḟuirneaċ. "Beag ar d-tairbe a beiṫ ann ro," ar riad, "agar feidṁ lainne Gholl ag anacal Fhinn orruinn." "Ní anacfaḋ Goll do'n ċor ro ê," ar Eiṫne, bean dnaoi; "oir cealgfadra Fionn amaċ liom ar an tig gionn go mo ṁaiṫ a ċoirneaḋ."

Gluairfior roimpe d'ionnruiḋe an baile, agar tig ôr comain Fhinn do'n leiṫ amuiċ. "Cia tá air mo ċomain?" ar rí, "Aeiri fêin," an Fionn, "Gearra nać fuilingid fior laoċ orc," an rí, "teaċt amaċ gan ḟuirneaċ."

Four Masters, Ed. J.O'D., A.D. 1013, p. 778, *n.*, and Ware's *Antiquities of Ireland*, ch. xxiv. at the year 1014. "The place called *Dun-na-bh-fearta* in the text is probably Dun-feart, alias Danesfort in the county of Kilkenny, (situated about four miles from the town, and on the old road to Waterford), where it is probable Dunlaing was fostered." Now the real case is not that it was a "magical cloud" in which Aeibheal of Carriglea enveloped her favorite, but a sort of magical, or druidical garment, called *Feidh Fiadh*, as is expressly mentioned in the ancient account of the Battle of Clontarf, alluded to above; for when his patron and friend Murchadh, could not see him, though he recognised the voice of his faithful adherent, he exclaimed—"I know the voice of Dunlaing O'h-Artagain, and feel the effect of his strokes, but cannot see him." "It would be a disgrace," replied Dunlaing, "if I were to conceal myself from my friend," at the same time casting his magical garment from his shoulders, and thereby rendering himself visible to Murchadh. Hence the feiḋ fiaḋ was not a magical cloud, but a druidical garment which rendered the wearer invisible. It is true that his familiar sprite rendered Eoghan Mor (Eugene the Great) and his people invisible, but if it were a magical cloud it would have been designated ceó draiḋeaċt, (druidical or magical mist) not feiḋ fiaḋ. There are reasons for believing that the name feiḋ fiaḋ is of Christian origin, because we read in the Imṁum Patraicc (Hymn of Patrick) when he was on his journey to visit Laeghaire at Tara, that the druids advised the monarch to place armed men in ambuscade to prevent his reaching the royal palace at Tara, and probably to slay him and his companions. St. Patrick, on that occasion, composed his celebrated Hymn, which is called feiḋ fiaḋ, probably because the saint and his followers appeared to his enemies in the shape of deer, and young St. Benignus, or Beinn, in that of a fawn,

and marched forward invisibly, powerfully, with steadiness, and without delay—none contending for precedence—in sixteen armed, well-appointed, well-marshalled battalions, to the plain opposite the house of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe. "It is little use for us to be here," said they, "since the service of the sword of Goll is engaged in the defence of Fionn against us." "Goll shall not protect him on this occasion," said Eithne the druidess, "for I will beguile Fionn out of the house, despite of the vigilant care that is kept over him."

She proceeded on to the town (house), and stood opposite to Fionn on the outside. "Who is he that is before my face?" asked she. "It is I myself," responded Fionn. "The *geasa* by which a true hero never suffered himself to be bound be

as appears from the following argument to that Hymn in the Book of Lismore, a copy of which is now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy:—"Patraic do rone inn imnum so. In Amrein Loegaire meic Neil nigneḋ. Fat a benma h. dia dideṅ co naimṅachaib ar nairdib in bair no bacair in ecairnid ar na cleirchib. Ocus is lairech hirre inso fri himbegail cuirp ocus anma ar demnaib ocus duinib ocus dualchib. Cech duine nos geba cech dia co n-innscheiṅ leis i n-dia ni chairirfec dennma fri a gnuis. Dis dicin do ar cech neim ocus forrmac. Dis comma de fri diandbar. Dis lurech dia ammain iar na ecrecht. Patraicc no chan so in can do rata na hecairnaidi ar a chinn o Leogaire, na digred do rilab Chrideme co Temraig; conid anorm ac cherra fiabluchc na h-ecairnaide comcir aige alta, ocus iarnoe ma n-diaib i Benen. Ocus Fech Fiada a hainm." i.e. Patrick composed this Hymn. It was during the time of Laeghaire son of Niall he composed it. The reason he had for composing it was, that it would be a protection to both himself and the monks against the deadly enemies that lay in ambuscade for the clergy. And this hymn is an armour for the protection of both body and soul against demons, men, and habitual vices. Every person who repeats it each day, having all his mind on God, shall not be troubled by demons appearing before him; it shall protect him from poison and malice. It shall be a protection to him from sudden death; it shall be an armour to his soul after death. Patrick composed this hymn at the time when Laeghaire plotted his destruction, so that he might not come to propagate the faith at Temora (Tara); on which occasion it appeared, to those that lay in ambush, that they were wild deer, having a fawn after them, that is, Benen (Benignus). And *Fetb Fiadha* is the name (of the Hymn).

Níor ḟulaing Fionn na gearra, táinig amach gan cáirde, agus gé'r iomḋa duine do bí a ṡcíg, níor airíg aon aco Fionn ag dul amach acht Caoilte amháin; agus ṡiúlḋ go h-Eithne bean dhraoi.[1] Is fá'n am sin do léigiodar Tuatha De Danann ealta d'éanuiḃ dúba go n-gobaiḃ ṡinnṡíġe fó'n dún; gur luiġeadar air uchtaiḃ agus air bhruinniḃ cáiḋ; agus do ġabadar agá lorga agus agá lán-mhille; ionur gur ṫeiṫeadar mic agus mná agus mion-ḋaoine an baile ar an dún amach ar gach leaṫ: gur báṫaḋ bean Chonáin (Canana a h-ainim) san abuinn leaṫ amuiḋ do'n baile. Is ann sin a dúbairt Eithne, bean dhraoi, le Fionn, cóimh-ṡiḋ léi féin; "óir is do ṫoimh-ṡiḋ liom do ġoirṁeas amach tú," ar sí. "Cá fáid?" ar Fionn. "O Dhoirne dá Thorc[2] a nían, go h-Aṫ-mór[3] roir," ar sí. Do ṡineaḋ amhla sin leo go d-táinig Fionn roimpe tar an áṫ, agus Caoilte iona diaiġ; agus do bí Fionn ag ġreasaṫ Chaoilte, go n-dúbairt, "Is aḋnar duit, a Chaoilte, méid do ṡaṫa agus do luaḋair agus aon bean ag dúl díot." Lingior Caoilte ar sin; go d-tug éirġiḋ anṡocair ar féin go d-tug a ḋrom[4] a n-uṫt na cailliġe ag Doirne an t-Seanaiḋ ṫeas, agus d'iompuiġ uirṫe go d-tug béim cloiḋimh fó na meaḋon go n-dearrna dá ordin ṫeanta ṫoimhṫrioma ḋí.

"Beir buaḋ agus beannaṫ, a Chaoilte," ar Fionn, "óir

[1] Eithne bean-dhroí. *Eithne the druidess.* There can be little doubt that females were consecrated to religion by the druids; bean dhroí, in the present common acceptation of the word, means a sorceress, a witch; but we are led to believe that in the olden time, females were dedicated to the service of the pagan deities, the principal of which were fire and water. The two sisters Aine and Milucradh, were representatives of these elements, and the choice made by Fionn, on the occasion of the sisters coming to pay their addresses to him, clearly shows that he preferred the worship of fire to that of water, that is, that he remained a Baalite in preference to becoming a Lirite, or Ποσειδῶν worshipper. The strange story of the swans of Lir reflects some light on the various dedications used by the Irish pagans; and it is probable that very violent contentions were once carried on in Ireland by the partisans of the rival

upon you, unless you come outside without delay," said she. Fionn did not suffer the *geasa* to hang over him, but walked out without delay; and, though there were many persons inside, none of them noticed Fionn leaving the house, except Caoilte alone. He walked up to Eithne the druidess. At that same time the Tuatha Dedanans let fly a flock of dark birds with fiery beaks to the Dun (of Conan); and these (birds) perched on the chests and bosoms of all the people (within), and scorched and tormented them to such a degree, that the young lads, the women and the children belonging to the place betook themselves to flight from the Dun in all directions, and the wife of Conan, whose name was Canana, was drowned in the river outside the town. Eithne, the druidess, then challenged Fionn to run a race with her, "for," said she, "it was for the purpose of running a race with you I called you out." "What shall be the distance?" asked Fionn. "From Doire-dâ-thorc in the west, to Ath-môr in the east," said she. They arranged the matter so; but Fionn got across the Ath (ford) before her, while, in the meantime, Caoilte was following him. Fionn began to urge on Caoilte, saying, "you ought to be ashamed of your running and of your (small) amount of swiftness; since a woman is able to leave you behind." Caoilte, thereupon sprang forward, and, making a very distressing bound, struck his shoulders against the hag's chest, at Doire-an-t-Seanaich in the south; and then, having turned about, he made a slash of his sword at her in the waist, so that he divided her into two equal parts.

"Win victory and blessings, O Caoilte," exclaimed

religions, who were accustomed to meet and decide their quarrels at "Áṫ an ṫóṁṁlaiṡ," *the place set apart for battle*. The *Samhaisgs* of Glen Samhaisg, near Sliabh Guillen, were those dedicated to fire worship, while the eala or swans were dedicated to Lir or Πεσειδῶν worship.

[2] Doire-da-ṫorc, i.e. *The forest of the two wild boars*.

[3] Áṫ mór, i.e. *The great ford*.

[4] Drom. That is, got his back to her face; got before her.

gé iomḋa buille maiṫ ṫugair riaṁ, ṅíor ḃuailir buille ir féarr." Cíoḋ tráṫt, ráṅgadar tar a nair go fáṫa an baile, go b-fuaradar Tuaṫa De Danann iona m-broin fíor-ṫoirṫiġṫe ar a g-cionn iar g-cuir a b-Feiġ Fiaḋa ḋíoḃ. "Déiṫ liom, a Chaoilte," ar Fionn, "go d-tárlamair an lár an naṁad ran Dún ro," agar cuirid, ar rin, a n-dromanna ne ċéile, agar tuargnaid cáċ iad for gaċ leaṫ: gur baineadar orra éagcoṁlann ar Fhionn: gur ċlor do Gholl rin, go n-dúḃairt, "truaġ rin, óir do ċealgadar Tuaṫa De Danann Fionn agar Caoilte riu amaċ uainn, agar éirgiḋ go luaiṫ d'a g-caḃair." Éirgid ar rin, iona m-brionn áiġ agar ionġoile, agar Conán Chinn Shléibe agar a ċlann ṁaicne d'a g-congnaṁ air an b-fairṫe amaċ; aċt ċeanna, do feargaḋ an t-ard ṁileaḋ uaiḃreaċ ionnraiḋṫeaċ, agar an laoċ leadarṫa loirgneaċ, agar an torna uaṫṁar ionġantaċ, agar an buinne bladmannaċ borb-ṫrearaċ, éaḋon, Goll mac Ṁórne ṁic Gharraiḋ Ghlun-duiḃ, ṁic Aoḋ Dhuanaiḋ, ṁic Aoḋ Chinn Chlair, ṁic Conuill, ṁic Saiḋḃre, ṁic Ceat, ṁic Ṁaġaċ, ṁic Cairbre Chinn-deirg, ṁic ríġ Connaċt; aṁuil ba réimiora ard-ṁir a réim, an tan do ċrom fa'n g-caiṫ a g-criorlaċ a ċróin-ṡgéiṫe; gur ṫreargair treoin na d-taoireaċ; gur ċíorrba uairle 'na n-deire, agar gur maḋmaḋ maiṫe iona meaḋon; ionur gur mionaiḋeaḋ agar gur craiplíġeaḋ cora agar cinn-ṁullaiġ rir, gur ráinig an tárra forranta, éaḋon, Fionnḃárr Ṁaigh Feaḃail, agar tuairgnid a ċéile, gur ba naerṫa no ṫeargaiḋṫe na ríġ-ṁilíḋ; agar gur ba taoḃ-leadarṫa, táiṁ-ríġne na tréin-ḟir ó'n d-trom-ġleó rin; agar ba é críoċ a n-imrearáin gur ṫuit Fionnḃarr Ṁaigh Feaḃail do ḃéimionnaiḃ glaclaidir Ghóll; agar do ṫuit Fáilbe le Caoilte. Sgúċar an laoċ léimionnaċ luaṫ-ġonaċ, éaḋon, Eoċaḋ Ṁór mac Lúġaiḋ, agar ró ġaḃ ag fiada na fluaġa, go ráinead an

Fionn, "for, though many is the good blow you have struck in your time, you never dealt a better one than that." They then returned back to the green before the town, where they found the Tuatha Dedanans, drawn up in martial order before them, after having thrown off their *Feigh Fiadha*. "It seems to me, O Caoilte," said Fionn, "that we have fallen into the thick of our enemies in this Dun." They, thereupon, turned back to back, and every warrior on all sides attacked them, so that groans of weakness from the unequal contest were wrung from Fionn. Goll, having heard them, exclaimed, "It is a sorrowful case, for the Tuatha Dedanans have enticed Fionn and Caoilte away from us; let us arise with speed to their help." They, thereupon, rushed out upon the green in a dense body, determined upon the performance of great feats and carnage, supported by Conan of Ceann Sleibhe and his sons. But now that proud, aggressive, chieftain of champions, the body-mangling fiery hero, the terrible loud thunderer, and the fresh blooming branch invincible in battle, Goll son of Moirne, son of Garraidh Glundubh, son of Aodh Dúnaidh, son of Aodh Ceannchlair, son of Conall, son of Saidhbhre, son of Ceat mac Maghach, son of Cairbre Ceanndearg, son of the king of Connacht, became enraged; like a towering mountain under his grey shield was he in battle! He laid prostrate the bravest of their leaders, he mangled the bodies of their nobles, and burst through the ranks of their chieftains; he shortened limbs and delved into skulls, until he reached their pillar of support, Fionnbharr of Magh Feabhail himself. They commenced to attack one another, until both the royal champions were mangled and disfigured, in consequence of the hard struggle which they maintained. The result of the combat was, that Fionnbharr of Magh Feabhail fell by the heavy, hard-dealt strokes of Goll. Failbhe fell by the hand of Caoilte. Eochadh Mór son of Lughaidh, the nimble hero of the quickly-dealt strokes, sprang into the midst of the

fear fíoċṁar forrmaṫa, éaḋon, Donn-Uaṫa, gur ċuar-ġoineadar a ċéile, agus dob' é fóirċeann a b-feaḋma, iad a naon do ċuiṫim bonn ne bonn, agus béal ne béal, ar an láṫair sin; agus nó ṫuit Raċta Dearg fó'n ruaṫar g-céadna ne Sgolb-sgeine mac Oirín, agus tosnuiḋ Róchan ne Garmaiḋ Gluindub. Do ċuiṫiodar an da Sgail ne ċéile; tosnuiḋ na tri Doṁnaill ne Conán Maol mac Móirne iona aonar; agus do ċuiṫiodar an dá Chairbre ne Conán Chinn Shléibe agus le na ṁac; acht ċéanna, is teanc tugaḋ a n-Éirinn riaṁ caiṫ is feárr tugaḋ ná an caiṫ sin; óir ní'or ṁian agus ní'or ṁaire le ceaċtar do'n dá roinn sin teibe na teiṫe ar an láṫair caṫa ionar ionn-ruiġeadar a ċéile; óir ba iad dá roinn ba ċruaḋ-ċoṁ-lannaiḋe ran ċruinne ċeaṫarḋa iad, éaḋon, Fianna Feardaċa Fuiṫeaċa Fortuna Fhinn, agus Tuaṫa Déid-ġlán daṫ-ailne Dé Danann; agus is beag nár ċuiṫiodar uile ar láṫair an ċaṫa sin.

Acht ċéanna, ní'or ċian go b-facadar ċúca an ċuid eile d'Fhiannaiḃ Fhinn na naiḃ an ḟarrad; ionur, ar a b-faicsin do Thuaṫa De Danann, gur ġaḃ siad réim maḋ-maḋ agus teiṫe ar g-cur an Feiġ Fiaḋ iona d-timpċioll: gur ċuiṫiodar taire agus taoiḃ-néala ar Fhionn féin, agus ar an méid do ḃí an ḟarrad san g-caiṫ, ó ionad na h-ionġaile, agus le fortuna na feaḋma; agus ba ionga na ṁór le h-Oirín méid díṫe na Féinne san g-caiṫ sin: óir tánġadar beiċ g-céad laoċ le Fionn, go teaċ Chonáin Chinn Shléibe, agus do ċuiṫiodar uile le Tuaṫa De Danann, acht aon céad aṁáin; agus iadsan féin earbaṫaċ cnéaċtaċ cnói-leointe; agus gan an ċuid eile do ṁuintir Chonáin Chinn Shléibe d'ainiom. Dala Fhinn; do rugaḋ go teaċ Chonáin air iomċar é, agus do ḃí caeciodar ar ṁíora ann d'a liaġar; agus an tráṫ ba in-imṫeaċtaċ é, do ġluair féin agus a beaġán Féinne

enemy, and commenced to hew down and carve the troops, until he met the furious and valorous man, Donn Uatha: they engaged one another; and the end of the conflict was that both fell foot to foot and face to face on the spot. Rachta Dearg was slain in the conflict by Sgolb Sgeine, son of Oisin. Rochan was slain by Garraidh Glundubh, and the two Sgails fell by the hands of each other. The three Domhnalls were slain by the hand of Conan the Bald, son of Moirne, without any assistance whatever. The two Cairbres were slain by Conan of Ceann Sleibhe and his son. But few of the battles of Erin were ever fought with such dreadful determination as was that battle; for no individual on either side wished, or was guilty of the dishonour, to yield or retreat a single step, from the spot on which he engaged, his opponent; for they were the two most hard-fighting bodies of men to be found in any of the four parts of the globe, namely, the manly, bloody, robust Fenians of Fionn, and the white-toothed, handsome Tuatha Dedanans; and they both were nearly annihilated in that battle.

Soon after, all the Fians of Erin who had not been present were seen approaching: but when the Tuatha Dedanans saw them, having enveloped themselves in the *Feigh Fiadh*, they made a precipitate retreat. Fionn himself fell into fainting fits, as well as all those who had joined him in the battle, in consequence of the severity of the conflict, and their extraordinary exertions in it. Oisin wondered greatly at the large number of Fenians who fell in that battle: for ten hundred heroes accompanied Fionn to the house of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe, and they were all slain by the Tuatha Dedanans, with the exception of only one hundred! and even these were maimed, wounded, or weak from the loss of blood; not enumerating the loss of the people of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe. With regard to Fionn; he was carried to the house of Conan, where he remained a month, and a fortnight over, under cure. When he was able to remove he, and the few Fenians who survived, went

maille ris, go h-Alinain leaṫan-ṁór Laiġeann; agus is fada badar an Alinain agus a g-cnéaċta d'a g-conġmáil a n-oċarluiġe ful a b-fuaradar táṫa na liaġas.

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to the great, extensive Almhuin of Leinster; and they remained a long time in Almhuin before their wounds were perfectly healed.

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THAT the history of Great Britain must remain incomplete and defective until the ancient literary monuments of the Kingdom of Ireland, which now forms an integral portion of the British Empire, have been fully investigated, is a truth requiring but little demonstration. An acquaintance with the annals of the countries whose relations with England have materially influenced her destinies is indispensable to the inquirer who desires to trace the origin of many of the most important events of European history. The misrepresentations of writers who have hitherto compiled "Histories of Ireland" are sufficiently apparent to students even superficially conversant with our original records. To palliate one-sided statements, and to conceal their ignorance, those self-styled historians have in general asserted that no native materials existed to relieve the dulness of their arid productions. An in-

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spection of our manuscript collections, and an acquaintance with the documents published within the last ten years by our literary societies, will fully disprove this gratuitous falsehood, and demonstrate that Ireland possesses ancient historical monuments of a more varied and authentic character than any other nation of northern Europe. The numbers and copiousness of the Hiberno-Celtic documents which have come down to us are accounted for by the fact, that one of the most stringently enforced of the ancient Celtic laws of Ireland was that which obliged every clan to preserve its history and records. To carry this peculiar ordinance into effect, each sept maintained a family of hereditary historians, by whom all particulars connected with the transactions of the clan were committed to writing. The books compiled by those chroniclers became of the greatest importance, as, under the clan system of government, every individual, in order to establish his claim to a portion of the general possessions of the tribe, was obliged to prove his consanguinity with the chief families of the district. In addition to the history and genealogies of the clans, these records contained precise definitions of the extent and boundaries of their territories, and a careful statement of the amount of tribute due to, or to be paid by, the various septs: thus forming, as it were, the charters of the Irish tribes, by an appeal to which all questions of right and precedence were finally adjusted. The historians, or *ollavs*, to whom the care of these documents was intrusted, formed a peculiar and privileged class, maintained in a degree of considerable splendour, at the general expense, and enjoying many profitable distinctions and immunities. As the disunited Irish clans sank before the concentrated force brought against them, and as the power of England gradually extended in the country, it became the policy of the more unenlightened and short-sighted of the successful party to endeavour to obliterate every trace of the former state and ancient Celtic institutions of the kingdom. Hence, the old historical volumes, written in the Irish language, were industriously sought out and systematically destroyed. On the other hand, the representatives of the ancient possessors of the soil laboured strenuously to preserve the venerable documents, which contained, as it were, their title deeds and the history of their fathers. Numbers of these manuscripts were consequently carried by the expatriated Irish to foreign lands, and many were secreted in Ireland, until the arrival of the time when it was expected that the strange colonists should be expelled, and the descendants of the old proprietors reinstated in the possessions wrested from their ancestors. Early in the seventeenth century, the contest in Ireland, of more than four hundred years, was finally decided. The last strongholds of the native clans came into the possession of foreign settlers, the ancient institutions and most cherished customs of the old inhabitants were prescribed under heavy penalties, and the Irish Celts and the descendants of the Anglo-Norman invaders began to find themselves strangers and outlaws in the land of their fathers.

It was at this period, so gloomy for the "children of the Gael," that Michael O'Clery, a friar of the Order of St. Francis, formed the project of compiling a body of Irish Annals, from the old historical books still remaining in the country.

Stimulated by the patronage of O'Gara, chief of Coolavin, who had been one of the earliest students in the newly-founded University of Dublin, he associated with himself Conary and Peregrine O'Clery, together with a fourth antiquary, named Fearfeasa O'Mulconry, and the compilation was commenced in 1632, and brought to a conclusion, after four years' labour, *amid the ruins of the convent of Donegal.* That venerable institution, founded, in 1474, by one of the munificent princes of Tir Connell, had been dismantled, and converted into a royal garrison, during the wars of Elizabeth.

The peculiar feature of these Annals is, that they supply us with a calm chronological account of the great Celtic tribes who for so many ages constituted the Irish nation, and whose history—which, until the commencement of the seventeenth century, is the history of Ireland—has been totally and designedly overlooked by English writers. In the works of such authors, the native Irish clans are generally represented as subjected by the first invasion of the Anglo-Normans; and all attempts to preserve their ancient possessions, and to expel intrusive foreigners from their territories, are invariably stigmatized as treason and rebellion. The native septs are depicted as wrapped in savagery and barbarism; while the most exalted virtues are ascribed to their opponents, whose successes, however trivial, are magnified into splendid victories and heroic achievements. Such is the character of what has hitherto been styled the history of Ireland.

On the other hand, the despoiled Irish, and descendants of old English, who passed into the service of foreign princes, found but little time for literary occupations, and were more accustomed to wield the sword than the pen. It consequently devolved on the expatriated ecclesiastics to narrate the details of the reverses of their native land. Writing under jealous censorship, their judgments obscured by professional and unavoidable prejudices, they erred in an opposite extreme, and laboured to prove that the gallant struggle of the Irish clans for their lands and ancient institutions was a war undertaken in defence of religion. They thus endeavoured, by their publications, to rouse the Catholic powers of Europe to take up arms in defence of the Irish and old English, whom, not without a certain degree of justice, they represented as suffering, for conscience sake, persecutions nearly as severe as those undergone by the primitive Christians.

Now, however, when, after the lapse of centuries, human society has been set on an entirely new basis, and the fierce passions, which agitated the men of Europe in former ages, exist but in the records of the past; when the bloods of once inimical races have become inseparably commingled, during the successive generations which have passed away on the Irish soil—once the

great object of contention,—the philosophic mind desires to inquire into the origin and progress of the events which have combined to produce the condition in which we find this island at present placed.

The records, moreover, of a peculiar branch of the great Celtic family, which, although at present widely scattered, and intermixed with the various races of both hemispheres, still continues to retain and forcibly exhibit many of its original and characteristic attributes, and whence has sprung a vast proportion of men, world-famous for their proficiency in every branch of human knowledge and science, cannot fail to possess attractions for the student of the history of mankind.

Much as the credibility of the bardic legends may be impugned, it is certain that they alone afford explanation of the expressive ancient Celtic names of the various localities of the country; names which have withstood the revolutions of centuries, and which will, probably, never be entirely obliterated. The Pagan Irish have, however, left us material monuments which attest their ancient power and energy. Such are the forts in the island of Arran, the most magnificent barbaric monuments remaining in Europe, and the cyclopean fortress of *Aileach*, near Derry. The erection of this extraordinary fort, which, from the earliest times to the commencement of the twelfth century, was the residence of the kings of the north of Ireland, is attributed to the tribe of *Danaans;* and it is believed by our ablest antiquaries to be the locality indicated by the appropriate title of *Regia*, on Ptolemy's map of Ireland.

There is ample documentary evidence to demonstrate that Christianity had made some progress, and that there were bishops in Ireland, before the coming of St. Patrick; and that the spread of the Christian religion effected a considerable change in the national character.

To such an eminence did this island attain during these early ages, for learning, and especially for profound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, that her schools were thronged by foreign students, who received gratuitous entertainment and instruction. "So zealous and disinterested a love of learning is," says the prejudiced Ledwich, "unparalleled in the annals of the world."

The fidelity of the "Four Masters" has stood the test of time; every ancient Celtic manuscript, and every official document, discovered by our literary explorers, tend to confirm the veracity of these compilers. But for the labours of the poor friars of Donegal, a vast amount of our early history would have inevitably perished, as no less than six of the most valuable manuscripts whence they drew their information are not now known to exist.

The "Four Masters," in their Annals, fortunately for us, transcribed verbatim the passages of the original and contemporaneous records; their work thus becomes of the utmost value to the philologer, in tracing the language at its various stages. This, however, formed one of the chief difficulties of the Editor, as many of the more ancient entries are written in a dialect so long

obsolete, and totally incomprehensible to scholars perfectly conversant with modern Gaelic, that the learned Dr. O'Conor was, in many instances, obliged to leave words and even whole lines untranslated. It is a proud testimony of Dr. O'Donovan's proficiency in our ancient dialects, that no passage, however obscure, has baffled his profound knowledge. Not alone content with giving us a rigid and exact translation of his original, the Editor has spared no labour to collate the statements of the "Masters" with those of other annals, and we find that his notes, in general, far exceed the text. All printed works, and many ancient Celtic manuscripts, with which the compilers were themselves unacquainted, have been made ample use of. The topographical portion of the work is, perhaps, the most elaborate. Of the innumerable ancient places referred to by the Annalists, but few remain to be identified. Nearly all these localities were personally visited and inspected by the Editor, during his engagement on the Ordnance Survey, which afforded him opportunities of acquiring precise and accurate local information, which will probably be never again afforded to the historic investigator. He has also made a most important use of the historical traditions, extant some time ago among the peasantry of the more remote districts, but now totally obliterated by the late sad events which have driven their exiled depositories to strange lands, "far away, beyond the Atlantic's foam." Nor is Dr. O'Donovan's genealogical learning less remarkable. The clearness and precision with which he traces the various ramifications of the ancient Irish clans and their representatives, in both hemispheres, adducing evidences from Celtic records which would be totally incomprehensible to the most learned "Garter" or "Clarenceux" King at Arms,—the interesting and important pedigrees and illustrative genealogies, not elsewhere extant, which he has embodied in his notes and appendices, may well serve as models for a College of Heralds. In the present age of superficial historic works, it would at first appear incredible that a single scholar should have accomplished so vast an undertaking; especially when we recollect that he has given to the world the most comprehensive and profound treatise extant on the Hiberno-Celtic language;* and his invaluable contributions to the publications of the Irish Archæological and Celtic Societies extend to many thousand pages. It would be unjust to compare him with Du Chesne, Dom Bouquet, Mabillon, Muratori, or other editors of Continental historic literature. Their path was smooth in comparison to the labours of Dr. O'Donovan. He had no printed precedents to guide him, save such as were calculated to mislead; no compilations save those of ignorant and delusive writers. He was thus obliged to contend with the obscure and obsolete idioms of a peculiar language, and to seek his authorities and illustrations among our unclassified and unindexed Celtic monuments, half effaced by the accidents of time, and which would still remain unintelligible and inaccessible to the literary investi-

* A Grammar of the Irish Language, published for the use of the Senior Classes in the College of St. Columba. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1845.

gator, but for the labours of himself and his erudite associate, Eugene Curry. In fine, whether we regard the industry and impartiality of the original compilers, the immense learning and extensive researches of the Editor, or the exquisite typography of the volumes, it must be admitted that these Annals, as edited by Dr. John O'Donovan, form one of the most remarkable works yet produced on the history of any portion of the British Isles. The mass of information which they embody constitute a collection of national records, the value of which can never be superseded. To the student desirous of obtaining a correct knowledge of the history of the Hiberno-Celtic race, the work is indispensable: while in it only will the philologer find materials for tracing the progress and various stages of the last remnant of the Indo-European language. Standing thus alone, it must maintain a high place among the great literary monuments of the world, so long as the study of history continues to retain the charms which it has ever possessed for men of cultivated and philosophic minds. To the Publishers of the "Annals of the Four Masters," Irish historic literature has been long under many and deep obligations. To their exertions may be traced, if not the origin, at least much of the success which has attended the exertions of our literary societies, and we have elsewhere spoken of the large number of invaluable Celtic documents which but for them would have passed out of our country. At a period of unexampled commercial prostration and disaster, and when, especially in Ireland, the social system was shaken to its foundation, making personal interest a secondary consideration, they have again come forward to demand national gratitude by the publication of the greatest original work which has ever issued from the Irish press. No costly accessory has been omitted to render the work worthy of the high position which its contents demand, or to make it a monument of our country's literature, to be transmitted with pride to future generations, who will feel grateful to all whose names are connected with the preservation of the venerable but fast-decaying monuments of the history of their fatherland.

In our necessarily compendious notice of the rich and varied contents of Dr. O'Donovan's translation of the "Annals of Ireland, by the Four Masters," we have endeavoured, as far as practicable, to use the language of original and contemporary writers, intentionally eschewing minute criticisms and arid disquisitions. We believe that the true object of history is to exhibit faithful pictures of the men of past ages, as they lived and acted, with all their original and characteristic attributes, free from the gloss of specious exaggeration, and unincumbered by those shallow philosophic speculations, so often delusive. Hence, the peculiar value of the "Annals of the Four Masters," in presenting us with unadorned and truthful narratives, related in the very language spoken by the men whose acts they chronicle, unvarnished and unaffected by the contaminating influences of adventitious foreign models.

(*From the* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.)

AFTER having so lately noticed the learned work of Mr. Reeves, it is with extraordinary satisfaction and pleasure we undertake the duty of making our readers acquainted with the far greater and still more erudite labours of Mr. O'Donovan. Our satisfaction is of a high and ennobling kind, for it is chiefly on account of the country itself that we feel it. In comparing these works to the points of the coral reef, coming up to light after labours so great and so long hidden, prosecuted in the depths of the sea, and perfected in the midst of elemental conflict, we suggest no exaggerated idea of the patient toil of which the results are thus, at length, beginning to make themselves visible amongst us. Mr. Petrie toiled for twelve years in his Essay on the Ecclesiastical Architecture and Round Towers of Ireland; Mr. Reeves began to work on Pope Clement's Taxation three years since; it is eighteen years since Mr. O'Donovan commenced his exposition and translation of the Annals of the Four Masters; and here, at length, we have his book, in seven quarto volumes,—in matter, in learned use of it, in method, and in typographical excellence, fit to take its place on any shelf of any European library, beside Camden, Mabellin, or Muratori. The fame of these Annals has been so widely circulated of late years, that we need not do more than commend them, on the one hand, to our scholars and historians, and, on the other, to our young poets, as mines of rich intellectual ore.

(*From the* DUBLIN REVIEW.)

FOR our own part, even in a professed critical notice, we can but hope, within the limited space at our disposal, to render a scanty and imperfect measure of justice to a work of such vast extent and of so various and profound erudition. It might appear at first sight, however, that the task of editing a work in which the Editor has had the advantage of more than one authentic copy of the autograph MSS. could not have presented many difficulties, at least difficulties of a serious kind. If any person be disposed to entertain the idea, we would beg of him to examine almost every single page out of the four thousand one hundred of which the work consists, in order that he may learn what is the true nature and extent of Mr. O'Donovan's editorial labours. Let him see the numberless minute verbal criticisms; the elaborate topographical annotations with which each page is loaded; the historical, genealogical, and biographical notices; the lucid and ingenious illustrations drawn from the ancient laws, customs, traditions, and institutions of Ireland; the parallelisms and discrepancies of the narrative with that of other annalists, both native and foreign; the countless authorities which are examined and adjusted; the errors which are corrected; the omissions and deficiencies supplied; in a word,

the curious and various learning which is everywhere displayed. Let him remember that the mines from which all those treasures have been drawn are, for the most part, unexplored; that the materials thus lavishly applied to the illustrations of the text are in great part manuscripts,—manuscripts, too, which Ussher and Ware, even Waddy and Colgan, not to speak of Lynch and Lanigan, had never seen, or had left unexamined; many of them in a language which is, to a great extent, obsolete. Let him remember this, and he will understand without difficulty the long and toilsome preparation which has been expended on this admirable work, and will cease to wonder how, commenced in January, 1832, it is only after fifteen or eighteen years of patient study and investigation that it is at last given to the public.